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# CHRISTIANITY AND IDEALISM



# CHRISTIANITY AND IDEALISM

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LIFE IN ITS RELATIONS  
TO THE GREEK AND JEWISH IDEALS AND  
TO MODERN PHILOSOPHY

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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN the present edition of this little work, while the first part has been left unchanged, the second part has been enlarged by the addition of three new chapters (the eighth, ninth, and tenth) and the intercalation of a dozen pages (pp. 268–280) in the last chapter of the book. The eighth chapter seeks to exhibit the inadequacy of Materialism, by showing that the Atomism upon which it rests is inconsistent both with science and with philosophy, and that in its struggle to reach consistency it accomplishes its own euthanasia. It is from no desire to gain an easy victory over the crudest of all philosophical theories that space has been occupied in discussing its pretensions, but simply as a step in the orderly advance to a more adequate theory, and as an illustration of the double function which philosophy discharges: firstly, in freeing the fundamental

ideas of science from inconsistency, and, secondly, in re-interpreting them from the point of view of the whole. In the chapter which follows, the same method is employed in the estimate of the evolutionary account of the world. In the tenth chapter an attempt is made to distinguish human progress from the prior stages of evolution, and to show that it presupposes the existence of a self-conscious or self-determining Principle as the ultimate source and explanation of reality in all its forms. The incidental discussion in this connexion of the main thesis of Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution* — a thesis which I regard as demonstrably false — will, I hope, help to throw into relief the idealistic conception of human life as the progressive evolution of self-conscious reason. In the passage added to the last chapter I have tried to explain why I cannot accept the view that the Absolute may be super-rational, and to indicate, more clearly than was done in the former edition, what I regard as the true relation of the human to the divine spirit. I am only sorry that the plan of the work does not allow me to enter more thor-

oughly into the discussion of the last question, which is perhaps the most pressing metaphysical problem of the present day.

The additional matter contained in this edition will help to fill out the somewhat meagre outline of Idealism given in the former edition. But I am still only too conscious of the inadequacy of the discussion. The present work is merely the preparation for a system of philosophy, and cannot but share in the inevitable defects of every attempt to present the results of philosophical reflection in a general form. At every step in its onward march philosophy sets its foot upon ashes beneath which fierce fires glow. Our age, as Kant said of his own, is an "age of criticism," when even the most cherished convictions must submit to the "free and open scrutiny of reason"; and therefore any one who apparently ignores or makes light of difficulties which to some of his contemporaries seem of a formidable character is apt to be charged with superficiality, indifference, or dogmatism. I do not deny that many of the objections which have been urged against Idealism seem

to me to be due mainly to misunderstanding, but I think I may claim that I have in no case been untrue to the free but austere spirit of philosophy, — a spirit which is hostile to all dogmatic utterances and acknowledges no authority but reason. If Idealism is to become but a new form of dogmatism, the life will go out of it, and only an empty husk will be left behind. We cannot even find an authoritative basis for truth in what Mr. Balfour calls our “ethical needs”; for these “needs” themselves require justification. Nor can I believe that any fruitful results can be reached by seeking to reinstate the “primacy of practical reason,” or by falling back upon the vague formula that “life is more than thought.” Reason cannot be divided against itself without self-contradiction, and the “life” which excludes “thought” is so much the poorer for its exclusiveness. Those who are fond of quoting Goethe’s

“Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,  
Und grün des Leben’s goldner Baum,”

should remember that the words are put into the mouth of Mephistopheles, “der Geist der

stets verneint," when he is in a mocking humour. To those who imagine, as Mr. Balfour in his *Foundations of Belief* seems to do, that faith can be based upon a suicidal distrust of reason, I would commend the words of a great master in speculation, who is more frequently decried than read.

"There is at present," says Hegel, "a strenuous and almost impassioned effort to rescue men, collectively and individually, from their immersion in the life of sense, and to turn their eyes to the stars; as if they were entirely forgetful of the divine, and were about to content themselves, like the worm, with dust and water. Once they had a heaven, furnished with a rich store of thoughts and images. The significance of the actual lay in the thread of light by which it was attached to heaven; guided by this thread, the eye, instead of dwelling upon what was immediately before it, sped onward to the divine Reality,—to what might be called the present *yonder*. The eye of the soul had to be forced to look towards the earth, and much time and effort were needed to impart the clearness of heaven

to the darkness and confusion in which the sensible was enveloped. What seems to be needed now is just the opposite: so firmly is the soul attached to the earth, that an equal force is required to lift it to the things above. The spirit is so poor, that, like the traveller in the desert, who thirsts for a simple draught of water, it seems to long but for the bare feeling of the divine to refresh it. When the spirit can be satisfied with so little, we can easily estimate how great has been its loss. . . . But, in truth, spiritual force is to be measured by its expression: its depth is only so deep as it dares to expand and to lose itself in its manifestations. When those who claim that truth is revealed in an immediate intuition pretend that they have penetrated to the very heart of reality, and that they alone are the exponents of a true and pious philosophy, they are unaware that, instead of offering up their desires to God, by their contempt for precise and definite ideas they are in reality the victim of their own arbitrary conceits. Because they envelope their self-consciousness in mist, and forego the use of

their intellect, they fondly imagine that they are 'the beloved' to whom God 'giveth wisdom in sleep.' It hardly needs to be said that what comes to them in sleep are merely dreams."\*

Philosophy, as I understand it, must refuse all weak compromises. It is not a thing of the chair, or even an instrument for preserving the threatened interests of civilisation, but a resolute and independent effort to grasp the true nature of the real; and no one can live in its spirit who is not willing to follow the lead of ideas with docility and singleness of purpose. This, however, does not mean that it moves in a region of abstractions; on the contrary, it can be successful in its quest for truth, only as it follows the maxim, "im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben." In this effort after comprehensiveness lies the special difficulty of its problem. None of the phases of human life can be ignored; yet each is so complex in itself, while all are so intimately related to one another, that it is hard to maintain the proper perspective and assign to each

\* Hegel's *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, pp. 8, 9.



its due importance. The task would, indeed, be impracticable, were it not that the essence of the past has been gathered up by successive philosophies and presented in the clear medium of thought. At the present day, as it seems to me, the main problem is to interpret anew, by the aid of existing philosophies, the purified results of science, the highest intuitions of art, and the matured religious consciousness in a comprehensive and self-consistent way. The present volume is a small contribution to the solution of that problem.

To prevent misunderstanding, it may be as well to add a few words as to the relation of the first part of the work to the second. The Christian ideal of life, as expressed by its Founder, seems to me to require no adventitious support, being in itself intrinsically rational; but we cannot say the same thing of every system of doctrine which claims to be the sole representative of Christianity. The precise degree of truth which is contained in any given theological creed is a matter to be determined by careful investiga-

tion, and would require rigorous and extended treatment. In the last chapter and in various passages throughout the work, I have indicated, I hope with sufficient clearness, that in my opinion the form in which the fundamental ideas of Christianity are present in the popular consciousness is not adequate to the living truth as it was expressed by the Master; and one object which I had in view in writing the work was to disengage the essence of Christianity from elements which for historical reasons have come to be regarded as inseparable from it, though they are in reality antagonistic to its spirit. On the other hand, I do not sympathise with those who speak of the development of Christian doctrine as if it were nothing but an obscuration of primitive Christianity; much less with those who strangely hold that Christianity received its ultimate formulation in the Nicene creed. These views logically lead to the acceptance of the ideas of its Founder, or of the church, on mere authority, and therefore contradict the spirit and even the words of the Master. The ideas of Jesus seem to me, I confess, so

penetrative and profound that I am unable to conceive of anything higher in principle; but, like all fruitful ideas, their full meaning can be grasped only when they are viewed in the light of the whole development of humanity in all its phases. I cannot believe that the Christian conception of life will ever be transcended; but I should have to shut my eyes to obvious facts, were I to deny that it has undergone development and must undergo further development as time goes on. For development is not mere change, but the living process by which a fruitful principle reveals the breadth and depth of its power. In this process the speculations of Christian thinkers, from St. Paul downwards, have had their place, and no mean or unimportant place; and I do not think that a time will ever come when philosophical reflection upon these high themes shall have said its last word. Such reflection must be free and untrammelled, or it is almost worthless. Philosophy, it is true, is somewhat slow-footed, and to certain minds its method is cold and distasteful, especially when it is predominantly analytic, as Goethe

complained that it is apt to be. I confess to a certain sympathy with those who take this view; but I think that what offends them is not so much philosophy itself, as certain philosophies which, from various causes, fall into abstraction, and not least those which live in the atmosphere of common sense or the rarer atmosphere of the special sciences. It is because Idealism, as here set forth, seems to me to express in terms of thought what in religion and in the highest art is expressed in terms of feeling and imagination, that I venture to commend it to those who feel the need, in an age of reflection, of being true to the intellect as well as the heart. Surely it is almost a truism that the only convincing *Apologia* which in these days can be made for a religion is to give adequate grounds for holding it to be fundamentally rational. If this thesis were really indefensible, there can be little doubt that Christianity must some day be added to the list of "creeds outworn."

The additional matter contained in this volume was recently given as part of a course of lectures, delivered before the Theological

Alumni Association of the university with which I have the honour to be connected. For the last few years it has been my duty to give a short course of lectures on some topic bearing upon the relations of philosophy and theology. This lectureship was instituted by Sir Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., the Chancellor of Queen's University, and it is with special pleasure that I take this public opportunity of thanking him for the stimulus which it has given to my own studies. It is proper to add that, as I am allowed perfect freedom in the choice of a subject, the lectures of this session were written with a view to their subsequent publication as part of this book, should a second edition be called for. In their preparation I have been indebted to Stallo's *Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, Herbert's *Realistic Assumptions of Modern Science*, Paulsen's *Introduction to Philosophy*, and one or two recent articles of Dr. Le Conte. In a more indirect way I have received great aid from Mr. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, which seems to me the most suggestive and original metaphysical work of

our day. While I agree with many of the criticisms of defective theories made by these writers, I am unable to accept their positive philosophy as a whole, though I regard them as each in his own way contributing to that general idealistic view of the world, which, as I believe, is certain to survive by its intrinsic reasonableness.

I am happy to be able to supplement the criticism of Transcendental Geometry contained in Chapter VII by one or two passages from a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada by a distinguished mathematician. "It is argued," says Professor N. F. Dupuis, "that a four-dimensional space may possibly be projective into a figure of three dimensions." This analogy "proves nothing whatever. . . . A plane can be projected into a line *only* when the plane to be projected is normal to the plane of projection. But it is impossible to know, from anything in the nature of the projection itself, whether the original was higher or of the same dimensions as the projection. . . . Reasoning from analogy, all that we are justified in saying is, that, if there be such a thing as a four-dimensional space, our solid figures may possibly be projections from figures in that space,

although we fail to conceive how such a projection could be effected. But we are certainly not justified in assuming that there *is* a four-dimensional space, unless we can first know something about the nature of a figure in such space. . . . It is said that the mathematician frequently works upon the assumption of a four-dimensional space, as when he employs four co-ordinates for the sake of homogeneity, and in many similar operations. Now, in the operations here referred to, the mathematician is employing the symbolic language of algebra, in which the symbols stand for and denote quantities or magnitudes and operations, which by a circumlocution can always be expressed in words. . . . To say that, because  $x^2$  denotes the square on the line-segment  $x$ , and  $x^3$  denotes the cube on the same, therefore  $x^4$  must denote a four-dimensional figure of equal dimensions on the line-segment, is no proof of anything, unless we assume, to begin with, that every homogeneous algebraic expression must have an interpretation in real geometry, which is a glaring example of *petitio principii*."

## INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

THE present work has grown out of lectures recently delivered before the Philosophical Union of the University of California. What is called Part I. is the expansion of a lecture on "The Greek and Christian Ideals of Life," and the remainder contains the substance of two lectures in defence of Idealism, with a good deal of additional matter.

The historical matter of the first part does not pretend to be a complete presentation of the development of religion. It was my first intention to attempt such a presentation, but I soon found that it was impossible to compress so abundant a material within the limits assigned to me, and I have therefore confined myself to a statement of the general course of religious development, with a more particular consideration of the Greek and Jewish ideals of life, as compared with the



Christian. In treating of these topics, I have avoided all polemical discussion, aiming rather to give the results of many years of reading and reflection, than to occupy space with a consideration of conflicting views. The chapter on the Christian Ideal is based upon a study of the synoptic gospels, as read in the light of modern historical and philosophical criticism. Here, above all, it seemed advisable to avoid as far as possible all purely doctrinal topics, concentrating\* attention entirely upon the conception of life which may be, as I think, constructed from the sayings of Jesus himself. I am by no means indifferent to the development by theologians of the fundamental ideas of the Founder of Christianity, but it seems to me that the wonderful power and persuasiveness of those ideas is most apparent when they are exhibited in their naked purity.

It seems almost necessary to say a word or two upon the use of the term "Idealism." The objection has been raised that no school of thought has an exclusive right to the title. In answer to this objection perhaps I cannot do better than try to explain why I

think the term "Idealism" may be fairly employed to designate the general theory which is here advocated.

I presume it will be admitted that the originator of the philosophical doctrine of Idealism was Plato, and that Plato conceived of the first principle of all things as reason (*Noûs*), also maintaining that it is in virtue of reason, as distinguished from sensible perception, that man obtains a knowledge of that principle. Now, modern Idealism, as I understand it, agrees with Plato on these two points, and therefore its claim to the name does not seem either arrogant or unreasonable. No system has a right to call itself "idealistic," in the Platonic sense, which does not in some form accept the doctrine of the rationality and knowability of the real. Applying this test, we must exclude Agnosticism, which denies that we can know the real as it is in itself; Scepticism, which refuses to admit that we can make any absolute affirmation whatever, either positive or negative; and Sensationalism or Empiricism, which finds in the sensible and its custom-

ary modes of conjunction the only knowable world. To call by the name of Idealism, as is sometimes done, a doctrine which reduces all knowable reality to individual states or feelings, is surely an unwarrantable use of the term.

If it is said that, interpreted in the wide sense here given to it, Idealism must include systems differing so greatly as those of Descartes and Hegel, or of Spinoza and Lotze, I entirely agree. The systems of Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Lotze all seem to me to be forms of Idealism, and the only question is how far any of them can claim to be true to the principle that "the real is rational." The test, therefore, of an idealistic philosophy is its ability to provide a system of ideas which shall best harmonise with the principle upon which Idealism is based; or, rather, the success of an idealistic philosophy must consist in its ability to prove that "the real is rational," and that man is capable of knowing it to be rational. I am very far from affirming that the hurried sketch of an idealistic

philosophy here presented fulfils that demand: all that is attempted is to expose the irrelevancy of certain objections which have been made from a misunderstanding of what Idealism affirms, and to indicate the main line of thought which it must follow, and the main conclusions to which it leads.

It may help to indicate the points in which Idealism, as here presented, differs from some of the great historical forms which it has assumed, if I state wherein these seem to be defective. In doing so, it will not be possible to enter into detail, or to support by reasoned proof the conclusions to which I have been led. I shall therefore have to assume a general acquaintance with the history of philosophy on the part of the reader, and I beg him to take the criticisms which I shall make simply as results, the evidence for which I hope to give in detail on another occasion.

Plato may be called the Father of Idealism, though, no doubt, his doctrine was a development from the Idealism implied in the *Noûs* of Anaxagoras, and still more clearly in the Socratic view of universals. How far, then,

may it be said that Plato was untrue to his central idea of the rationality and knowability of the real? His main defect, as it seems to me, was in virtually opposing the real to the actual or so-called "sensible." This defect is obvious in his theory, or one of his theories, that Art consists in the "imitation" of ordinary "sensible" actuality. The similar defect in his Philosophy of Religion it will not be necessary to exhibit here, as I have dealt with it in the body of the work; but a word may be said in regard to his defective Theory of Knowledge. Just as Plato at last rejects Art on the ground that it only represents or imitates the "sensible," so he shows a decided tendency to separate the universal from the particular. He does, indeed, maintain that whatever is real must be self-active; but in separating reason, as it exists in us, from sensible perception, he virtually empties reason of all content, and makes its objects pure abstractions.

The philosophy of Aristotle is beset by similar defects, though in him the contrast of the real or ideal and the actual is less

rigid and is more obviously in process of being transcended. Like Plato, he starts from the "mimetic" theory of Art, but he is led to make assertions which are contradictory of his starting-point. Thus he virtually asserts (1) that Art is such an interpretation of the actual as serves to bring out its deeper meaning, (2) that it gives rise to a feeling of self-harmony, and (3) that its object is spiritual forces in their deepest reality. Yet, since he never abandoned the view that Art is an "imitation" of the sensible, it cannot be said that he attained to a self-consistent theory. The reason for this discrepancy comes to light in his Philosophy of Religion, where he does not get beyond the idea of God as a self-centred Being, and is therefore forced to conceive of the world as related to God in an external or arbitrary way. Similarly, in his Theory of Knowledge, he shrinks from the admission that the actual is rational. There is always in things, as he thinks, a recalcitrant element or "matter," which is the source of "contingency" or "chance." It is not merely that human

knowledge cannot completely comprehend the actual, but the actual is itself imperfect, and therefore the ideal "forms" as they exist for the divine reason, being entirely free from "matter," are essentially different from the actual, in which "form" is always more or less sunk in "matter."

When we pass from ancient to modern philosophy, we find the same problem of the reconciliation of the real and the actual confronting us; but the antagonism seems more difficult of solution, because the contrast of the finite and the infinite has been sharpened by the explicit claim of the individual to accept nothing which does not commend itself to his reason.

By Descartes, two opposite methods are employed,—the method of abstraction and the method of definition. In the use of the former, he is led to maintain that the only permanent or unchanging attribute of body is geometrical extension; in employing the latter, he assumes that there are a number of real things, each having a definite or limited amount of extension. Spinoza turns

the former view against the latter, pointing out that there is nothing in the idea of pure extension which entitles us to conceive of it as broken up into parts. There can therefore, he argues, be no individual bodies, but only a single substance without parts or limits. Leibnitz, again, agrees with Spinoza in holding that pure space has no limits, but the inference he draws is that space is not an attribute of real substance, but a pure abstraction, derived from our experience of the order which obtains among the confused objects of sense. Thus all the spatial determinations of things, as merely confused ideas, have no existence from the point of view of thought; a view which converts the actual into pure illusion.

To Descartes it seemed that the human mind cannot comprehend the ends which God must be supposed to have in creation, and therefore he maintained that we must 'give up the vain search for final causes. "All God's ends are hidden in the inscrutable abyss of his wisdom." Descartes, however, tacitly assumed that there are such ends, if only we



could discover them. Such a doctrine is manifestly self-contradictory, and therefore Spinoza was only following out this side of the Cartesian doctrine to its logical result when he denied final causes altogether. Leibnitz, on the other hand, refused to admit that human knowledge is limited to the orderly movements of nature, as both Descartes and Spinoza assumed, and therefore he maintained that, without the idea of final cause, or activity directed towards an end, we cannot explain the world at all. We must therefore conceive of every real being or "monad" as self-active and purposive. Each "monad" is ever striving to make explicit what is already contained obscurely in it, and each "represents" the whole world from its own point of view, so that all "monads," without any actual connexion with one another, harmonise in their perceptions. Now (*a*) it is a pure assumption that there are absolutely independent "monads," in which there already exists obscurely all that afterwards comes to more or less clear expression; an assumption which has no better warrant than the preconception that identity is incom-

patible with development. (*b*) It is equally an assumption that each monad "represents" the world. On the Leibnitzian hypothesis of purely individual beings, each shut up within itself, there can be no way of proving that there is any world to "represent." The only real individuality, as I should maintain, is that of a being which knows itself because it knows other beings. (*c*) When he comes to explain the "harmony" of the monads with one another, Leibnitz has to fall back upon the idea of the selective activity of the divine will. Out of all the possible worlds which lay before the divine mind, that was chosen which was the best on the whole. Here, therefore, in the final result of the Leibnitzian philosophy, we see the fundamental discrepancy which vitiates his whole system. The actual world after all is not rational, but only as rational as God could make it; a theory which leaves us no ground for inferring the rationality of God at all, but on the contrary presupposes an absolute limit in the divine mind. Thus the Idealism of Leibnitz, suggestive as it is, ultimately breaks

down in contradiction. Can we, then, accept the Critical Idealism of Kant?

I cannot do more here than indicate the defects in the philosophy of Kant which prevent us from regarding it as final. Its fundamental imperfection is the abstract opposition of the empirical and the ideal, as if the former were not implicitly the latter. This opposition meets us first in his theory of knowledge, in which a virtual contrast is drawn between what is knowable and what lies beyond the boundaries of knowledge. Such a contrast is ultimately unmeaning. The only reality by reference to which we can criticise the knowable world of ordinary experience is a reality which includes, though it further elucidates, that world. Failing to recognise this truth, the philosophy of Kant is vexed by the perpetual recurrence of self-contradiction in some new form, a self-contradiction which is never finally transcended. (1) In the *Æsthetic*, Kant adopts the compromise, that space and time belong to the subject, while individual things in space and time are relative to an unknown object. But,

as these individuals must enter into knowledge, he is compelled to regard the unknown object as a mere blank, and such an object cannot be contrasted with anything; it is, in fact, merely the known world stripped of its determinateness and hypostatised. Kant is here really criticising the known world by an abstract phase of itself, and pronouncing the former to be lower instead of higher than the latter. The pure object can only be regarded as higher than the known world, in so far as the spatial and temporal world is seen to be a lower form of the knowable world. In this sense, no doubt, we may say that the undefined object, or thing in itself, indicates the world as it exists in idea, *i.e.* the world as completely determined. (2) In the *Analytic*, Kant takes another step in the process by which he gives a higher meaning to the thing in itself. The *whole* of the knowable world is now shown to involve the unifying activity of the knowing subject, though with the reservation that the object is conceived as the source of the undefined "manifold of sense." But, in truth, there is

no undefined "manifold" *for knowledge*, and hence the thing in itself is, even more palpably than before, a *magni nominis umbra*. (3) This is partly recognised by Kant himself when he goes on to consider the Unconditioned in its three forms,—the soul, the world, and God. (a) His criticism of Rational Psychology is virtually a recognition of the truth, that the pure or unrelated subject is a mere fiction of abstraction. Yet he does not draw the proper inference, that the real subject exists only in and through its relations to the object. Such a subject is not mechanically determinable, being self-conscious and self-active, but it does not and could not exist, were not the system of nature what it is. (b) Kant's criticism of Rational Cosmology is valid, so far as it points out that the reflective understanding seeks to affirm one of two related terms as if they were mutually exclusive; but Kant does not see that the reconciliation of these opposites is possible without recourse being had to the unknowable region of "noumena." (c) The criticism of Rational Theology is

valid as against the dualistic separation of being and thought, the world and God; but Kant's own solution is inadequate, because he regards these oppositions as holding absolutely within the sphere of the knowable, whereas they are really oppositions which carry their own refutation with them.

When he passes from the Theoretical to the Practical Reason, Kant at last recognises that the self-conscious subject is synthetic or productive; in other words, that here the real object is not opposed to the subject as something unintelligible, but, on the contrary, is bound up with the very nature of the subject. But the shadow of the "thing in itself" still haunts him, and therefore he conceives this objective world as merely an ideal which demands realisation, but which can never be realised. The way out of this difficulty is to recognise that the ideal *is* the real: that morality is not a mere "beyond," but is actually realised objectively in human institutions, which themselves have permanence only as they are in harmony with the eternal nature of the world, or, in other words. with the nature of God.

In the *Critique of Judgment* Kant makes a final effort to overcome the dualism with which he started. In æsthetic feeling he finds a sort of unconscious testimony to the unity of the phenomenal and the real, and in organised beings he meets with a phase of things which refuses to come under the head either of the phenomenal or the noumenal. Thus, "as by a side gesture," Kant points beyond the abstractions of the sensible and the supersensible to their actual concrete unity; but the preconception with which he started prevents him from identifying the ideal and the real, and the most he can persuade himself to say is, that man is entitled to a rational *faith* in God, freedom and immortality, though these are objects which lie beyond the range of his *knowledge*.

I should be sorry if what has been said should suggest the idea that philosophy is merely a series of brilliant failures, in which each new thinker vainly strives to prove the unprovable proposition, that the actual world when properly understood is rational; rather, as it seems to me, faith in the rationality of

the universe is the incentive and presupposition of all philosophical progress. Nor are the failures of successive philosophies in any case absolute; with each step in advance the problem becomes clearer and more easy of solution. How far the outline of Idealism contained in the second part of this essay is free from the objections which I have tried to indicate, must be left for the reader to determine. Perhaps I may venture to say that, if it has any special value, that value lies in the attempt to reconcile the reality of individual things, and especially the freedom and individuality of man, with the fundamental principle of Idealism, that the actual properly understood is a manifestation in various degree of one self-conscious and self-determining spiritual Being.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the books to which I have been directly or indirectly indebted, especially in the preparation of the first part of this essay; but I must not omit to mention the various works of the Master of Balliol, and of Professor Pfeiderer, as well as Leopold Schmidt's *Die*



*Ethik der alten Griechen*, Mr. Jebb's *Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry*, with the introductions in his edition of Sophocles, Mr. Bosanquet's *History of Æsthetic*, Dr. Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* and *Isaiah*, Weber's *System der altsynagogalen palästinischen Theologie*, Schürer's *History of the Jewish People*, Keim's *Jesus of Nazara*, and Weizsäcker's *Das Apostolische Zeitalter*. In preparing the chapter on the Christian Ideal I also received valuable assistance from my colleague, Professor Macnaughton.

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## PART I

### THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LIFE IN RELATION TO THE GREEK AND JEWISH IDEALS



# THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LIFE

## CHAPTER I

### HISTORICAL CONNEXION OF MORALITY AND RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY, as it issued fresh from the mind of its founder, embodied a conception of life which brought religion into indissoluble connexion with morality. The whole human race was conceived of as in idea a single spiritual organism, in which each man gains his own perfection by self-conscious identification with all the rest, and this community of life was held to be possible only because man is identical in nature, though not in person, with the one divine principle which is manifested in all forms of being. Man, it was therefore held, is unable to come to unity with himself until he has surrendered his whole being to the influence

of the Holy Spirit. On this view there is no basis for the moral ideal, and no possibility of its realisation, apart from the religious ideal; for man cannot accept as the standard of his life an ideal which is not in absolute harmony with the ultimate principle of the universe; nor, even if he did, could his effort to realise it be anything but the struggle with an alien power too strong for him,—a struggle as futile as the attempt of the Teutonic giant of the northern Saga to lift the deep-seated earth from its foundations. Affirming that the life of man is moral, just in so far as it is in harmony with the divine nature, Christianity rests upon the belief that “goodness is the nature of things,” and therefore it maintains that evil, which it regards as positive and antagonistic to good, exists in order to be transcended, and must succumb to the all-conquering power of goodness. Accordingly, man’s religious faith, which alone gives meaning to his moral effort, is for the individual the source of a joyous consciousness of unity with himself, just because in overcoming the

world he overcomes his own lower self. It is true that the evil which exists without and within him can never be completely abolished, but it is always in process of being abolished; and therefore the Christian is enabled to preserve his optimism even in face of the worst forms of evil.

No one will deny that in this triumphant faith Jesus and his first followers lived, but the objection may be raised, that the simple faith of an earlier age is not possible for us in these days, or at least not until the doubts and perplexities, which the facts of experience, the results of science, and the deepened reflection of our time inevitably suggest, have been fairly weighed and resolved. The wounds of reflection, it may be said, are too deep to be healed by a child-like faith in God and man, which rests rather upon sentiment than upon rational evidence. Many will go even further, and maintain that morality not only *can*, but *must*, be divorced from religion, and that in any case it does not depend for its support upon any form of religious belief.

Various reasons may be given for this separation of morality from religion, but they will all be found to rest ultimately on the assumption that it is not possible for man, with his limited faculties and knowledge, to get behind the veil of phenomena and grasp reality as it is in itself. Thus the real becomes simply a name for that which lies beyond the range of our finite vision, and morality is therefore conceived as merely that course of conduct which we must adopt in order to make the most of the circumstances in which we happen to be placed. So firm a hold has this doctrine taken of the modern mind, that not merely those who reject Christianity, but even some of its professed champions, such as Mr. Balfour, regard moral ideas as the only foundation upon which even a "provisional theory" of life can be based; and we even find Browning, in one of his moods, suggesting that the limitation of knowledge is essential to the stability and progress of morality.

An attempt will be made, in the second part of this essay, to show that religion and

morality cannot be separated from each other without the destruction of both, and that the essential identity of the human and divine natures, which is the central idea of Christianity, is the legitimate result of philosophical reflection. Meantime, it may be pointed out that the whole history of man goes to show that the connexion of morality with religion is so close that no advance in the one has ever taken place without a corresponding advance in the other. What is distinctive of Christianity is not the union of morality with religion, but the comprehensiveness of the principle upon which that union is based. Every religion embodies the highest ideal of a people, and the morality which corresponds to it is the special form in which that ideal is sought to be realised. It follows that, when the religious ideal is no longer an adequate expression of the more developed consciousness of a people, the moral ideal is also perceived to be in need of revision. Thus the history of religion is inseparable from the history of morality.



That religion and morality have, as a matter of fact, always been connected in the closest way, might be proved by a detailed examination of the whole history of religion; but, as the proof would lead us too far afield, one or two instances where the connexion seems at first sight to be broken will have to suffice.

(1) It has been maintained that in early times religion had nothing to do with morality. That this view is untenable, it will not be difficult to show. One of the earliest forms of religion is the belief in a god or totem, who is at once some being lower than man, and yet is regarded as the ancestor of a particular family or tribe. The theory of Mr. Spencer, that this form of religion originated in the worship of ancestors and was afterwards developed into totemism, cannot be accepted, because it assumes that primitive man was at a higher stage of development than his descendants. If primitive man was able to draw a clear distinction between himself and lower forms of being, it is inconceivable that his descendants should

have seen no fundamental distinction between them. The truth seems to be that the totem, which is almost always a plant, an animal, or other natural object, is viewed as divine because it forms the medium for that haunting sense of something incomprehensible and therefore divine, of which even early man is not entirely destitute. The totem is the form in which this feeling is objectified, and it then becomes the vehicle for the ideal union of the family or tribe. Thus the religion of early man is bound up with the elementary moral ideas which rule his life. The only social bond of which he can conceive is that of the family or tribe. Moreover, the members of each family or tribe, while they are closely related to one another, are usually hostile to other families or tribes; and hence the morality which corresponds to this phase of religion is based upon hatred of all who fall beyond its limited range. Here, therefore, the correspondence of religion and morality is obvious: a religion in which the object of worship is common to the members of a certain stock naturally goes with a form

of morality which involves hatred of the members of all other stocks. This hatred, as it is inseparable from the moral ideas of early man, finds its expression in his religion: and hence the totems of other families or tribes are regarded as evil spirits, whose baneful influence can be counteracted only by cunning and magical spells.

(2) Perhaps it may be conceded that the morality of early man is a faithful reflex of his religion, but it may be held that their connexion is dissolved when an advance has been made to a more developed form of society. It is easy to understand that, in the earlier stages of human history, whatever is sanctioned by religion should be blindly followed; but at a more advanced stage, when reflection begins to claim its rights, it may seem that progress in morality is rather hindered than aided by religion. Was it religion, it may be asked, which led in Greece to the higher morality of the age of Pericles? Would it not be truer to say that the religion of Greece was far behind its morality, and offered a stubborn resistance to its progress?

“The Greek poets,” as Mr. Max Müller says, “had an instinctive aversion to anything excessive or monstrous, yet they would relate of their gods what would make the most savage of Red Indians creep and shudder.” Does not this fact clearly show that morality advances independently of religion, and may even be in conflict with it?

The answer to this argument for the separation of morality and religion is not far to seek. The moral ideas of the age of Pericles were no doubt antagonistic to the older religious ideas preserved in Greek mythology, but they were in perfect harmony with the religious ideas which really ruled the best minds. The sanctity which attaches to religion long preserves traditional forms of belief from being openly assailed, but this is quite consistent with a transformation of the whole spirit of the earlier faith. In estimating the character of a religion we must in all cases make allowance for the survival of ideas which have lost their power and meaning, and concentrate our attention upon the new content which is preserved in the old

earthen vessels. The application of this principle, which is universal in its range, is in the present case obvious. The Greek religion, like the religion of every progressive people, was in continuous process of development; but in its later phases it retained elements which, though they were not explicitly rejected, occupied a very subordinate place and were practically ignored. The real religious beliefs of Greece in the age of Pericles were embodied, not in its mythology, but in the interpretation of the legends given by Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles. When this is once seen, it becomes obvious that the religion of Greece, so far from being at any time on a lower plane than its morality, was in all cases an expression of the highest ideal of which the Greek was capable, an ideal which he was seeking to realise in the various forms of his social life.

(3) As the morality of Greece seems at first sight to be in advance of its religion, so it may appear that the religious ideal of the Jews is entirely divorced from their moral conceptions. The continual refrain of their

great prophets, especially those of the eighth century, is that Israel, while she accepts the lofty ideal of God revealed long ago to their fathers, has, in practice, forsaken the Lord, and is governed by the lowest ethical ideal. When, however, we penetrate beneath the form of the prophetic utterances, it becomes obvious that the Jews are no exception to the rule that the moral and religious ideas of a people are the precise counterpart of each other. The Jewish prophet refers the higher conception of God, with which he as himself inspired, to an original revelation given by God to his people in the past, while in truth that conception has been gradually evolved out of a lower and cruder form of faith. It is no doubt true that the religious ideal upon which he insists is far in advance of the moral ideas of his time, but it is equally in advance of its religious ideas. The mass of the Jewish people had never freed themselves from the earlier idea of a tribal god who was gracious to Israel and terrible to her enemies; and hence their morality was not in harmony with that ideal

of an absolutely holy God, "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," which had disclosed itself in the higher consciousness of the prophets. The religious conceptions of the Jewish people as a whole were, therefore, in entire harmony with their moral conceptions. The contradiction is not between a pure and lofty religion and a low moral ideal, but between the lower ideal, religious and moral, beyond which the people had not advanced, and the higher ideal embodied in the prophetic utterances. It is no doubt a radical distinction between the Greek and the Jewish religion, that the former was simply an idealised transcript of society as it actually existed, while the latter, in its higher form, was a picture of a righteous kingdom that was placed in some far-off future; but this distinction, important as it is, does not imply that the Jewish religion created a divorce between the ideal and the actual. For, though the prophets continually speak of a time when Israel shall "return" to the Lord, this "return" is in reality an advance to a higher form of religion and morality. The

ideal of the future is always conceived to consist in a religious reformation which will manifest itself in a moral regeneration; and though, at a very late age, the hope of deliverance from outward and inward evil by a natural process of development had been lost, the Jewish mind never entirely abandoned its belief in the triumph of good and the destruction of evil. It is thus evident that throughout the whole history of Israel religion was in the most intimate connexion with morality.

Without seeking further to elaborate a point which seems almost self-evident, it may now be assumed that as a matter of historical fact there never has been any real antagonism between the religion and the morality of a people, but, on the contrary, the most intimate connexion. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, since every religion is an attempt to prevent the life of man from dissolving into a chaos of fragments by referring it to a principle which reduces it to order and coherence? There can be no morality without the belief in a life higher



than sense and passion, and this belief must draw its support from faith in a divine principle which ensures victory to the higher life. We must not forget, however, that religion, like morality, is a process which can reach its goal only when the divine principle is so comprehensive that it explains the whole of life, and leaves no difficulty unsolved. Thus the religious and moral ideals of a people, though they sum up all that is best and noblest in its life, may fall far short of an ultimate explanation. That neither the Greek nor the Jewish ideal had reached a satisfactory conception of the true nature and relation of God, man, and the world, it will not be hard to show; and it is therefore obvious that a higher synthesis was imperatively demanded. But the important question, it will be said, is not whether Greece and Judea failed,—a proposition no one is likely to dispute,—but whether Christianity is not also another, even if it be a more splendid, failure. That this is the only really important question for us may be at once admitted, but it will hardly be denied

that a clear conception of what the Christian ideal of life in its permanent essence is, and wherein its superiority to other ideals consists, is a necessary preparation for an intelligent estimate of its claim to be the ultimate ideal of life. To answer these questions thoroughly would involve a critical estimate of all the religions of the world. In the present essay, nothing so ambitious will be attempted; but perhaps a careful examination and comparison of the Greek, Jewish, and Christian ideals of life may be as convincing as a wider survey.

Before entering upon this task it may help to illustrate somewhat more fully the thesis of the present chapter, that religion and morality have always developed *pari passu*, if we glance at the different paths which the religious consciousness has followed among different peoples, and the goal which they have severally attained.

There seems reason to believe that all religions are either totemistic or have developed from totemism. We may, therefore, regard this form of religion as, if not the

earliest, at least a very early form of religion. Traces of it are found even in those nations in which civilisation originated, and which reached a much higher ideal of life, such as the Chinese, the Indian, the Greek, and the Jewish; and indeed it is, as we have seen, the natural form in which the ideal of the family or the tribe is embodied, since that ideal is based entirely upon the tie of blood. We may thus regard totemism as the original matrix from which all other forms of religion were developed.

Totemism, however, gives way to a higher form of religion, whenever a people advances to anything like a settled form of society. This second stage of religion, among all the great nations of antiquity, except the Jewish, whose religious development is unique, consists in the worship of the divine as manifested in those universal powers of nature — the heavens, the sun, the winds, etc. — which exercise so large an influence upon the natural life of man, while yet they are altogether beyond the control of his will. Now it is easy to see how a people, who

embodied their religious ideal in these great natural powers, should also have a higher moral ideal than races which never got beyond the stage of totemism. Early man found in his totem something higher than himself, but the divinity he ascribed to it was not so much in the object as in his own mind, or at least it was only in the object in the sense that nothing can exist which is not in some way a manifestation of the divine. But, when the divine is found in objects, which in force or splendour surpass the weak physical energy of man, the object selected is not altogether inadequate as a symbol of that spiritual power which man is feeling after; and as it is a universal object, it is not an inappropriate medium of the new ideal of a social unity embracing a number of tribes allied in blood. Thus the worship of the great powers of nature supplies a religious ideal which helps to unite all the members of allied tribes by the bond of a common faith.

From the worship of these natural powers the higher races advance to the stage of what is ordinarily called polytheism. The transi-

tion is effected by the tendency to personify those powers, and thus to bring them nearer to man. It is at this point that a highly significant divergence takes place, a divergence which determines the direction in which the subsequent development takes place. The Egyptian and Indian do indeed *personify* the gods, and thus for the time lift them out of the lower rank of mere powers of nature, but they do not *humanise* them. Hence their polytheism takes the form of what Mr. Max Müller has called henotheism. The tendency to unity, as well as multiplicity, is in operation from the very dawn of religion. Even races who have not advanced beyond the primitive stage of totemism always have a god who is regarded as higher than the other totems, and in nature-worship the heavens is naturally taken as the highest embodiment of the divine. The tendency to unification is therefore present from the first, but in the henotheistic phase of polytheism it assumes the peculiar form that each god becomes at the time of worship the only one who is present to the consciousness of the wor-

shipper, and hence to him are attributed for the time being all the attributes which at other times are distributed among a number of gods. Now the importance of directing attention to this tendency to henotheism is that it explains why the Egyptian and Indian religions developed, not into monotheism, but into pantheism. The Greek religion, on the other hand, not only personified but humanised the gods, and the clearly cut types thus formed became a permanent possession of the race. Hence, when the Greek finally abandoned polytheism, his religion developed into monotheism, not into pantheism; and so long as he remained polytheistic the instinct for unity was satisfied by conceiving of Zeus as the Father and Ruler of the gods, or later as the representative of their united will. Now, whether polytheism assumes the henotheistic or the Greek form, it is obvious that it presents an ideal which serves to unite all the members of a nation by a common worship. Nor does it seem fanciful to say that polytheism is the natural form which the religious ideal assumes among nations

which have been either formed into a single political unit by a combination of tribes allied in blood, or into a number of independent units united only by the bonds of a common descent and a common religion; in any case, it serves as the vehicle for the religious ideal of peoples who cannot conceive of a wider bond than that of the nation, or of the nation as other than a political unity based upon the natural tie of blood. Polytheism, therefore, tended to perpetuate absolute distinctions of caste, or of master and slave, and it naturally fostered a proud contempt for all who belonged to another nation, and therefore could not claim descent from the gods of their country. Here, therefore, we have another proof, if further proof were needed, of the close correspondence between religion and morality.

Polytheism, as has already been indicated, develops either into pantheism, or into monotheism. When it is of a henotheistic type, as in the case of the Egyptians and Indians, it naturally takes the former direction; the Greek religion, with its definitely characterised

human types, as naturally follows the latter direction. Both the Egyptian and the Hindu are deficient in that poetic and artistic faculty, which is characteristic of the Greek, and hence they never succeed in imparting freedom and spirituality to their gods. With the rise of reflection the tendency to unity, which has already shown itself in their henotheism, carries them beyond the tendency to multiplicity, and as their gods have not been conceived as endowed with intelligence and will, they come to conceive of the divine as a purely abstract being, of which nothing can be said but that it *is*. To this religious ideal corresponds the ethical ideal. If the divine nature is absolutely without distinction, man can become divine only by the destruction of all that constitutes his separate individuality. Thus pantheism leads to the dissolution of all fixed moral distinctions, and therefore to the denial of any radical distinction between good and evil. "Whatever is, is right." It can therefore look with perfect calmness upon the wildest aberrations of passion, and it leads in men



of a higher type to asceticism, only because it regards passion as a form of that universal illusion, or *Maya*, which supposes the finite to be real.

The Greek religion, as the product of a race of poets and artists, whose nature responded gladly to all the divine beauty and order of the world and of human life, could not thus pass into a joyless pantheism. Hence, under the influence of its poets and philosophers, it developed into a monotheism, in which the divine was conceived as a single spiritual Being, endowed with intelligence and will. It is significant that the Greeks only reached this stage, when their narrow civic state had already revealed its inadequacy, and when the bond of nationality, which had been hitherto preserved by loyalty to the national faith, had lost its power. Thus the wider conception of religion was reflected in the virtual dissolution of civic and national morality. It is time, however, to consider more carefully the strength and weakness of the Greek ideal of life. This will be done in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER II

### THE GREEK IDEAL

STARTING, like the other Indo-European peoples, from the worship of the great powers of nature, the Greeks developed a form of religion which is the highest type of polytheism. This religion was the embodiment of that love of beauty, truth, and freedom, which is distinctive of the Greek spirit. In the Homeric poems, the transition from the worship of nature has already been made. The gods are not only personified, but humanised. Turning his eyes to the expanse of heaven, the early Greek expressed his consciousness of the divine in the majestic form of Zeus, whose nod shook the whole heavens and the earth. The physical splendour of the sun became for him the radiant form of Apollo, shooting down gleaming arrows from his silver bow. Thus was grad-

ually formed, not without the addition of new elements and even new gods, sometimes borrowed from Semitic sources but invariably transmuted into higher form, the pantheon of glorious shapes which filled the imagination of Homer. The divine nature is conceived as manifested in distinct types, each possessed of intelligence and will, and embodied in human forms, which exhibit the utmost perfection of physical beauty. These gracious forms only differ from man in the perfection of their spiritual and physical qualities, and in their freedom from decay and death. Thus the Greek expresses in his religion his ideal of perfect manhood as the complete harmony of soul and body. Were it possible to secure and retain for ever physical, intellectual, and moral beauty, the ideal of the early Greek would be realised. That ideal, however, was one which did not separate the good of the individual from the good of society. Achilles is distinguished, not merely by splendid physical beauty, powers, and eloquence, but by his burning indignation against wrong: and, when he

carries his resentment against Agamemnon to an extreme which threatens the destruction of the whole Greek host, he is punished by an untimely death. So Zeus is the impersonation of a wise and just ruler, Apollo the divine type of the poetic and religious mind, Athena the ideal of valour directed and kept in check by wise self-restraint. The Greek gods are thus the expression of the Greek ideal of a society in which the highest natural qualities are valued as a means to the realisation of a free community. The Homeric king is not a despot, but the guardian of the sacred customs on which the rights of his subjects are based. He does nothing without consulting his council of elders, and the public assembly consists of the whole body of citizens. The world of the gods is an idealised counterpart of the heroic form of society; and, in fact, the early Greek could only conceive of the divine as a community of gods, living in each other's society, and sympathising with the fortunes of men.

The Homeric gods are thus the embodi-

ment of that free and joyous existence which was the ideal of life of the early Greek. The Greek religion is essentially a religion of this world; for, though the Greek believed in a shadowy realm of the dead, his heart was set upon the beauty, the joy, the sunlight of this world, and he looked forward to the future life, without dread, indeed, but with a melancholy resignation. With his intrepid intellect he had a clear and sober apprehension of the shortness of life and the limitations of humanity, but he had not yet lost the fresh exuberance of the youth of the world; and in devotion to his country and faith in divine justice, he found all that was needed to satisfy his highest desires. Entirely free from a slavish dread of the gods, he came into their presence with joyous confidence. He did not forget that his destiny lay on the knees of the gods, but, having perfect faith in their justice, he did not prostrate himself before them with the abject submission of the Asiatic.

The charm of this conception of life has never failed to exercise a peculiar fascination, and indeed it contains elements which must

be embodied in the modern ideal, though these must be transmuted into a higher form. Its fundamental defect is that it can be approximately realised only by those who possess exceptional gifts of nature and fortune, and that it conceives of the highest life as simply the expansion of the natural life. The Greek was destitute of that profound consciousness of the Infinite which was characteristic of the Jewish religion, and therefore of the wide interval between man as he is and as he ought to be. No doubt in his deepest nature man is identical with God, but his deepest nature reveals itself only when he turns against his immediate self. Of this truth the Greek had no proper apprehension, and therefore he never got beyond the ideal of a perfect natural life, in which the spiritual and natural were in harmony with each other, and of a State in which the individual citizen found his complete satisfaction in devotion to the common weal. That this limited ideal could not be permanently satisfactory is shown by the gradual emergence of a deeper conception of life, which as time went on came more and more

into the foreground, until it finally led, in the poets and philosophers, to a complete transformation of the earlier belief.

Though the Greek religion is the highest form of polytheism, it has, like all polytheistic religions, the fundamental defect of having no adequate idea of the unity and spirituality of the divine nature. This defect is, in the Greek form of polytheism, made all the more prominent by the individuality ascribed to the gods. The gods, as embodied in sensible human form, are limited in space and time, and hence their relation to man is inadequately conceived. There can be no proper comprehension of the unity and spirituality of the divine nature, so long as the divine is conceived as merely the perfection of the natural. Beings who are regarded as limited in space and time cannot be the source of all reality, and their relation to man can only be external. Hence the Greek gods themselves were conceived as having come into existence at a definite time, and their action upon men was represented as their actual sensible appearance to their favourites. Athena presents herself

in human shape to Achilles, and persuades him to abandon his purpose of slaying Agamemnon; Aphrodite hides Paris in a cloud when he flees from the spear of Menelaus. Thus the life of man is represented as directly interfered with by the gods, so that man seems to be merely a puppet in their hands. This defect is inseparable from the pictorial form of the religion, which necessarily represents the spiritual as on the same plane with the natural.

Even in Homer, however, there are elements which show that the Greek religion must ultimately accomplish its own euthanasia. There was in it from the first a latent contradiction which could not fail to manifest itself openly at a later time. The very concreteness and humanity of the gods was at variance with the instinct for unity, which could neither be suppressed nor reconciled with the polytheistic basis of the traditional faith. To a certain extent that instinct was satisfied by the conception of Zeus as the "Father of gods and men," whose authority, though it is not absolute, is higher than that



of the other gods. But this conception could only be temporarily satisfactory; and, indeed, even in Homer, there is already indicated a deeper sort of unity, which is inconsistent with this mere unity of the pictorial imagination. For Homer, like his successors, was strongly impressed with the belief that the life of man is subject to divine control, and that his destiny is determined in accordance with absolute principles of justice. Paris violates the sacred bond which united host and guest, and punishment falls upon himself and all his kindred. The Trojans break the oath to which they had solemnly sworn, and draw down upon themselves the punishment which they deserved. There was thus an absolute faith in the righteous judgments of the gods. Such a faith could not be reconciled with the caprice, partiality, and lawlessness, which were ascribed to the gods in their individual character. For they are represented as not only violating accepted moral laws, but as at variance with one another, and guilty of gross favouritism. This unreconciled antagonism was partly due to

the survival of earlier and less elevated ideas of the divine nature, to which custom and tradition lent an adventitious sanctity, but, it was also inseparable from the anthropomorphism of the Greek religion. The conflict of competing ideas is especially apparent in the conception of Zeus, whose character as an individual is widely different from what has been called his official character as the exponent of the common will of the gods. Sometimes Homer speaks of Zeus as rewarding or punishing men; sometimes this power is vested in the gods as a whole. In the *Iliad* Zeus is called the guardian of oaths, while yet Agamemnon speaks of the sufferings inflicted by "the gods" upon those who swear falsely. In the *Odyssey* there are even passages in which an abrupt transition is made from the gods to Zeus, as when Telemachus invokes the gods, "If perchance Zeus will punish the wickedness of the suitors (I. 378)." This tendency to conceive of Zeus as the sole administrator of justice, which is manifest even in the Homeric poems, becomes more and more pronounced, so that

in the period between Homer and the Persian wars, it is almost invariably Zeus who is spoken of as the guardian of moral order. Thus, without any explicit rejection of polytheism, there was a continual tendency to transcend it. Isocrates, who is the spokesman, not of philosophers like Anaxagoras, but of the educated common sense of his time, explains the poetic representation of Zeus as king of the gods by the natural tendency to figure the divine government after the fashion of an earthly state. Besides this explicit criticism of the popular faith, the striving after a higher idea of the divine is shown in the reverential feeling which led the worshipper, in calling upon one of the gods to add, "or by whatever name thou mayst desire to be called." But nothing shows more clearly the tendency to go beyond the earlier mode of thought than the indefinite terms by which the divine power is designated by the prose writers. They still, no doubt, speak of "the gods," but they usually employ such expressions as "the divine," "the god," "the dæmonic," when they

have to speak of the moral government of the world.

There is thus in the development of Greek thought a clearly marked tendency to unity, manifesting itself, on the one hand, in the conception of Zeus as the exponent of the common will of the gods; and, on the other hand, in the conception of "something divine," which was not definitely embodied in the gods of the popular faith. It has been held that the Greek conception of a "fate," to which the gods as well as men are subject, indicates a certain pantheistic tendency in the Greek mind, which was only kept in check by the opposite tendency to conceive of the divine as personal. This view seems to imply that every attempt to transcend particularism and anthropomorphism indicates a movement towards pantheism. It seems more natural to say that the movement beyond polytheism may be either towards pantheism or monotheism, and that the special direction which the movement takes will be determined by the peculiar form of the polytheism which forms the starting-point. In

the Greek mind, which humanised the gods, the reaction against particularism was naturally towards monotheism. The idea of "fate" was therefore conceived, not as a mere external necessity, but as a rational law, and the gods were regarded as subject to it only in the sense that even the divine nature was not beyond law.

The more firmly the conception of a moral government of the world was grasped, the clearer was the apprehension of the apparent exceptions to it. In Homer and Hesiod, faith in divine justice assumes the simple form of a belief that the pious man is directly rewarded by a happy and fortunate life. In the *Odyssey* Ulysses says, that when a king is pious and just, the land is fruitful and the people prosperous. Hesiod declares that on the just man, who keeps his oath, Zeus bestows more renown and a fairer posterity than on the unjust. It was a popular belief that impiety never fails to be punished by blindness, madness, or death. To the objection that the innocent were sometimes unfortunate, it was answered that they were involved in

the misfortunes of the wicked. The similar difficulty that the wicked are often prosperous was met by saying that divine justice, though it may be delayed, always overtakes them in the end. The same idea is expressed in the well-known saying of an unknown poet, that "the mills of the gods grind slow but very small." A further modification of the idea of divine retribution was that, though the wicked man may himself escape, misfortune is sure to fall upon his posterity. We also find among the Greeks a growing scepticism of the reality of divine justice, but the best minds surmounted this scepticism by a deeper view of the relation between the divine and human,—a view which was most fully developed by Æschylus and Sophocles. In these poets, in fact, the current religious and moral ideas were so deepened as to result in an ethical monotheism, though they never consciously surrendered the polytheism of the popular faith.

Æschylus, the poet of the men who fought at Marathon and Salamis, has unbounded faith in the gods of his country. At the same time

his plastic imagination works freely on the mass of legendary material which he found ready to his hand, and into the old bottles he pours the new wine of a higher conception of the divine nature and the destiny of man. This transforming process is exhibited in his reconstruction of the myth of Prometheus. Zeus, the representative of intelligence and order, when he has dethroned Chronos, finds on the earth the miserable race of men. Their champion, the Titan Prometheus, steals "the flashing fire, mother of all arts," and conveys it to men in a hollow reed. For his insolence and deceit he must undergo proportional punishment, until he has repented and submitted to the sovereign will of Zeus. Suffering but intensifies his proud and rebellious spirit, and it is only after long ages of punishment, and through the influence of Heracles, the god-like man, whose life has been spent in toil for others, that he is at last induced to give up his purpose of revenge. There seems little doubt that here, as elsewhere, Æschylus seeks to show that the world is governed with absolute justice, and that the true lesson of life is

to submit to the divine will. When man sets up his own rebellious will against the Ruler of the universe, he must expect divine punishment. The triple Fates and the mindful Erinyes jealously guard the sanctity of the primal ties. The doom of Troy is the divine punishment for violated hospitality. Agamemnon perishes because his hands are stained with his daughter's blood. Æschylus explicitly rejects the old doctrine of the envy of the gods: it is sinful rebellion against the divine law which brings punishment in its train. The sins of the fathers are no doubt visited upon the children, but the curse never falls upon those whose hands are pure. The house of Atreus seems the prey of a malign, inevitable fate, but only because in each new representative there is a frenzy of wickedness, an infatuate hardening of the heart. When, therefore, a pure scion of this accursed stock appears, the curse is removed: he suffers indeed, but his end is peace; and at last he returns in honour to reign over the house which he has cleansed. Thus the Erinyes become the Eumenides: the stern law of jus-



tice turns at last a gracious face to those who fear and honour the gods.

But, while Æschylus conceives of Zeus as the divine representative of the whole order of society, the divine law is still conceived by him as an external law to which man must submit. Sophocles, on the other hand, while he endorses the conception of a divine law of justice, seeks to show that this law operates in man as the law of his own reason. Œdipus unwittingly violates the sacred bond of the family, and punishment inevitably follows; but his punishment is also the recoil upon himself of his defiant self-assertion, and therefore, when he recognises that his suffering was not unmerited, he is at last reconciled to the divine will and comes to harmony with himself. Yet even in Sophocles the limitation of the Greek ideal of life is manifest; for, though he views suffering as a means of purification from self-assertion and overweening pride, he does not reach the conception that in self-sacrifice the true nature of man is revealed; the highest point to which he attains is the conception that man can reach happiness only by vol-

untary submission to the divine will, which is also the law of his own reason. It is only in Euripides that we find something like an anticipation of the Christian idea that self-realisation is attained through self-sacrifice. In Euripides, however, this result is reached by a surrender of his faith in the divine justice. Man, he seems to say, is capable of heroic self-sacrifice at the prompting of natural affection, but this is the law of human nature, not of the divine nature. Thus in him morality is divorced from religion, and therefore there is over all his work the sadness which inevitably follows from a sceptical distrust of the existence of any objective principle of goodness. This division of religion and morality could not be final, and hence the attempts of Plato and Aristotle to restore the broken harmony by a higher conception of the divine nature.

Though the transformation of the Greek religion by the great poets of Greece was a continuous movement towards a more spiritual view of the divine nature, it did not involve an explicit breach with polytheism, except in the case of Euripides. Æschylus and

Sophocles, though they virtually affirm the unity and spirituality of the divine will, are not in conscious antagonism to the popular faith. Such an antagonism was, however, inevitable, so soon as philosophical reflection arose, and proceeded to ask how far mythology could be accepted as historical truth. The question could not be raised without producing a temporary scepticism. The first philosophers were therefore almost entirely negative in their attitude towards the traditional faith.\* It was only with Socrates and his followers that a perception of the rational element implied in mythology was apprehended. Hence, while Plato is severe in his condemnation of the unworthy representations of the divine nature in Homer and Hesiod, he recognises that the imaginative form which that faith assumed was a necessary stage in the education of the race and of the individual. Poetry is a "lie," no doubt, but it is a "noble lie." Plato is here seeking to separate the form from the

\* "Whether there are gods or not I cannot tell," said Protagoras; "life is too short for such obscure problems."

matter, the spirit from the earthly tabernacle in which it is enclosed. The divine, as he contends, is not immoral, malicious, or deceitful. What he is really seeking to show is that the divine nature transcends the sensible, and is the ultimate source of all truth, beauty, and goodness. Plato does not, in the first instance, reject the pictorial representations of the popular imagination, which he no doubt regarded as inseparable from the poetic garb endeared to the Greek heart by the hallowing associations of ages; but he insists that the gods must not be portrayed as violating the sanctities of moral law, as inflicting evil upon man from envy, or as appearing in lower forms. The gods are absolutely good, truthful, and beautiful, and therefore are eternally and unchangeably the same. It is obvious, however, that Plato does not at bottom believe that the divine nature can be represented in sensible form at all, and hence we cannot be surprised that, with his imperfect theory of art as an "imitation" of sensible reality, the more he reflects upon the distorting influence of all imaginative representations of the divine

nature, the more dissatisfied he becomes, until at last he concludes, though with great reluctance, that there is no place for the poet in that ideal city of which he dreamed such beautiful, philosophical dreams. The preparation for this extreme view is already made in the contention that poetry is a "lie," even if it is a "noble lie," and in the denial that evil can in any sense proceed from God, or that the divine can ever be manifested except in its own absolutely perfect form. For the representation of what is false, though it may be necessary as an educational device, has no ultimate justification; the Manichean separation of evil from the divine is at the same time the exclusion of God from the actual world; and the only perfect form of the divine must be the supersensible. Thus, by the natural development of Greek thought, Plato is at last led to maintain a spiritual monotheism, resembling in its main features the conception of God, which by an independent path was reached by the Hebrew people in the later stages of their history. In his revolt from the pictorial representations of the divine, he

is led to conceive of God as dwelling in a transcendent region beyond the actual world, and this, though a necessary step in the evolution of the religious consciousness, is not the last word of religion. The Infinite cannot be severed from the finite, God from man, without becoming itself finite, unless we are prepared to regard the finite as pure illusion. Nor does Aristotle, though he protests against the Platonic separation of the real and the ideal, succeed in avoiding the rock on which Plato's philosophy of religion makes shipwreck; for he too conceives of God as a purely contemplative being, alone with Himself, and self-sufficient in His isolation, who acts upon the world only as the sculptor hews and shapes the block of marble, which can never be quite divested of its material grossness.

If this is at all a fair account of the theology of Plato and Aristotle, we must admit that their solutions are not final. The negative movement by which the creations of art and the products of the religious consciousness in its imaginative form have been re-

jected, and the first unquestioning faith in the outward manifestation of reason in nature and human life "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," is only imperfectly supplemented by a positive movement in which the real is virtually declared to lie beyond the actual. For, so long as the world of our experience is regarded as containing an irrational element, the human spirit must either fall back baffled upon the phenomenal, or seek to fly beyond the "flaming walls of the world" by some other organ than reason. It is, therefore, not surprising that Plato and Aristotle were succeeded, on the one hand by the individualistic philosophies of the Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics, and on the other hand by the Neo-platonists and Gnostics, who in despair of reason took refuge in a supposed "immediate intuition" or "ecstasy."

## CHAPTER III

### THE JEWISH IDEAL

THE religion of Greece, as we have seen, developed from a humanistic polytheism, through the influence of its great poets and philosophers, into monotheism. Even in its polytheistic stage there was a marked tendency towards unity, but this tendency was not realised until Plato affirmed the unity and spirituality of the divine nature. The religion of Israel reached the same point by a more direct path. There seems to be clear evidence that Israel had passed from a primitive totemism to the worship of great powers of nature before the captivity in Egypt. Evidence of the former stage is to be found in the household gods or teraphim, and of the latter in the early conception of Jehovah as the God of the tempest, who had His seat on Mount Sinai. What is



unique in the development of the religion of Israel is that it passed without a break from the worship of nature, to the worship of Jehovah, without going through the intermediate stage of polytheism. This peculiarity arose from the whole character and history of the people. Unlike the Greeks, the people of Israel had no artistic faculty, and what moved them in nature was not the beauty of the world, but the tremendous energy manifested in its more terrible aspects. The divine power they saw manifested in the thunder, and in the tempest which broke on the mountains of Sinai and rolled across the desert. This great and terrible Lord was, from the time of their deliverance from servitude in Egypt under their great leader Moses, the common object of worship of all the tribes. Thus even before their political union, the belief in Jehovah was the bond which kept them united as a people, and after the loss of their national independence it kept them separate and distinct from all other nations. It is true that, after their settlement in Canaan, there was a continual

struggle between those who worshipped only Jehovah and those who saw no harm in combining His worship with that of other gods; but the great name of Jehovah never failed to reunite all the tribes in their struggle for independence, and so to prevent them from being merged in the surrounding tide of Canaanite life. And when the monarchy was founded, and the religion of Jehovah became the national religion, the intense consciousness of their great past and the anticipation of a still greater future made it impossible that their faith in Jehovah should ever be completely lost.

Up to the time of the great prophets, Jehovah was conceived only as the greatest of all gods, the God of Israel, who went before them in battle and led them to victory, and who was pledged to aid His people in their time of need. Thus the religious faith of Israel was bound up with a belief in the permanence of its nationality. It was the work of the great prophets to free the conception of Jehovah from its exclusively national character. In effecting this change,

they were but developing what was implicit in the conception from the first. He who was at first conceived to be manifested in the great and terrible aspects of nature came to be regarded as raised entirely above nature, and the God of battles was transformed into the God of holiness. Hence, though Jehovah is still conceived as standing in a more intimate relation to Israel than to other nations, it is maintained that this relation can continue only if Israel is pre-eminent in righteousness. "You only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities." Israel must no longer regard herself as secure of the divine favour, irrespective of her conduct: if she continues to dishonour Jehovah, her nationality will be destroyed. This is the idea which Isaiah insists upon with such fervour and power. Even when the kingdoms of Judah and Israel were in the full tide of prosperity, the prophet discovered in them the seeds of decay. The upper class was materialised, and the lower class full of superstition and practical unbelief. The re-

sult was inevitable: their cities will be wasted and the land left desolate, though, as the prophet believes, there will always be a remnant to form the nucleus of a new and regenerate nation. Jehovah will employ the great heathen powers as an instrument for the punishment of Israel. A people who fail in the practice of justice and mercy cannot hope for the favour of a righteous and holy God.

It is obvious that in this new conception the old idea of Jehovah as the God only of Israel has been virtually transcended. Accordingly the prophets deny that there is any God but Jehovah, and, therefore, declare that He has relations to other nations as well as to Israel. He governs the world, not in the interests of one nation only, but in the interests of righteousness. He is the Creator of all things, and the Ruler of the universe, though He has specially revealed Himself to Israel.

In the later prophets a further advance is made. Jehovah is not only the God of nations, but He is directly related to the indi-

vidual soul. This advance followed as a natural consequence of the conception of God as a God of righteousness. A God who is beyond nature, and is essentially spiritual, cannot be permanently conceived as related only to the nation. Holiness depends upon the inner state of the soul, and therefore the relation of man to God is a personal one. Hence Jeremiah and Ezekiel assert personal responsibility. "Every one shall die for his own iniquity," says Jeremiah; and Ezekiel declares that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

With the conception of God as absolutely holy, and the demand for perfect purity of heart and conduct, there arose the consciousness of the opposition between the finite and the infinite, the actual and the ideal. Thus the religion of Israel, unlike the Greek, is a religion of prophecy. The prophet, maintaining that man was originally made "a little lower than God," and contrasting with this perfect relation his present sinfulness, looks forward to a time when the unity with God which has been lost shall be restored.

The higher conception of religion and morality taught by the prophets was not immediately accepted by the people, though the successive reforms narrated in the histories show that it had commended itself to the best minds. It was only with the exile that the people obtained a firm grasp of the idea that they were the custodians of the one true religion. This conviction finds its most perfect expression in the second Isaiah, who declares that the peculiar mission of Israel is to make known the true God to the heathen. There will always be a faithful "remnant" entirely devoted to the service of Jehovah, who, even if they suffer for the sins of others, will be the means of leading many to righteousness.

With the cessation of the fresh spring of prophetic utterance, the Jewish conception of God tended to become more and more abstract. The way was prepared for this change by the formation, under Ezra and Nehemiah, of a sort of theocratic commonwealth, a compact and homogeneous little state, devoted mainly to the worship of Jehovah. With the

establishment of this community, the separation of Israel from the rest of the world, and the subsequent worship of the letter of scripture, were inevitable. Jerusalem became the universally acknowledged centre of the religion and worship of Jehovah, to which from time to time Israelites from all parts of the earth flocked to offer sacrifice in the temple. Though this centralisation of sacrificial worship was a bond of union to the despised race, it was not effective as a national bond, while on the other hand it was hostile to the wider bond of humanity. Indirectly, the centralisation of worship in Jerusalem gave rise to the institution of the synagogue. This change had important consequences. Religion became no longer merely national, but individual. The most beautiful flower of this personal religion was its sacred lyrical poetry. Many of the psalms, most of which are admitted to belong to the centuries after the exile, express the pure and pious feeling called forth by the reading of the Law and the prophets in the synagogue. There was, however, another consequence of

the change. The importance of the sacerdotal cultus in Jerusalem receded into the background. The Levite became of less consequence than the Rabbi skilled in the Law. Thus the Law came to be the centre of all the thoughts of the pious Israelite. The whole education of the people, in the family, the school, and the synagogue, was intended to make them a "people of the law." No longer did Jehovah reveal His will through the direct inspiration of a prophet. A final revelation of Himself had been given in the Law, and the sole duty of His people was to find out by a careful examination of the words of Scripture what had been revealed once for all. Shut out from the direct consciousness of God, the conception of His nature became more and more abstract. He was "the Holy One," the "Absolute," raised to an infinite distance above the world and man, even to name whom was profane. Religion thus came to be regarded, not as the communion of man with God, but as the right relation of man before God. The Law took the place formerly occupied by God. It is



identified with the eternal wisdom, which arose from the unknown depths of the divine nature; it is the image or daughter of God, which was before the creation of the world, and in the contemplation of which the divine life is passed. As expressing the whole nature of God; the Law is the ultimate revelation, valid for all time and even for eternity; it is the true food of the soul, the tree of life, the source of all knowledge. The essence of religion, therefore, consists in love of the Law, as exhibited in its study and in observance of its precepts. Thus the Law at once unites Israel to Jehovah, and separates her from the whole heathen world, which by its rejection of the Law at Sinai adopted a hostile attitude toward Jehovah.

As conformity to the Law was the standard and source of all righteousness, God was bound by the terms of the covenant entered into with Israel to recompense the pious Israelite in proportion to his observance of its precepts. As this proportion was not always observed, it was held that at some future time the balance would be restored.

The whole religious life thus revolved around these two poles, — conformity to the Law and the hope of future reward. Under such a purely external conception, religion and morality were emptied of life. For that free and spontaneous devotion to goodness which is of the very essence of the spiritual life, was substituted the mechanical observance of rules imposed by external authority. The Law was to be obeyed, not because it expressed the true nature of man, but because it had been ordained by Him who had power to reward and punish. As its various precepts were not seen to flow from any principle, the moral life was conceived to consist in strict obedience to every detail of the Law. Where all was equally imposed by God, every requirement of the Law had the same absolute claim to obedience. Thus there was, in St. Paul's phrase, "a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." To the conscientious Israelite, life was made an intolerable burden, while the rigid adherent of the Law could hardly escape from a proud and boastful self-righteousness.

The logical consequences of this legalistic

religion and morality are most clearly seen in the life and theory of the Pharisees, who carried out to its extreme the spirit which rules the whole post-exilic period. It has sometimes been said that the Pharisees were the patriotic party, as contrasted with the Sadducees, who were always ready to sacrifice their country and even the national religion from motives of worldly prudence. It would seem, however, that the main spring of action in the Pharisees was not love of country, but love of the Law. And by the Law they meant, not so much the written as the "oral" law, which had been gradually formed by the labours of the scribes. "The Pharisees," says Josephus, "have imposed upon the people many laws taken from the tradition of the fathers, which are not written in the Law of Moses." Such an extension of the Law was inevitable. A law accepted upon authority necessarily gives rise to casuistry, the moment an attempt is made to make it a complete guide of life; and the precedents thus established naturally come to be regarded as an unfolding of what is already contained in the law. What distinguished

the Pharisees was their claim to peculiar strictness in the interpretation and observance of the Law, or rather of the "traditions of the fathers," and especially of the laws relating to cleanness and uncleanness. They regarded themselves as the true Israel, in distinction not only from the heathen, but from the less scrupulous of their own countrymen. That excessive zeal for the letter of the Law was their ruling motive seems to be proved by their attitude to successive dynasties. During the Maccabean conflict, they adopted the popular cause; but when the insurrection proved successful, and the Asmoneans showed indifference to the Law, the Pharisees turned against them. Their zeal for the Law won the people to their side, and henceforth they completely ruled the public life. Even the direction of public worship was in the hands of the Pharisees, though the priestly Sadducees were nominally the head of the Sanhedrim. The Sadducees were the wealthy, aristocratic party, and therefore belonged mainly to the priesthood, which, as far back as the Persian period, governed the Jewish state and formed its

nobility. They differed from the Pharisees in acknowledging only the Pentateuch and the prophets as binding, to the exclusion of the whole mass of legal decisions which had been established by the Pharisaic scribes. The Sadducees held fast by the older faith, mainly because they were averse to the bigotry and exclusiveness of the Pharisees. As a matter of fact their position, as men of affairs, and their contact with foreign culture, had made them comparatively indifferent to the religion of their fathers.

The Messianic hopes of the Pharisees were the natural complement of their legalism. They believed that, in terms of the covenant made at Sinai, God was bound to reward those who obeyed the Law, and therefore that the political and individual evils to which the saints were subjected could only be temporary. They therefore looked forward to a time when the whole world would be united under the sceptre of Israel into a universal monarchy, over which the Messiah should be ruler and judge. In this glorious era, the pious individual would also be re-

warded. The general belief was in a "resurrection of the just," though some also expected a general resurrection, when the wicked should be punished and the righteous rewarded. The reign of the saints was to be ushered in by the direct intervention of God, when the rule of Satan and his angels should give place to the rule of God and His anointed. The Messiah, the King of Israel, chosen by God from all eternity, should come down from heaven, where He was already in communion with God, and establish upon earth the reign of righteousness and peace. While this was the form which the Messianic hope assumed in the minds of the scribes and Pharisees, there were not wanting men of a finer type, in whose minds it was accompanied by the expectation of the triumph of good over evil, and of the deliverance of man from the evil of his own heart. A consideration of the attitude of Jesus toward the Law and the Messianic hopes of his time will help to bring out the distinctive features of the Christian, as distinguished from the Jewish, ideal of life.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL

THE first step toward the overthrow of the whole set of legalistic ideas, characteristic of later Judaism, was taken by John the Baptist. It is true that the Baptist did not break with the legal piety of his time, but his watchword, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," was in essence a denial of the principle upon which legalism rested. For, according to that principle, the delay of the kingdom of heaven was not due to the unrighteousness of Israel, but to the inscrutable designs of providence, which permitted Satan with his host of angels to afflict the saints and deprive them of the reward to which their diligent observance of the Law entitled them. The reign of the saints could only come with the miraculous advent of the Messiah. The Baptist, on the

other hand, found the explanation of the delay in the manifestation of the kingdom of heaven in the sinfulness of men, not in the inscrutable designs of God. Hence he called for repentance, and, by demanding from every one a confession of sin, he virtually denied that the Pharisees were justified in regarding themselves as righteous. The evils from which men suffered were not due to the malevolence of evil spirits, but to their own corrupt hearts. No doubt the blessings of the kingdom of heaven could only come from above, but only those need hope to participate in them who were conscious of the evil of their own hearts, and sought the righteousness of God. The kingdom of heaven was at hand, and the necessary preparation for it was a "change of mind."

The effect of this message upon the Pharisees could only be to arouse their indignation and rancour; for, in demanding from all a confession of sin and a change of heart, the Baptist struck a powerful blow at their self-righteousness and spiritual pride; and,

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in virtually affirming that righteousness did not consist in the scrupulous observance of the Law, he denied the very foundation upon which they based their expectation of future reward. To those finer spirits, on the other hand, who were painfully conscious of their own weakness and sinfulness, the preaching of the Baptist came as a welcome solution of their spiritual perplexities, and helped to restore their faith in the justice of God.

Among those who at once discerned the significance of the Baptist's summons to repentance was Jesus, who submitted to baptism, as a sign of his belief in the fundamental truth of John's doctrine, and, indeed, in the beginning of his ministry, adopted as his own the watchword, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." But, while Jesus thus endorsed the new way of righteousness, it soon became evident that he gave to it another and a deeper meaning. In the Beatitudes this new point of view is already indicated. Repentance is by the Baptist conceived as the moral preparation for a deliverance from evil which is still future;

by Jesus it is regarded as consisting in a personal consciousness of the infinite love of God. Thus the moral revolution is inseparable from the religious. The kingdom of heaven is already present in the souls of those who have an absolute faith in the goodness of God, a faith which finds expression in unselfish devotion to their fellow-men, and which rejoices in revilings and persecutions as the process through which goodness gradually overcomes evil.

The ideal of life which is indicated in the Beatitudes was an entire reversal of the current conception, especially as it had been formulated in the teaching of the scribes and Pharisees. Even the method of exposition was new; for, whereas the accepted teachers in all cases sought to deduce conclusions from the letter of scripture, by a laborious and ingenious system of exegesis, Jesus threw out his ideas in the form of aphorisms, which shone by their own light. And if his method was thus free and unconventional, how much more revolutionary seemed to be the substance of his teaching!

Ignoring the authority of the Law and the prophets, he seemed to assert an independent basis for the new truth which he proclaimed, and, in making righteousness consist entirely in a spiritual regeneration, he apparently despised the whole body of truth which had been revealed by God himself to Moses and the prophets. It was, therefore, charged against him that, in abrogating the Law, he was destroying the very foundation of religion and morality. The objection is one which never fails to be made when the principle of external authority is attacked. When Socrates sought to trace back the customary religious and moral ideas of his time to their principle, he was accused of denying the gods of his country, and corrupting the minds of the youth; and the similar charge was brought against St. Paul, that in destroying the authority of the Law, he was virtually the advocate of licentiousness and impiety. The answer of Jesus was, that so far from abrogating the Mosaic law he "fulfilled" it; *i.e.* brought to light the principle which gave it its binding force. The Law, as he contends,

is of eternal obligation, and cannot be abolished so long as heaven and earth endure. "Think not that I came to destroy the law and the prophets; I came not to destroy but to fulfil." The new way of life does not abolish the Law, but shows that it cannot be abolished. On the other hand, the old way of basing it upon external authority and custom destroys its very foundation. The source of all morality is to be found, not in the external act, but in the inner spirit from which the act proceeds, and when this is once seen it becomes evident that the legalism of the scribes and Pharisees is antagonistic to any genuine morality.

The Law which is thus declared to be eternal and indestructible is the Law in its moral, as distinguished from its ceremonial, part. It is the Law as interpreted from the point of view of the prophets. This distinction of the ethical from the ceremonial part of the Law is of itself an important advance. It is a distinction which could have no meaning for the scribes and Pharisees, who had no criterion by which to separate between what

was based upon the unchanging nature of man and what held good only under special circumstances and at a given stage in the development of humanity. For, as we have seen, a law which is accepted purely upon authority, is all equally binding. But this is not all; for not only does Jesus distinguish the ethical from the ceremonial part of the Law, but he goes back beyond the traditional morality of his day to the fundamental moral ideas expressed in the Law and the prophets, and disengages the principle upon which they rest. Thus he is enabled to grasp the Law in its purity and universality, and to contrast it with the unspiritual interpretations of the scribes.

Take, *e.g.* the command: "Thou shalt not kill." The scribes, in accordance with their usual conception of morality as a system of external rewards and punishments, add the gloss: "Whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment." The sanction of the Law is thus made to consist, not in the sacredness of human life, but in the fear of punishment here or hereafter.

The principle upon which the Law is based is therefore destroyed. The appeal is to a purely selfish motive, and with that appeal the whole moral aspect of the Law disappears. Jesus, on the other hand, insists that the command rests upon the purely moral principle of love, and that the Law is violated in its essence, not merely in this extreme expression of hatred, but in hatred in all its forms, or rather in that evil disposition which is the source of all hatred. The outward act has no moral meaning in itself; murder is not the mere taking away of life, but the taking away of life from hatred to one's fellow-man; and therefore anger, want of sympathy, and contempt, as springing from the same corrupt source, the unloving heart, are worthy of the most extreme punishment, the "hell of fire." Thus the Law is seen to exclude the whole range of malevolent passions and even the faintest taint of hatred. Jesus was therefore justified in saying that the righteousness of his followers must "exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," and "exceed" it not merely in

degree, but in kind. The distinction, in fact, is infinite. The scribes, in conceiving morality to consist solely in conformity to an external rule, irrespective of the motive from which the act proceeded, virtually did away with the whole principle of morality; and, by their reduction of morality to a system of external rewards and punishments, they violated the very essence of morality, which rests upon the universal principle of brotherly love. To this it is added that morality is the prerequisite of all true worship: no genuine religious act can be performed by the man who nourishes in his heart a grudge against his neighbour. Lastly, Jesus traces back the ethical principle of love to one's neighbour to a fundamental identity in the nature of God and man: hatred brings upon the man who nourishes it its own punishment, just because he is violating what is his own real self; and hence, though he may escape external punishment, he cannot possibly escape the most terrible of all punishments,—that which consists in the loss of the blessedness which springs from the consciousness of unity with God.

The same principle is applied to other moral laws; in all cases Jesus traces back the command to its source in the nature of man as identical in nature with God. At the close of his treatment of this theme he expands the principle of morality so as to embrace all men, and he elevates it into infinity. The Law had said: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart, thou shalt not be angry with the children of thy people, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself (Lev. xix. 17, 18)." From this precept came the characteristic Pharisaic deduction: "Thou shalt be angry with the stranger, thou shalt hate thine enemies." Thus national hatred was not only condoned, but was actually made a principle of action, and surrounded with all the sanctity and solemnity of a divine command. Now even Plato reached the conception that "it was better to suffer than to do injustice." Jesus goes altogether beyond this negative attitude. "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you." This is, indeed, a "new commandment." It is the very core of Christian ethics—that which



gives it its superiority, and makes it inconceivable that its principle can ever be transcended. Moreover, this supreme ethical principle is immediately connected with the distinctively Christian idea of God, as the "Father" of men, whose love has absolutely no limits. As a symbol of this all-embracing love, he "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust." "Therefore," concludes Jesus, "Ye shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect"; *i.e.* man, finite and sinful as he is, is yet capable of living a divine life, of repeating on an infinitesimal scale the large all-embracing charity of his heavenly "Father."

Jesus has thus vindicated the "Law" as an expression of the fundamental moral ideas which constitute the soul of society. It is evident, however, that in tracing back those ideas to their source, he has raised them to a plane which was never dreamt of before; in other words, he has virtually abolished the conception of man and God upon which the Jewish religion rested. At the same time

the new way of life is not an absolute change, but a development. The moral laws won for humanity by the toil and suffering of the Jewish people were not lost, though they underwent expansion and specification by the appreciation of the principle of universal brotherhood. Of this double relation Jesus was perfectly conscious. Hence, while on the one hand he affirms the eternal obligation of the Law, he asserts with equal decision that the new principle which he brought to light separates the new world from the old as by an impassable barrier. "From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force. For all the prophets and the Law prophesied until John." The "kingdom of heaven," as he implies, is for the first time revealed as it is, *i.e.* as actually present, and men are pressing into it now that it has been revealed. The prophets spoke only of a future kingdom, living merely in the hope that somehow and at some time God would bring about the reign of righteousness upon the earth. Now

men live in the glad consciousness that the reign of righteousness, which to the prophets seemed afar off, has actually begun. Hence Jesus speaks of the Baptist as having reached a higher stage of truth than the prophets. "Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women, there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." But he immediately adds: "Yet he that is but little in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." So radical is the change introduced by the new revelation that it lifts those who accept it to a higher plane of truth than the Baptist, who still conceived of the kingdom of heaven as future, and who had not discovered the central truth that the kingdom of heaven was capable of being realised the moment it was discovered to consist in an unlimited love to God and man. Thus Jesus was perfectly aware that old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Nor had he any doubt of the absolute truth of his own doctrine. "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father; and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father, neither

doth any know the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him." The revelation which he had to make to the world was an entirely new revelation. "Verily I say unto you that many prophets and righteous men have earnestly desired to see what ye see, and have not seen it, and to hear what ye hear and have not heard it." Yet, while he declares that his gospel is new, Jesus has too much insight into the presentiment of the truth, which half consciously worked in the highest minds of the past, not to be aware that the principle which he brought into the full light of day had been vaguely felt by religious men in all ages. The principle of evolution of which so much is now said has never been applied more precisely to the development of religious ideas than by Jesus.

The ideas of Jesus are all so closely connected, flowing as they do from a single principle, that it is impossible to treat of one aspect of his teaching without some reference to the other aspects. Hence it has not been possible to speak of his attitude towards the Law without to some extent anticipating what

has now to be said in connexion with his attitude to the Messianic hopes of his countrymen. In what follows it will be advisable to consider this question in relation to (1) the general view of the scribes, (2) the higher view, rather felt than clearly formulated, by men of a more spiritual type. The points of agreement between these two classes of mind lay in the conviction that the world had been given over to wicked men and to the machinations of the devil and his angels; but that a time was coming when this state of things would be completely reversed, and a reign of righteousness set up upon the earth under the Messiah. But while there was a general agreement on these points, there was a radical difference in the conception of "righteousness," and as a consequence in the conception of the Messiah. Let us look first at the general view of the scribes and Pharisees.

(1) As we have already seen, their dissatisfaction with the evil of the present was closely connected with their legalistic ideas. To them it seemed that, by the terms of the covenant made between God and His own peculiar peo-

ple, Israel had a right to national independence, and even to sovereignty over all nations, as a reward for her devotion to Jehovah; or at least she was entitled to expect this reward when she fully implemented her part of the contract. Starting from this legal point of view, the evil of the present was explained as flowing from a failure to fulfil the terms of the covenant. God "does not exercise His kingship to its full extent, but on the contrary exposes His people to the heathen world-powers, to chastise them for their sins." By "sins" the Pharisees, of course, meant a want of conformity to the Law. Because of this disobedience, pain and sorrow prevailed, and especially those mental diseases which were directly referred to demoniac possession. For the same reason Israel groaned under the iron despotism of Rome. It is obvious that the future kingdom of God, which was to be ushered in by the Messiah, could only be conceived as consisting in the absence of pain and suffering, in dominion over the heathen, and in the rule of the saints, *i.e.* of those who were rigid in the practice of the Law.

Now the Pharisaic ideal of a kingdom of heaven, consisting in the absence of pain and suffering, in earthly sovereignty, and in the rule of Pharisaic saints, was one which Jesus could not possibly endorse. Denying *in limine* the whole conception upon which it rested, he could admit neither the Pharisaic conception of the present, nor their vulgar ideal of the future. The legalistic idea of a contract between God and Israel, the terms of which were that the pious Israelite who conformed to the letter of the Law had a right to freedom from suffering and to external sovereignty, was for him a profoundly immoral and irreligious conception; and the assumption that the government of God was not just and righteous was to him blasphemous. The world had never ceased to be the object of God's loving care, and therefore the coming of the kingdom of God could not mean a sudden and miraculous manifestation of His power. The spirit of God was present in the world of nature and in the consciousness of man. The obstacle to the reign of righteousness was in the blindness and sin of man, not in God. It

was want of faith, and the sin which inevitably flowed from it, that explained the suffering and evil of the present.

We have seen how Jesus opposes to the legalism of the Pharisees his conception of a righteousness which consists in active efforts for the moral purification of the individual soul, a purification which could proceed only from love to God and man. Absolute faith in the goodness of God was the key-note of all his teaching. But if, as Jesus maintained, the essential nature of God is love for all creatures, and especially for man, how did he explain the existence of suffering and evil? How was the righteous government of God to be reconciled with the apparent triumph of evil? The optimism which shuts its eyes to the misery and wickedness of the world was to him a false and delusive creed. The wretchedness and evil of man were only too palpable. Jesus faced the facts with a perfectly clear consciousness of their force. No one was ever more sensitive to the sufferings of others than he; but he refused to see in suffering a proof of the indifference or



injustice of God. His explanation of suffering was that it is a necessary step in the whole process by which man is lifted to a higher plane. To the Pharisees suffering was the result of the want of obedience to the Law, and therefore it seemed to them that, with the advent of the Messiah, and the destruction of all who transgressed the Law, suffering would disappear. Jesus also believes in the gradual disappearance of suffering, but he refuses to connect it with external conformity to the Law. The destruction of suffering must come from the efforts of loving hearts, not from any miraculous change in the conditions of human life. Suffering is not, or at least not merely, a punishment for sin, but a divinely ordained means for calling out the higher energies of the soul.

As in the view of the Pharisees suffering was the result of transgression of the Law, so also was the oppression of Israel by heathen powers. Hence they believed that, when the Messiah should come, the independence of Israel would be restored, and the whole world should come under the sway of "the saints."

Now, it has been maintained that Jesus, as an ardent patriot, shared in the hopes of his countrymen, and looked forward to the future sovereignty of Israel. This view cannot be accepted. For (*a*) even if Jesus cherished the hope of the external sovereignty of Israel, he could not possibly accept the ideal of the Pharisees. An Israel in which the whole government should be in the hands of "saints" of the Pharisaic type was something too dreadful to contemplate. No doubt Jesus was intensely patriotic in the sense of desiring that Israel should be the leader in the spiritual regeneration of the world, and it is probable that in the earlier days of his ministry he cherished the hope of persuading his countrymen to accept the new revelation. But, whether this was so or not, it is manifest that he came to see that the deep-rooted prejudices and externalism of the mass of the people, and the malignant opposition of the ruling classes, were too strong to be overcome. Recognising this clearly, it was impossible for him to believe that Israel should be raised to a supremacy over the heathen.

(*b*) Belief in the future rule of Israel was inseparably connected in the Jewish mind with the advent of a Messiah, who should ascend the throne of David and rule over a subject world. When, therefore, Jesus admitted to his disciples that the Messiah had already come in his own person, he plainly acknowledged that he had abandoned the whole set of ideas upon which the future political supremacy of Israel was based. The kingdom of heaven had already come, and it was not an earthly but a spiritual kingdom. In this kingdom he who was least was greatest, and indeed the spiritual power of the true Messiah — the power of loving service — was contrasted with the earthly power which consisted in ruling over a subject people. (*c*) While maintaining that the kingdom of heaven has already come, Jesus counsels submission to the established power of Rome, showing that in his mind the rule of righteousness was not dependent upon the political supremacy of Israel. His answer to the mother of Zebedee's children has been strangely cited as a proof that he looked forward to the earthly

rule of the "saints." Nothing, in fact, could more clearly show that, in his mind, the kingdom of heaven was entirely independent of earthly power. To the naïve materialism of the good woman, who desired that her two sons should sit, one on his right hand and the other on his left, he answered: "Can ye be baptised with the baptism wherewith I have to be baptised?" In other words, he declares rank in the kingdom of heaven to consist in enlarged possibilities of loving service, not in outward pomp and sovereignty. And he significantly adds: "To sit on my right hand or on my left is not mine to give," *i.e.* the future is in the hands of God. The attitude of Jesus, as we may be sure, was one of such absolute trust in God, that he was quite prepared to accept the continued political dependence of Israel, if that were the will of God; and indeed towards the end of his life he seems to have seen perfectly clearly that the popular conception of the Messiah, which, in spite of all his efforts to turn it into a new channel, had taken firm hold upon the public mind, and was encouraged for their own ends

by the Pharisees, could only result in the complete subjugation of Israel and the destruction of the temple service. In any case, the kingdom of heaven was so purely spiritual in its character that it could not possibly be connected in the mind of Jesus with the political supremacy of Israel. No doubt he wisely limited his efforts to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," but this limitation was never in his mind connected with a belief in the future political sovereignty or even independence of Israel, but only with his ardent desire to secure the spiritual salvation of his countrymen, and through their instrumentality of the whole human race. The bitterness and hatred of the Pharisees, and of all who cherished ambitious hopes for the future of Israel, is largely explained by the way in which Jesus trampled upon all their cherished prejudices and political expectations. Not only did he tear off the garb of self-righteousness which they had wrapped around them; not only did he denounce them as enemies of true religion and morality; but he counselled what they regarded as a tame sub-

mission to the oppressive heathen power of Rome. Such a profound antagonism of ideals could only have one issue: the worldly material ideal must triumph for a time, only to be ultimately overcome by the intrinsically stronger ideal. Of this issue Jesus was clearly conscious, and therefore he warned his disciples that he would be the victim of the unholy rage of the rulers and their blind followers; while yet he announced with absolute confidence that the good cause would ultimately prevail. His optimism was therefore so profound and so robust, that even the worst expression of hatred and rancour did not destroy his faith. The passionate hatred with which he was pursued to the death was interpreted by him as a perversion of the inextinguishable desire for goodness which is inseparable from the consciousness of self. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is the expression of an optimism which rises triumphant over even the worst form of evil.

(2) The attitude of Jesus towards those pious souls who were disturbed by the apparent triumph of evil without and within,

was very different from the stern and uncompromising antagonism which he displayed toward the Pharisees. What disturbed the ordinary pious Jew was, not so much the prosperity of the *wicked*, as the prosperity of the *heathen*. Israel was the chosen people of God, and yet the "sinners of the Gentiles," *i.e.* the unholy nations, who had left Jehovah and given themselves up to idolatry and unclean rites, seemed to receive greater favour from God than the people whom He had chosen and who had remained faithful to Him. His special perplexity was the apparent injustice of God. A partial answer was no doubt found in the belief that God was chastising His people for their sins, and that He made use of the heathen, wicked as they were, as the instruments of His will. But the pious Jew never abandoned the belief that in some far-off time the favour of God would be restored to Israel, and that an awful day of reckoning would come for the heathen.

Now, Jesus does not absolutely deny that there is a certain justification in the con-

trast between the heathen and the Jew. To him also, the moral wickedness of the heathen and the grossness of their religious conceptions seem palpable; but he entirely denies the assumption that the Jew has any claim upon God to be freed from oppression, or that there is anything incompatible with the justice of God in the political oppression of Israel. The first assumption arises from conceiving of righteousness as obedience to an external law; the second, from a misapprehension of the true end of life. Hence he seeks to show that the course of the world is not to be explained on the legalistic supposition of an external system of rewards and punishments, or of a special claim on the part of the Jew to the favour of God. The righteous man has no *right* to an external reward for his righteousness; the Jew has no claim *as* a Jew to the favour of God. For the end of human life is not external prosperity, but the development of the spirit. When this is once admitted, the difficulty arising from the apparent triumph of the wicked assumes an entirely



new aspect. External prosperity is no test of spiritual elevation. "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his life?" The true nature of man is seen, not in his desire for the perishable things of this world, but in "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Nothing can satisfy man but the growth in him of the divine spirit, and he in whom that spirit dwells is not disturbed by the want of those things which are the mere accidents of existence, not its essence. What is called the prosperity of the wicked is not true prosperity. This is the idea which Jesus enforces in that part of the Sermon on the Mount which he seems to have addressed to those who came to hear him, attracted by something kindred in themselves. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." The true life does not consist in the attainment of finite and limited ends, but in the possession of that which is eternal and imperishable. The beginning of spiritual life, therefore, consists in an entire surrender of

the finite. But this is only the negative side of his teaching: the positive side is the direction of the whole being to the infinite and eternal, or the laying up of "treasures in heaven." This, of course, does not mean that man is to separate himself from all earthly concerns, and set his affections upon the future life, in the sense of looking forward to a reward which it is hopeless to expect in the present life. The "heavenly treasures" do not consist in outward qualifications, either there or here, but in a "change of mind," which transforms the whole spirit, and throws a new light upon all things. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." So when the "mind's eye" is single, the whole world assumes a new aspect. This transformation of the soul is the new creation of the world: the mind to which everything seemed an insoluble riddle now sees the confused and indistinct mass of objects fall into their proper place in the organic unity of the whole. All finite ends are universalised when they are viewed by reference to God, and

all worthy action is then seen to consist in the service of God. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Now, if the true life of man consists in the service of God, the wicked must not be regarded as prosperous, but as miserable in the extreme. They have lost what Dante calls the "good of the intellect,"—that rational good which is the source of all joy and peace. There can be no need to "justify the ways of God" by any far-fetched attempt to explain why wickedness is rewarded and righteousness punished. Wickedness is *never* rewarded, and righteousness is *never* punished. It is no reward to "lose one's life": it is no punishment to "save one's life." For he who seeks the lower misses the higher, while he who seeks the higher has the lower "added to him." In other words, devotion to universal or impersonal ends—to all that makes for the good of the whole—is the secret of blessedness. By giving up his exclusive self man gains a wider self, which is the true self. And this true self is but another name for life in God. For the only reason why in

this higher life man is in unity with himself is because he is in unity with the whole tendency of the world, *i.e.* with the will of God.

In his earlier teaching Jesus seeks to commend the new way of truth by showing that the love of God is revealed in nature as well as in human life. We have seen how, in later Judaism, the decay of prophetic inspiration and devotion to the letter of the Law resulted in ultimately making God a name for an indefinable Power, not revealed in the world, but concealed behind an impenetrable veil. Thus the tendency, which was always present in the Jewish religion, reached its climax. Now Jesus entirely reverses this conception of a purely transcendent God. God is indeed the Creator of the world, but He is best seen, not in the great and terrible forces of nature, but in its silent and orderly processes, and in the purposive energy which works in the life of flower and bird and beast. He does not stand apart from nature in lonely isolation, but His spirit pervades all things and quickens them by its presence. Hence in his parables Jesus finds the evidence of

God's goodness in the ordinary occurrences of the homely earth. There is a tender and solemn light on the most familiar things because God is felt to be present in them, not hidden behind them. Especially in the life and growth of nature Jesus finds evidence of the continuous and loving care of God. With penetrative imagination he sees the formative activity of God working in the beauty with which He clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven; in the lilies, clothed in a glory exceeding all the splendour of human art; in the insignificant mustard-seed, which expands in harmony with all the skyey influences into the organic unity of root, stem, leaves, and blossoms, with the birds swaying in its branches. Thus God works not *upon* but *through* the things which have come from His hands. Nature is not a dead machine, wielded by the hands of omnipotence, but it is instinct with that eternal principle of life which exhibits itself in the ever-recurring cycle of changes, inorganic and organic. To the eye of Jesus, nature is thus a mani-

festation of the wisdom and loving care of God; and he asks if it is credible that He who takes such pains to fashion and provide for the life of plant and animal is less interested in man. "Behold, the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?"

The "free and friendly eyes" with which Jesus in the earlier years of his ministry contemplated nature never deserted him; but, as the malevolence and opposition of the scribes and Pharisees with their blinded followers increased, the problem of evil demanded even a deeper faith. There was to him no real trial of faith in the external prosperity of the wicked, for he saw that the wicked received precisely the reward which their acts demanded; but the apparent success of the opposition to the work of God seemed to demand another explanation. Having absolute faith in the saving power of love, he yet found that in the majority of his countrymen his revelation only provoked a more bigoted be-

lief in their own unspiritual ideas and a hatred of the truth that was growing in intensity until, as he foresaw, the sacrifice of his own life would be the inevitable result. A similar result, it was evident to him, must follow the diffusion of the truth in all ages. The conflict of principles must ever call into play all that is best and all that is worst in man. "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." How is this weakness of the good cause to be explained? Has God in truth, as the majority believed, given over the world to the rule of Satan?

The answer of Jesus reveals the infinite depth of his optimism. The triumph of the evil cause is no triumph, but a defeat. For in what does it consist? It cannot kill the truth itself, which is eternal, but only the body of those whose lives are a witness of its power. There is nothing in life so pathetic as the temporary triumph of a bad cause; for that triumph means that for a time men in their delusion are shut out from the blessedness of unity with God, and therefore with

themselves. On the other hand, those who live in the truth have the whole tendency of things on their side, and conscious of this they cannot be touched in the centre of their being. Still the problem remains: why does evil apparently triumph? A partial answer is, that its triumph is only apparent—it is never complete, and it has no permanency. But more than this: its temporary triumph is essential to the full disclosure of all that the truth contains. The false principle must show its bitter fruits, and must accomplish its perfect work before it completely reveals its true nature. Hence, the more it outwardly triumphs and shows its evil nature, the more surely is the way prepared for its final overthrow. “Where the carcase is, there are the vultures gathered together.” Man *can* only seek for truth and goodness, and if for a time he turns his energies against the good cause, it is not in the spirit of a being who desires evil—for man is not a devil, but in his real being a “son of God”—but in his confusion of the true with the false. Hence the outward success of the bad cause is a



real failure. Just as man cannot find rest in any finite end, so he can never be satisfied permanently with anything short of the truth. It is the truth he is really seeking, and at last the truth must prevail. Thus Jesus finds in the worst form of evil a "soul of goodness." The world is through and through the product of divine love.

Now, with this grasp of the principle that the good cause must ultimately prevail, while yet it implies a conflict with the opposite principle of evil, Jesus saw that the kingdom of heaven was a process, a development of the higher in its struggle with the lower. Nothing can ultimately withstand the principle of goodness; but in his blindness and evil will man may for a time turn his energies against it. Hence the slow growth of the "kingdom of heaven,"—a growth so slow that it often seems to be arrest or even retrogression. This idea is expressed by Jesus in a variety of figures. The kingdom of heaven is compared to the leaven, which was "hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." The most striking expression of

the idea, however, is given in that wonderful parable preserved in the oldest of the gospels, the gospel of Mark: "So is the kingdom of heaven as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise day and night, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is ripe, immediately he putteth in the sickle, for the harvest is come."

The attitude of Jesus towards the Messianic hope of his countrymen at once follows from his conception of the kingdom of heaven as already present, and yet as a process of conflict with evil. Holding these views he could not possibly believe in any sudden or miraculous change which should break the continuity between the present and the future. Hence he refused to attest his divine mission by signs and wonders. When the Pharisees, in their usual crass materialism, demanded a "sign," — *i.e.* demanded that Jesus should virtually deny the presence of God in the ordinary processes of nature and in the normal experiences of

human life — his answer was: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonah." What he meant was as Luke saw, that no "sign" could authenticate his mission but the truth which he proclaimed. Truth "shines by its own light," and if men "will not hear Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe if one were to rise from the dead." Hence Jesus, though he employs the apocalyptic imagery current in his day, entirely transforms the current conception of the future success of the kingdom of heaven. The triumph of good over evil, as he affirms, is not to be effected by catastrophe and revolution, but only by the persistent labours of those who live in the truth. His faith does not rest upon a superstitious belief in a sudden interposition from heaven. In his eyes good can be developed only through the loving efforts of those in whom the divine Spirit operates, and who "let their light so shine among men that others, seeing their good works, glorify their Father which is in heaven." Thus his optimism flows from abso-

lute trust in the goodness of God, and in a recognition that man in his ideal nature is a "son of God." For this reason he believes that to the success of the kingdom it is essential that each individual should have a personal experience of the truth. This is indicated by the images of the leaven and the mustard-seed. He does not expect the triumph of goodness from any external arrangements of society, or rather he conceives of these as but the partial expression of a truth which must first exist in those whose hearts are open to the truth. At the same time, since the very essence of Jesus' teaching is the essentially social nature of man, the principle which he announced could not but manifest itself in a transformation of social and political institutions, though these can never be more than a partial expression of the idea of a kingdom in which the spirit of God is present in each member of the whole, at once distinguishing and uniting them in an organic unity.

In this conception of a spiritual community, in which each has found himself by los-

ing himself, Jesus finds the answer to that longing for deliverance from the evil of their own hearts which was the saving salt in the aspirations of the pious souls of his own day. Just as he refuses to postpone the kingdom of heaven to some far-off day, when good shall conquer evil, maintaining that evil is already overcome in principle; so he tells those who "labour and are heavy-laden," longing for a deliverance in which they have but faint belief, that the way to the conquest of evil in themselves is now open. And the secret is in identification with their brethren, the sons of the one Father. This was the secret of that triumphant optimism which nothing could destroy in him. This idea is expressed in the title which he most frequently applied to himself, the "Son of Man." This term is often used in the Old Testament,—for instance, in Ezekiel,—to express the weakness and dependence of man, as contrasted with the power and majesty of God. In Daniel, again, it refers not to a personal Messiah, but to the collective body of the saints, as contrasted with the great, victorious beasts,

the symbols of the powerful world-empires. "The core of Daniel's Messianic hope is the universal dominion of the saints."\* Now if, as seems probable, Jesus adopted the term from Daniel, he meant by it to indicate, not merely the spirituality of his kingdom, but his own identity with the whole race. In any case, the essential meaning of the title is that Jesus conceived himself as part and parcel of humanity: in other words, he found the secret of life in complete identification with its joys and sorrows, its successes and sins. And because he was thus identified with man, he is also called the "Son of God." He was one with the Father in nature, though not in person, since he was conscious of himself as the medium through which the eternal love of God was revealed and communicated to men. Nothing can, in his view, withstand the power of love. Man, weak and sinful as he is, must succumb to the omnipotence of goodness, for goodness is the spirit of the living God. It was with a full sense of the importance of

\* Schürer's *History of the Jewish People*, 2. 2. 138.

the question that, towards the close of his life, he asked the disciples: "Who do ye say that the Son of Man is?" And when Peter, in a flash of insight, answered: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," he immediately goes on to warn the disciples that he must "suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and the scribes, and be killed." He was the Messiah, just because it was his mission to effect the deliverance of mankind, not through outward triumph, but through suffering and death. To the disciples, with their preconception of a Messiah who should come invested with miraculous power and dignity, this was a "hard saying"; and the same apostle, who had for a moment got a glimpse of the divine humanity of Jesus, now exclaims in horror: "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall never be unto thee." Thus even Peter puts himself on the side of those who imagined that a suffering Messiah was a contradiction in terms. He had not learned the lesson of the divine life and teaching of the Master, and therefore Jesus rebukes him for the mate-

rialism of his conception: "Thou art a stumbling-block unto me: for thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men." It is not by self-assertion and outward triumph, but by suffering and death, that the true Christ and his followers can save the world: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall gain it."

As he transforms the ordinary idea of the Messiah, so Jesus gives to the belief in a final judgment of the world a new and deeper meaning. The wicked and the righteous are no longer distinguished as those who obey the law from those who violate it, but as those who love from those who are indifferent to their fellow-men. The whole system of external rewards and punishments is swept away, and in its place we have the one fundamental distinction of those whose lives are ruled by the spirit of brotherhood, and those who live for themselves. Under the guise of the current imagery of a Last Judgment, when all men shall be gathered together to receive their final sentence, Jesus



inculcates the truth that the spiritual status of men is already determined by the principle which is outwardly expressed in their actions. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." Thus while he leaves untouched the current belief in a future judgment, he brings to the test of human action an entirely new standard. Not the pious works upon which men pride themselves, but the unselfish life, determines the eternal destiny of man. He who lives the divine life is he who, like the Master, has merged his own good in the good of the whole, and who has proved his love of man by the ordinary tender charities which seem so little, but mean so much.

From what has been said we can understand the sense in which Jesus speaks of "Faith." To the scribes and Pharisees religion meant acceptance of the teaching of the doctors of the Law, as based upon their interpretations of scripture. Thus for the ordinary Jew there was a double wall of partition raised between him and God. Not only had he no direct consciousness of the divine nature, and therefore

of his own nature, but even the revelations of truth which were contained in scripture came to him through the distorted medium of tradition. No doubt it was impossible to read the inspired words of legislator and prophet without catching something of their spirit; but so overlaid was the sacred text with the prosaic and deadening interpretations of the scribes, which were dinned into his ears at home, at school, and in the synagogue, that it was hard for him to pierce through the mass of traditional ideas to the truth which they overlaid and obscured. One consequence of this traditionalism was an incapacity to judge for himself when a new revelation of truth was presented to him. This was one of the great obstacles which Jesus met in his effort to bring his countrymen into living contact with the truth. The leaden weight of custom lay heavy upon the minds of "the people of the Law," and only by a powerful effort could they shake off the mass of prejudice and superstition which they had been taught to regard as the revelation of God. And this intellectual difficulty was intensified by the spiritual arro-

gance which had been engendered in their minds by the traditional belief in their unique position as the people of Jehovah. Thus the Jew had to free both his intellect and his conscience from the fetters of traditionalism before he was in a position to look straight at the truth. This explains why Jesus insists upon "faith" as a child-like attitude. Only those from whose minds and hearts the artificial veil of custom and pride of race had been removed were in a position to accept the new revelation of truth. It is in this sense, and not in the sense of unreasoning credulity, that he commends the "faith" of those who welcomed the truth. Thus for him "faith" is that openness to light which is a form of reason; it is, in fact, reason in its purest form. What Jesus called upon men to believe he supported, not by an appeal to authority, but by an appeal to truth itself. He asked them to look with open eyes at the evidences of God's goodness as exhibited in the world of nature; to examine their own hearts, and to read the sayings of the holy men of old with intelligence and insight. To the persistent demand for

supernatural "signs" of his divine mission, he refused to listen, seeing in them but another form of that crude materialism which infected all their ideas. A saving "faith" he found in those few whose consciousness of their own weakness and sinfulness was so strong that, under the influence of his life and words, it removed the mist of tradition from their minds, and overcame the racial pride so natural in a Jew. "Faith" is thus that union of intellectual candour and moral simplicity which flows from the vision of God. It cannot be transferred externally from one person to another, but is possible only in him who has surrendered all that ministers to self-righteousness and selfishness. It is thus another name for the consciousness of unity and reconciliation with God, and for that "enthusiasm of humanity" which flows from it. "Faith," in other words, is the personal side of the whole consciousness of the "kingdom of heaven," as Jesus understood it: it is the spirit which operates in every member of those who are reconciled with God, and are therefore at unity with themselves and with one another.

No doubt this faith has various degrees, but in essence it is always the same. It is also recognised by Jesus that it grows from age to age; for, while he speaks of the Law and the prophets as giving a revelation of the divine nature, he also maintains that he has himself given a higher revelation of God than was possible to them. "Many prophets and righteous men have earnestly desired to see what ye see and have not seen it, and to hear what ye hear and have not heard it." Here, as always, Jesus holds by both sides of the truth: the essential identity of the religious consciousness in all ages, and the process of expansion which it undergoes as it comes to a fuller consciousness of what it contained implicitly from the first.

There is one other aspect of Christ's teaching which must not be passed over. Although the Messianic hope was usually connected in the Jewish mind with the appearance of an earthly Messiah, and the resurrection of the dead for judgment, it was also held by many that after the long reign of the saints there should follow an eternity

of bliss or woe in another world. Now, although Jesus gave a new meaning to the kingdom of heaven, and insisted that it already existed in the consciousness of those who were reconciled to God and devoted to the good of humanity, he also held the doctrine of personal immortality. When the Sadducees came, demanding a proof of immortality, he appealed to the words of scripture: "I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob," adding that "God is not the God of the dead but of the living." There was an especial appropriateness in this reply as directed against the Sadducees, who prided themselves upon being faithful to the teaching of scripture, as distinguished from the traditional interpretation accepted by the Pharisees. But, as we have seen, Jesus does not accept even the teaching of the "Law and the prophets" without first bringing to bear upon it the light of his own higher consciousness, and hence we may be certain that these words were more than an *argumentum ad hominem*, intended to silence the

Sadducees. The meaning of Jesus seems to be that, as the consciousness of the living God involves the consciousness of man as identical in his essential nature with God, we must believe in the eternal continuance of this fundamental relation. To see what man is in his true nature is to know that his life comes from God, and that only in the consciousness of his union with God does he learn what in essence he is. The essence of man is his life, *i.e.* his conscious existence, and this must be as eternal as God. The true destiny of man is to live in union with God, and this destiny cannot be taken from him by God whose son he is. Thus Jesus, as he conceives of God as the ever-living Father, also conceives of men as beings with an immortal destiny. The future existence of man he also conceives as a higher stage of being, when they shall be "as the angels," *i.e.* shall enjoy a clearer vision of God, and when goodness shall at last have overcome evil, and no longer be forced to engage in perpetual conflict with it. While Jesus thus maintains the personal

immortality of man, he does not base upon it a proof of the reality of his view of life; on the contrary, he bases immortality upon the belief in God and the essential identity in nature of God and man. For he asserts that those who will not be convinced of the truth by "Moses and the prophets" would not believe "even if one were to rise from the dead." The order of ideas in his mind therefore is God, sonship, immortality. It is our knowledge of the nature of God which reveals to us his Fatherhood, and his Fatherhood is the proof of the immortality of his children.



## CHAPTER V

### MEDIÆVAL CHRISTIANITY

IN the last chapter an attempt has been made to present the Christian ideal of life, as set forth by its Founder. No attempt will here be made to deal with that imposing edifice of doctrine which was built up by St. Paul and the other apostles and by the subsequent reflection of Christian theologians; but it will help to throw the teaching of Jesus into bolder relief, if we contrast with it the Christianity of the Middle Ages.

When we pass from the religion of Jesus to mediæval Christianity, we seem to have entered into another world. The free and genial glance with which our Lord contemplated nature, the triumphant optimism of his conception of human life, and his absolute faith in the realisation of the kingdom of

heaven here and now, have been replaced by a hard and almost mechanical idea of the external world, by a stern denunciation of the utter perversity and evil of society, and by the postponement of the kingdom of heaven to the future life. How has this remarkable change come over the Christian consciousness? To answer this question would be a long task, and I shall only state three main characteristics in the mediæval conception of life, trying to indicate how they originated.

(1) The first characteristic to which I shall refer is the universal belief that the "kingdom of heaven," to use the term which Jesus so often employs, could not be realised in this life, but was entirely a thing of the future life. We can trace the gradual growth of this conviction. The crucifixion of their Lord was a terrible shock to his disciples, and there is good reason to believe that for a moment it caused their belief in his Messiahship to waver. But, as the divine life and sayings of the Master came back to their remembrance, they began to understand what he had him-

self always affirmed—that his kingdom was a spiritual one, which could be realised only by the destruction of evil and the triumph of righteousness. Yet they still clung to the idea that so great a revolution could be accomplished only by a sudden and miraculous change; and hence in the Apostolic Age the Christian, imperfectly liberated from the materialism of the ordinary Messianic conception, imagined that the complete triumph of righteousness would take place in a few years by the second coming of the Lord to establish upon earth the reign of peace and good will. Living in this faith, the primitive community of Christians made no attempt to interfere with existing institutions, civil or ecclesiastical, but were content to prepare for the imminent advent of the Lord. But as time went on, and still the Lord did not appear, his advent came to seem more and more remote. Meantime the Christian found himself living in the midst of the decaying civilisation of Rome, and there was little wonder that the conversion of the world should seem an almost impossible task:—

Stout was its arm, each thew and bone  
Seemed puissant and alive, —  
But ah ! its heart, its heart was stone,  
And so it could not thrive.

“How can these bones live?” he naturally exclaimed. How can this mass of corruption be transformed into the divine image? Moreover, try as they might to avoid collision with the secular power of the Roman empire, the Christians found that they could not meet together for mutual encouragement and stimulation, without drawing suspicion upon themselves as a secret society plotting the overthrow of the empire; and, indeed, though they had no such purpose, the Christian ideal was antagonistic to the pagan, and must at last meet with and overcome it, or be itself subdued. The outward symbol of this war of ideals was the persecutions to which the Christians were subjected in the second and third centuries. Thus the present world came to appear more and more a wilderness through which the little band of Christians was compelled to march, sad and solitary, on their way to the heavenly land. This sombre cast

of thought never vanished from the Christian consciousness till the modern age, and perhaps it cannot be said to have quite vanished even now. One might have supposed that the more hopeful spirit of an earlier age would have come back when Christianity had, by its resistless energy, compelled the Roman empire, in the person of Constantine, to make terms with it. But the inrush of the fierce northern hordes into the Roman empire, and their facile conversion to Christianity, confirmed in a new way the "other-worldliness" of the Church. For Christianity, to their rude and undisciplined minds, was in all its deeper aspects unintelligible, and its doctrines could only be accepted in blind and unquestioning faith. A superstitious reverence for the Church did not restrain them from the wildest excesses of passion, and the only curb to their brutal violence and self-will was the hope of future reward or the dread of future retribution. Thus mediæval Christianity, unable to overcome the barbarism and lawlessness of the world, in a sort of despair sought comfort in the future life.

This is the spirit which rules the whole of the Middle Ages, and it was one of the tasks of the Reformation to awaken anew the consciousness of the infinite significance of the present life as a preparation for the future life, and to quicken all the institutions of society and all the powers of the individual soul with the divine spirit of pristine Christianity.

(2) A second characteristic of the mediæval period is a belief in the absolute authority of the Church in all matters of faith and worship, and the consequent distinction between the clergy and the laity. This idea had its roots in the same principle as that which led to the conception of religion as essentially the hope of a future world. The rude barbarian could not comprehend the doctrines of the Church, nor could his self-will be broken except by a power to which he was forced to bend his stubborn will. Hence the Church demanded implicit faith in its teaching, and absolute submission to its authority. For is it easy to see how otherwise the soil could have been prepared in which the new seed of the Reformation was to grow. The

discipline of the mediæval Church was, on the whole, as salutary as it was inevitable; but discipline is justifiable only as a preparation for the exercise of independence and reason; and hence the time inevitably came when men, having outgrown the stage of pupilage, asserted their indefeasible right to a rational liberty. This was the claim made by Luther when he unfurled "the banner of the free spirit."

(3) The last characteristic of the Middle Ages to which I shall refer is the opposition of faith and reason. To come to its full rights as the universal religion Christianity had to free itself from all that was accidental and temporary in the conceptions of its first adherents. The first step in this process was taken when St. Paul disengaged it from the accidents of its Jewish origin and presented its essence in a clear and definite form. But the process could not end here, for every age has its own preconceptions and its own difficulties. When Christianity went beyond the boundaries of Judea, it had to meet and overcome the dualism of Greek thought, as it had met and overcome Jewish narrowness and ex-

clusiveness. The victory was only imperfectly accomplished. The reconciling principle of the essential identity of the human and divine could not be abandoned without the destruction of the central idea of Christianity, but the Church did not entirely escape the danger of making theology a transcendent theory of the absolutely inscrutable nature of God. At this imperfect stage of development Christian dogma was for a time arrested, so that when reflection arose with Scholasticism the doctrines of the Church were assumed to be expressions of absolute truth, although they contained certain mysterious and incomprehensible elements. There is indeed in the development of Scholasticism itself a growing consciousness of the antagonism of reason to the dogmas of the Church as commonly understood, a consciousness which in Occam even reaches the form of a belief that there are doctrines which are not only "beyond" but "contrary to" reason; but the schoolmen never lost their faith in the truth of the dogmas, though they passed from *credo ut intelligam* to *intelligo ut credam*, and ended with *credo quia impossibile*. When



it thus came to be explicitly affirmed that the doctrines of the Church contained not merely *superrational* but *irrational* elements, the beginning of the end was near; for reason, frustrated in its attempt to find unity with itself in an authoritative creed, could only fall back in despair upon a universal scepticism or set about a reconstruction of the creed itself. Thus Scholasticism dug its own grave as well as the grave of mediæval theology, and prepared the way for that great modern movement which began with the Renaissance and the Reformation and is still going on. Of one thing we may be sure, that nothing short of a perfect harmony of science, art, and religion can permanently satisfy the liberated human spirit. At such a harmony it is the hard task of philosophy to aim, and only in so far as it is secured can we hope for the return of that half-vanished faith in the omnipotence of goodness with which Jesus was so abundantly filled. It is therefore proposed, in the second part of this work, to ask how far an idealistic philosophy enables us to retain the fundamental conception of life which was enunciated by the Founder of Christianity.

## PART II

MODERN IDEALISM IN ITS RELATION  
TO THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LIFE



## CHAPTER VI

### GENERAL STATEMENT AND DEFENCE OF IDEALISM

IN his *Foundations of Belief*, Mr. Balfour raises an objection to the idealistic theory of knowledge, a consideration of which may help to bring out more clearly what is here meant by Idealism. This objection is directed primarily against what is claimed to be the doctrine of the late T. H. Green, but it is thought to apply with equal force against all who hold the idealistic view of the world. In what follows no attempt will be made to defend Green from Mr. Balfour's attack. It does not appear to me true that Green reduced the world to a "network of relations"; but it seems better to avoid all disputes which turn upon the interpretation of an author who is not here to defend himself, and therefore I shall deal from an independent point of view with the difficulty

which Mr. Balfour has stated with his usual force and clearness.

The main charge made by Mr. Balfour against Idealism is that it "reduces all experience to an experience of relations," or "constitutes the universe out of categories." Now, it is no doubt true, says our author, that we cannot reduce the universe to "an unrelated chaos of impressions or sensations"; but "must we not also grant that in all experience there is a refractory element which, though it cannot be presented in isolation, nevertheless refuses wholly to merge its being in a network of relations?" If so, whence does this irreducible element arise? The mind, we are told, is the source of relations. What is the source of that which is related? The "thing in itself" of Kant "raises more difficulties than it solves," and indeed, the followers of Kant themselves point out that this hypothetical cause of that which is "given" in experience cannot be known as a cause, or even as existing. But "we do not get rid of the difficulty by getting rid of Kant's solution of it. His dictum

still seems to remain true, that 'without matter categories are empty.' And, indeed, it is hard to see how it is possible to conceive a universe in which nothing is to be permitted for the relations to subsist between. Relations surely imply a something which is related, and if that something is, in the absence of relations, 'nothing for us as thinking beings,' so relations in the absence of that something are mere symbols emptied of their signification."\*

Mr. Balfour, it would seem, rejects the sensationalist theory that knowledge is reducible to an association of individual feelings, and he also rejects the Kantian reference of impressions of sense to a "thing in itself"; but he is unable to see how the world can be explained without the retention of a "matter" to supply the concrete filling for the otherwise empty categories. His own view would therefore seem to be that the knowable world involves two distinct elements, a "matter of sense" and the conceptions or relations by which that "matter" is

\* Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*. Am. ed., pp. 144-5.

formed. Where he differs from Idealism, as he understands it, is in denying that all reality can be reduced to relations of thought or pure conceptions. The force of Mr. Balfour's criticism, therefore, depends upon two assumptions: firstly, that it is possible to retain the Kantian doctrine of a "matter of sense" after the rejection of Kant's assumption of a "thing in itself"; and, secondly, that Idealism seeks to construct the world out of empty conceptions or relations of thought. Both of these assumptions I venture to challenge.

(1) The Kantian doctrine of a "matter of sense" stands or falls with the assumption of a "thing in itself." In the *Æsthetic* the problem of knowledge is put by Kant in this way: What is the element in the perception of objects as in space and time which belongs to the subject, and what is the element which belongs to the object? Kant's answer is, that the "form" under which objects are related spatially and temporally is due to the subject, the "matter" so related to the object. Now, in this contrast of "form" and

“matter,” it is obviously assumed that the subject has a nature of its own independently of the object, and the object a nature of its own independently of the subject; in other words, that, *as existences*, subject and object are unrelated to each other. On the other hand it is admitted by Kant that there can be no *knowledge* until the subject comes into relation to the object.

Now, the assumption of the independent existence of subject and object is no doubt a very natural assumption, because, when we begin to explain knowledge, we already have knowledge. But we must not forget that, in accounting for the origin of knowledge, we have no right to assume the very knowledge we are seeking to explain. We cannot start from the independent existence of subject and object unless we can show that an independent subject and object can be known. Before we ask what is contributed by the subject, and what comes from the object, we must be sure that the separation of subject and object is admissible. If there is no known subject which does not imply a known object, the ele-



ment belonging to the one cannot be separated from the element belonging to the other. When Kant asks "by what means our faculty of knowledge should be aroused to activity but by objects," he forgets that neither object nor subject exists for knowledge prior to knowledge, and that to ask how the subject should be "aroused to activity" by the object is to ask how a non-existent object should act upon a non-existent subject. This question cannot be answered, because it is self-contradictory, for to a self-contradictory question no answer can possibly be given.

But though Kant starts from the opposition of subject and object, he takes, in the *Æsthetic*, the first step to effect its overthrow. The *real* object, he says, no doubt exists apart from the subject, but the *known* object does not. For, in the perception of objects, the relations of space and time are the manner in which the subject, when "aroused to activity," comes to have a consciousness of objects. So far, therefore, as knowledge goes, the object is not an independent existence, but an existence in and

for a conscious subject. Now this view leads to an important change in our ordinary conception of the world. When we assume an objective world, fully formed and complete in itself, apart from the subject, we manifestly make the subject a mere passive spectator of a world from which it stands apart; and when we assume a subject with a complex nature of its own, we make the world entirely foreign to the subject. But the moment we ask how this objective world becomes known to the subject, we find that the independence of each alternately disappears in the other. Thus, if the object is apprehended by the subject, and only in this apprehension exists for it, the whole objective world is absorbed into the subject. On the other hand, if we ask what is the content of the subject, we find that it is the object, and thus the subject is absorbed in the object. Kant, however, does not carry over the object as a whole into the subject, but draws a distinction between the element which comes from the object and the element which is added by the subject. In

this way the identification of subject and object is partially arrested, and an intermediate region is assumed in which subject and object enter into relation with each other. This is the region of knowledge. But, while this union of subject and object is the condition of knowable reality, subject and object still remain apart as existences. Here, then, we have the "thing in itself," as it appears in the *Æsthetic*.

The compromise which Kant here adopts is obviously untenable. If we are to assume the independent existence of subject and object, we must not at the same time assume that the one is dependent for its reality upon the other. Since the spatial and temporal relations have a meaning only within knowledge, they can no more belong to the subject than to the object, but only to the subject in so far as there has arisen for it the consciousness of an object determinable under those relations. Why, then, does Kant maintain that space and time are forms of perception, not determinations of the real? He does so because he has not completely

freed himself from the dualism of subject and object with which he starts. A subject assumed to exist apart from the object must be regarded as a pure blank so far as knowledge is concerned; and when it begins to know we must suppose it to be affected by the object. Thus it is regarded as purely receptive in its relation to the object, and therefore it has to wait for the action of the object upon it. Now when we ask whether the subject can be purely receptive, or whether it must not be affirmed to be at once receptive and conscious of being receptive, it becomes manifest that the whole conception of a purely receptive subject is unmeaning. If the subject is receptive without being aware of it, it will simply exist in a series of individual states, without referring those states either to an object or to itself. For such a subject there can be no objective world; for, as Kant himself tells us, the consciousness of objects implies "the reference of sensation to objects in perception." On the other hand, if the subject not only exists in a series of affections, but is conscious of affections as coming

from the object, it must distinguish them as its own and yet relate them to the object. But so far as it does so, the object is within knowledge, not a thing existing by itself. Thus the object has no existence for the subject except as the subject distinguishes it from and yet relates it to itself. The object is the product of its own activity, and hence the subject cannot be receptive in regard to it. A subject which is not self-active is for itself nothing. In truth, a purely receptive subject is a contradiction in terms. It is only because Kant does not distinguish between a subject which is purely sensitive—and only by an abuse of language can this be called a “subject” at all—and a subject which is conscious of its states as involving permanent relations, that he allows himself to speak of the subject as receptive in relation to the object. Whatever the object is, it is for a subject, and any other object is a fiction of abstraction. We may legitimately contrast the object as known in fuller determinateness with the object as less determinate, but the object is in either case a known object, not

a "thing in itself." To contrast a known with an unknown object is the greatest of all absurdities, because an unknown object is simply nothing for the subject, and therefore cannot be contrasted with anything.

It follows from what has been said that there can be no opposition between the "matter" and the "form" of knowledge: no opposition, that is, between a "matter" which comes from the object and a "form" contributed by the subject. We must therefore deny that affections of sense as such enter into or form any element in knowable objects. Kant himself admits that such affections do not exist as an object for consciousness, but are merely the "manifold" out of which objects are formed: they are the "matter" which becomes an object, when the subject combines its determinations under the form of time into an image or perception. But when the "manifold of sense" becomes an object, it is no longer a "matter" to which the subject has to give "form," but is already a formed matter. The subject does not first receive the "matter of sense," and then impose upon

it its own forms; only in so far as the "matter" is already formed does it exist for the subject at all. The so-called "manifold of sense" is therefore just the distinguishable aspects of the world as these exist for the conscious subject. This world is indeed "manifold" in the sense of being infinitely concrete; but its concreteness is not that of an aggregate of particulars, but of a "cosmos of experience," in which all the particulars distinguished are held together in the unity of a single world, which exists only for a combining self-active subject.

(2) The denial of the fiction of a "matter of sense," entirely destitute of the unifying activity of intelligence, is therefore a very different thing from the denial of all differences and the reduction of reality to a "network of relations." Mr. Balfour's charge that Idealism reduces the world to relations, and therefore involves the absurdity of relations with nothing to relate, rests upon a misunderstanding of the idealistic theory of thought or intelligence as the constitutive principle of all knowledge and all reality. What Ideal-

ism maintains is that the knowable world exists only for a thinking or self-conscious subject, and that even the simplest phase of knowledge involves the activity of that subject. It is very inadequate and misleading to speak of thought as if it consisted solely in the relation of separate elements to one another. When thought is thus conceived, it is easy to understand why those who affirm that the world exists only for thought are supposed to be constructing reality out of pure abstractions. It is not difficult to show that this conception is a survival of the old untenable opposition of perception and thought, as dealing respectively with the particular and the universal. Let us take a simple case by way of illustration. I perceive a speck of light in the surrounding darkness. Taking the old abstract view, we have here the simple apprehension of a particular sensible object, without any exercise of the activity of thought. The latter comes into play only when I compare various perceptions with each other. Such a doctrine was virtually disposed of when Kant showed that the sim-



plest perception already involves the synthetic activity of thought. My apprehension of the speck of light is by no means simple. The moment I have the sensation, my mind goes to work, seeking to put it in its proper place in relation to the rest of my experience. There are no doubt occasions in my individual life in which this interpretative power is almost entirely in abeyance, as when I have just awaked from sleep, or emerged from a swoon. But even in these states the activity of intelligence is not entirely absent; for I at least distinguish the speck of light from the surrounding darkness; I locate it with more or less accuracy; and I distinguish it from myself as a particular object. Now we have here one of the simplest forms in which the thinking subject builds up for himself an intelligible world. Without the sensitivity to light, there would be for the subject no object at all; but without the interpretative activity of thought the sensitivity would have no meaning, *i.e.* it would not be grasped as a particular phase of a single world. Perception is, therefore, not the mere presence of

a particular sensation or image, but the discrimination of its elements, and the comprehension of these as involving certain fixed conditions under which they occur. If we exclude the interpretative activity of thought there is for us no object; and, therefore, no knowledge. It is only because this grasp of the particular as an instance of fixed connexion in experience is overlooked, that perception is supposed to be possible without the combined distinction and unification which is due to the activity of the thinking subject. But this activity is not the external relation of individual sensations. Sensibility as such is not an object of knowledge, but only particular sensations grasped as indicating fixed connexions in their occurrence. Hence thought is present in what is called sensation, in so far as sensation enters into our experience; and when present it interprets sensation by reference to its fixed conditions. The content of sensation does not fall without, but within thought; and it is this thought content which constitutes the world of our perception. That world is from the first a connected whole, in

which every element is on the one hand referred to a single world, and on the other hand to a single subject. Nor can the one be separated from the other, for the unity of the world is made possible by the unifying activity of the subject. It must also be observed that this unifying activity is not the activity of a principle which merely operates through the individual subject: it is essentially the activity of a self-determining subject, which is conscious of a single world only in so far as in every phase of its experience it is self-active. The degree in which the world is comprehended is proportionate to the self-activity of the intelligent subject; and thus the world, while it never loses its unity, is continually growing in complexity and systematic unity. There is a single self-consistent world, because the world is a systematic unity, and because reason in all self-conscious beings is an organic unity, identical in nature, but distinct in its individual activity. Mr. Balfour assumes that the denial of a given "matter of sense" is the same thing as the denial of all determinate reality. But, in

truth, the denial of the former is essential to the preservation of the latter. It is only in so far as the sensible is discriminated by thought, that there is any determinate object of knowledge; and it is only in so far as these discriminated elements are combined by the activity of a single subject, that there is any unity of experience. The thinking subject cannot have before him any object without grasping it by thought, or interpreting his immediate feelings by reference to the idea, explicit or implicit, of a connected system of reality. What Idealism maintains, therefore, is that the impossibility of having the consciousness of any object which cannot be combined with the consciousness of self is a proof that the world is a rational system. The whole process of knowledge consists in the ever more complete reduction of particulars to the unity of an organic whole; and, though it is true that a complete knowledge of the world is never attained, Idealism affirms that, were knowledge complete, the world would be found to be rational through and through. Perhaps what has been said will

help to show that what Idealism denies is not that the world is concrete, but that its concreteness can be explained by any theory which starts from the fiction of an irreducible "matter of sense," *i.e.* a "matter" assumed to be absolutely opaque to a rational being.

Mr. Balfour assumes that thought deals purely with abstractions or relations, and it is on this ground that he charges Idealism with "constituting the universe out of categories." The falsity of this view has already been indicated, but the point is so important that it seems advisable to dwell upon it somewhat more fully, especially as even Mr. Bradley seems to me to have lent the weight of his authority to what I must regard as the survival of an obsolete mode of thought.

There can be no thought whatever, whether it takes the form of conception, judgment, or inference, unless thought is itself a principle of unity. This unity, however, must not be conceived as working by the method of abstraction, but as manifesting itself in the distinction and combination of differences. We can, no doubt, fix our attention upon the unity

which is implied in every act of thought, but we cannot affirm that thought is a unity which excludes differences. Thought is thus the universal capacity of combining differences in a unity. Now, if thought is by its very nature a unity, there can be no absolute separation between the various elements which it combines—no separation, that is, within thought itself. It is perhaps not impossible that there are real elements which thought cannot reduce to unity, but within thought itself there can be no such elements: elements which are not combined are not thought. We cannot therefore regard the organism of thought as made up of a number of independent conceptions' or ideas having no relation to one another; the whole of our conceptions taken together form the unity which thought by its activity constitutes. Conception is thus the process in which the distinguishable aspects of the real world, or what we believe to be the real world, are combined in the unity of a single system. This process may be viewed either as a progressive differentiation or as a pro-

gressive unification. And these two aspects are essentially correlative: conception reaches a higher stage according as it unites a greater number of differences, and it cannot unite without distinguishing. It is of great importance to keep hold of this truth. To neglect it is to make a consistent theory of knowledge impossible. If conception is a process of abstraction, thought can by no possibility comprehend reality. The importance of the subject will excuse a few remarks upon the nature of "conception" and its relation to judgment.

Conception may be regarded as the termination or as the beginning of a judgment, according to our point of view. In the former case conception condenses, or holds in a transparent unity, the distinguishable elements which have been combined in a prior judgment, or rather it is the synthetic unity of a number of prior judgments. Thus the conception "light" comprehends the prior judgments by which the object "light" has entered into the world of our thought. Hence it is that judgment has been supposed to be

merely the analysis of a given conception. But no analysis of a conception can yield more than has previously been combined. The name "light" stands for more or fewer judgments according to the stage of thought of the individual who employs it. A so-called analytic judgment is simply the explicit statement of judgments already made, and adds nothing to the wealth of the thought-world. It is true that the resolution of a conception into the judgments which it presupposes may be the occasion of a new judgment. It is so when we for the first time observe that a conception does presuppose a number of judgments; but in this case we have done more than merely analyse the conception into its constituent elements: we have brought to light the nature of conception and its relation to judgment.

It is characteristic of every real judgment — every judgment which is more than the reproduction of a judgment formerly made — that it combines in a new unity elements not previously combined. Can we then say that judgment is the combination of conceptions? Not



if we mean by this that the conceptions remain in the judgment what they were prior to the judgment. A conception being the condensed result of prior judgments in which distinguishable elements of reality have been united, it forms the starting-point for new judgments, but each of these new judgments is the further comprehension of the real, and therefore the conception grows richer in content with each judgment. Thus if, starting from the ordinary conception of "light," we go on to judge that it is "due to the vibration of an æther," we do not simply add a new predicate to the subject, but the conception is itself transformed and enriched. Judgment is thus conception viewed as in process, and a conception is any stage in that process. The distinction is purely relative. In judgment thought unifies the elements which it discriminates; in conception the elements are viewed as united even while they are discriminated. For it must be observed that thought never unifies without discriminating: the whole process of thought is concrete throughout, and, as

knowledge develops, becomes more and more concrete. We are therefore entitled to say that for the thinking subject reality is in continual process, and we are also entitled to say that there is neither thinking subject nor thought reality outside of the process of thought. A real world which is not capable of being thought is for the subject nothing, and a subject which is not capable of thinking the real world is also nothing.

If this view is correct, it is misleading to say, with Mr. Bradley, that "in judgment an idea is predicated of a reality."\* For the reality of which we judge is a reality which exists only for thought, and it has no content except that which it has received in the process by which it is constituted for thought. Mr. Bradley tells us that whatever we regard as real has two aspects, (*a*) existence, (*b*) content, and that "thought seems essentially to consist in their division." Now, it is no doubt true that, if we suppose the real to be something which exists apart from thought, we shall have to divide or separate the "what"

\* *Appearance and Reality*, p. 163.

from the "that." But there is for us no real in addition to the real which is thought. Such a real is a pure abstraction, and means no more than the empty possibility of the real. We cannot separate in this hypothetical real between the "that" and the "what," because, having no content, it is neither a "that" nor a "what." The real only comes to be for us in so far as there has gone on a process of discrimination and unification within a single reality, by means of which the real has been constituted as a thought or ideal reality. What Mr. Bradley calls the "that" seems to me merely a name for the unity which is involved in every phase of the process by which reality is thought; and what he calls the "what" is a name for the elements which thought distinguishes and combines in the unity of the real. The "that" has therefore no determinateness when it is separated from the "what"; it is simply pure being, or the bare potentiality of a thought reality. Mr. Bradley allows himself to speak of the "what" as if it were first "presented" in unity with the "that," and of judgment as if it consisted in the

“division” of the “what” from the “that.” But surely there is no “what” except that which thought has already made its own. The subject of any judgment has already a content, it is true, and this content we may express in the form of a series of judgments; but these judgments will merely reproduce the judgments formerly made: they will add nothing to knowledge. Every new judgment, on the other hand, *determines* the conceived reality from which we start: it transforms the reality for thought, and thus enriches it by a new determination. There would be no reason for judging at all if judgment merely consisted in detaching a “content” from “existence,” and then proceeding to attach it to “existence.” The “existence” and the “content” are one and indivisible, and as the one grows, so also does the other. Mr. Bradley says that “an idea implies the separation of content from existence.” And no doubt in every judgment the “content” is held suspended in thought before it is predicated of the subject. But, in the first place, so long as it is so held, there is no judgment: judgment consists in determin-

ing the subject *by* the predicate. And, in the second place, the content which is thus predicated of the subject is not the content which is already involved in the subject, and therefore we cannot say that judgment consists in the separation of the "what" from the "that." When the scientific man affirms that light is due to the vibration of an æther, he does not separate the "content" already involved in the conception of the luminous object, and then predicate this "content" of the subject; what he does is to determine the already qualified subject by a totally new "content" which it did not previously possess, and in this determination of the subject the judgment consists. It thus seems to me that Mr. Bradley gives countenance to two fallacies; first, that the subject is a mere "that" instead of being the condensed result of the whole prior process of thought; and, secondly, that judgment consists in the separation of a given content from the "that," a content which is then attributed to the "that"; whereas judgment consists in the predication of a *new* content, which develops and enriches the "that." Whatever

difficulty attaches to this view arises, as it seems to me, from the assumption that reality exists apart from the process by which it is thought. And no doubt reality is not made by thought in the sense of being the creation of the individual thinking subject, but it is made for the subject in the sense that nothing is or can be real for him which is not revealed to him in the process by which he thinks it as real.

When Mr. Bradley says that "the subject has unspecified content which is not stated in the predicate" (168), he is evidently confusing "the subject" with reality, as it would be could it be completely determined by thought. But such a subject is not the "that" which is distinguished from the "what," for the "that" is merely the abstraction of reality,—the abstract idea of reality in general which is no reality in particular. Such a subject has no "unspecified content," because it has no content whatever. But if by the "subject" is meant the complete system of reality, it is no doubt true that it has "unspecified content which is not stated in the predicate." No single judgment can express

the infinite wealth of the totality of reality. And not only is this true, but no single judgment can express the wealth of reality even as it exists for the subject who frames the judgment. We can only express the nature of reality in the totality of judgments which express the nature of reality as known to us, and it is manifestly an inadequate or partial view which seeks to limit known reality to that aspect of it which is expressed in a single judgment. But we must go still further; not only is known reality not expressed in any single judgment, but it is not expressed in the whole system of judgments which embody the knowledge of man as it exists at any given time. Our knowledge is not complete, and I do not see how it ever can be complete. In that sense reality or the absolute must always be unknown. But unless reality in its true nature is different in kind from the reality which we know, it must be thinkable reality. Any other reality than that which is thinkable can have no community with thought reality, but must be absolutely unknowable. It is not maintained that there is no reality which is not

thought by us, but only that the reality which we know is thought reality. This reality enters into our thought and forms its content, and as the content continually expands for us, so the reality continually expands. Reflecting upon this characteristic of knowledge, we get the notion of a completely determined reality, a reality which would be present to thought if thought were absolutely complete. Such a reality we do not possess, and it is therefore natural to say that there is a defect in the character of our thought which prevents us from grasping reality in its completeness. This explanation seems to me to rest upon the assumption that reality cannot be thought because thought deals only with abstractions. But, as I have maintained above, thought is never abstract; it contains within itself the whole wealth of reality, so far as reality is known to us. The defect is not in the character of thought, as distinguished from feeling or intuition, but in the very nature of man as a being in whom knowledge is a never-ending process. What I contend for, then, is not that man has complete knowledge of reality,—a



contention which is manifestly absurd, — but that reality in its completeness must be a thinkable reality. Any other view seems to me to lead to the *caput mortuum* of the thing-in-itself, the reality which cannot be thought because it is unthinkable. When, therefore, Mr. Bradley says that it is an untenable position to maintain that “in reality there is nothing beyond what is made thought’s object” (169), I agree with a *caveat*. That there is nothing which is not made “thought’s object” is manifestly untrue, if the “thought” here spoken of is thought as it exists for man. But, if it is meant that there is in reality something which cannot be made the object of thought, because it is unthinkable, I do not see what sort of reality this can be; to me it seems to be merely a name for a metaphysical abstraction. Reality that *cannot* be thought is a sort of reality to which I find myself unable to attach any meaning, and until I find some one who can give a meaning to it, I refuse to admit its possibility. But I feel certain that such a person cannot be found, for the obvious reason that if this supposititious reality

had a meaning, it would no longer be unthinkable.

If these considerations are at all correct, the only reality which has any meaning for us is reality that is capable of being thought. And this reality is not for us stationary, but grows in content as thought, which is the faculty of unifying the distinguishable elements of reality, develops in the process by which those elements are more fully distinguished and unified. The reality which thus enters into and constitutes our thought is therefore not abstract but infinitely concrete. For, as we have seen, the process of thought is not the mere transition from one conception to another, but it is the internal development of conception, which is at the same time the development of the conceived world. The reality, therefore, which thus arises for us in the process of thought is a system, in which there is revealed an ever greater diversity brought back into an ever more complete unity. And this reality is the absolute, so far as the absolute enters into and constitutes our known world. • To seek for the

absolute beyond the thought reality, which alone exists for us, is to seek the living among the dead; if the absolute is not revealed to us in the reality that we know, it is for us nothing.

## CHAPTER VII

### IDEALISM IN RELATION TO AGNOSTICISM AND THE SPECIAL SCIENCES

#### I. AGNOSTICISM

IN the preceding chapter an attempt has been made to explain and defend the general doctrine of Idealism, which affirms that the knowable world is identical with the world as it really is, and is a systematic or rational unity. This doctrine is of course diametrically opposed to Agnosticism. In a former work\* it was maintained that Agnosticism is a self-contradictory theory, because in affirming an absolute limit to human knowledge, it assumes the knowledge of a realm of reality distinct from the realm of phenomena, and tacitly affirms that there are two kinds of intelligence, corresponding to these two realms. Two objections have been raised which it may

\* *Comte, Mill, and Spencer*, Chap. II.

be well to consider. It is objected, firstly, that my criticism applies only to a dogmatic affirmation or denial of a noumenal reality; and, secondly, that even if such a reality is admitted, it is not a legitimate inference that its advocates are bound in consistency to assume two kinds of intelligence.

(1) As to the first point, it must be answered, that a purely sceptical attitude is impossible. Such an attitude would mean, presumably, that he who assumes it refuses to say whether there is any reality other than that which is known by us: there may, or may not, be such a reality, but we are not in a position to give any answer either positive or negative. Now, it is hard to see how any one can affirm that we are unable to say whether that which we call reality is or is not reality, without basing his affirmation upon some limitation in the nature of our faculty of knowledge. Surely the inability on our part to determine whether we have any knowledge of reality or not, implies that our faculty of knowledge is by its very nature unable to distinguish between truth and false-

hood. But if we cannot distinguish between truth and falsehood, no proposition whatever can be held by us to be either true or false; and therefore our affirmation that we cannot distinguish between truth or falsehood cannot be accepted as true. If it is not true, there is no affirmation whatever, but only the delusive appearance of affirmation; and to such a delusive appearance we can attach no meaning; it may be either the affirmation or denial of reality or some *tertium quid*; it is, in fact, that logical monster, an affirmative-negative proposition. In short, if you make any judgment whatever which means anything, you have assumed the reality of your judgment, though not of what you affirm or deny in your judgment; and thus you have assumed that so far at least you have touched solid reality. A purely sceptical attitude is thus a contradiction in terms,—an affirmation which affirms nothing, or a denial which denies nothing. The most complete sceptic that ever lived assumed that his scepticism was real, and to that extent he was a dogmatist.

(2) It is further maintained that even if the distinction between the phenomenal and the real is admitted, it does not follow that there must be two kinds of intelligence corresponding to these two realms. After what has been said, it must be obvious that this objection is unsound. For, if our intelligence is not capable of knowing reality, it must be because of an absolute limit in the character of our intelligence, and if that limit were removed reality, admitting it to exist, would be capable of being grasped by us. Now, the dogmatic phenomenalist, and even, as has been shown, the so-called sceptical phenomenalist, assumes that there is reality. No western thinker, so far as I know, has had the courage to affirm that there is no reality whatever: that sublime height has been reached only in the east. Now, if there is reality at all, it must be comprehensible by some intelligence. It may be said that there is no such intelligence, or at least that we cannot know that there is such an intelligence. But surely we are entitled to demand that no affirmation should be made

which is meaningless. The phenomenalist, then, admits that there is reality, and in so doing he assumes that he is saying something which has a meaning for himself, and for others who hear or read what he says. Now what is a reality which is not a reality for some intelligence? Make any predication you like about it, and you will find that, if you mean anything at all, you mean that it is present to an intelligence. If you refuse to make any predication about it, it is not reality but pure nothingness. Hence you cannot say: "There is reality," without assuming that reality has a meaning, and to say that it has a meaning is to say that it is relative to some intelligence. Now the phenomenalist affirms that reality is not the object of *his* intelligence, and therefore it must be the object of some other intelligence, or it is nothing at all. And this other intelligence cannot involve an absolute limit, as our intelligence is assumed to do, because if it did it would not grasp reality but only appearance; in other words, the phenomenalist in affirming the absolute limitation of his own



intelligence has tacitly assumed an intelligence free from limits. I was therefore right in saying that from the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge it is a legitimate inference that there are two kinds of intelligence, one absolutely limited and the other absolutely unlimited. The absurdity of this doctrine I shall not again insist upon: I shall only repeat that an intelligence which is absolutely limited would never know that it was absolutely limited, since in that case it would be beyond the assumed limits.

Now if it is admitted that there is a rational or intelligible system of things, it is obvious that with this single system all the sciences must deal. Reality is one, and to suppose it split up into bits by the concentration of attention upon one phase of it, is to be the victim of an abstraction. When in geometry we define a point or line, we are not dealing with a "mere idea," but with a fixed relation holding for every subject for whom there is any reality whatever. Similarly, all the judgments of geometry imply that there are unchanging relations in the

one system of reality which alone is or can be known, and these unchanging relations constitute the objectivity of that system, so far as it comes within the view of geometry. This does not mean that there is a world constituted of nothing but geometrical relations, but it does mean that a world from which all geometrical relations are eliminated is unthinkable. If geometrical relations are not determinations of the real world, all the sciences of nature are made impossible, and, as a consequence, the whole of the philosophical sciences as well. What is said of spatial relations, of course, holds good also of temporal relations. And when we pass from the mathematical determination of reality to the dynamical—from space and time to matter and motion—the same principle of explanation still applies. For dynamical relations are real aspects of the one system of reality, while yet they do not exhaust its nature. It is as great a mistake to deny that those relations are determinations of the absolute as to affirm that in them we have reached an exhaustive definition of it. A

world of matter and motion is real in the same sense that a world of space or a world of time is real; *without* dynamical relations there could be no reality whatever, but a reality consisting of these relations *alone*—a world of pure matter and motion—is as impossible as a world of pure space or pure time. They are real, unchangeable aspects of existence, but they are no more than aspects. For, though there would be no real world were the relations or laws of dynamics not unchangeable, there are other aspects of reality which still further define existence. Certain of these aspects are brought to light by physics, chemistry, and biology. Here again we may say that what the sciences affirm they affirm of the absolute, but we cannot say that now at last we have reached the ultimate or complete determination of it. All the sciences, from mathematics to biology inclusive, are abstract in this sense, that there are other aspects of reality which they presuppose. These new aspects of the one single system of reality form the subject-matter of the philosophical sciences, which

again presuppose logic or metaphysic as the science which deals directly with the interrelation of all the principles upon which the other sciences are based.

## II. MATHEMATICS

The view which has just been indicated implies that mathematics is a science, *i.e.* contains propositions which are true or hold of reality. These propositions are, as I believe, true formulations of fundamental conditions or relations by which the real world is characterised, though they are certainly not a formulation of *all* those conditions. What is held is not that mathematics formulates "the intellectual conditions of sensible reality," if this means that there is an absolute separation between "sensible reality" and another reality which may be defined as non-sensible. There are not two realities, but only one. What is called "sensible reality" is either the fiction of a world supposed to be given in immediate sensation, or it is a term for certain aspects of the one reality,

the only reality there is. To speak of "sensible reality" as contrasted with non-sensible or supersensible reality is to fall back into that untenable phenomenalism, the contradictory character of which has already been maintained. Mathematics, then, concentrates its attention upon certain very simple conditions or relations of the one and only reality, and, as I believe, is successful in formulating their nature.

It may be objected, however, that this view of mathematics takes no account of the recent doctrine that Euclidean geometry merely states the conditions of our space of three dimensions. Now it might fairly be answered that it is incumbent upon the advocates of imaginary geometry to reconcile their doctrine with any tenable theory of knowledge. Does their hypothetical space of four or more dimensions *contradict* our space of three dimensions? If it does, they deny the principle of contradiction, contradict themselves, and can prove neither the reality of a space of four nor a space of three dimensions, since they cannot prove the reality of any space

whatever, or of anything else. It seems advisable, however, to deal more directly with the question. The discussion will necessarily be brief, but I shall try to indicate the main points. Let me repeat that I do not for a moment deny the value of imaginary geometry as a system of mathematical symbols. I should as soon think of denying the value of the Cartesian co-ordinates. What I deny is the *philosophical* doctrine based upon the symbolic constructions of mathematics, — the doctrine that a space of four or more dimensions is a possible reality. I must also warn the reader that I cannot deal with the mutually discrepant philosophical views of those who argue for the phenomenality of our space of three dimensions. I shall further limit myself mainly to Riemann and Helmholtz. I may mention, however, that I find the conclusions which I reached several years ago endorsed by such eminent logicians as Sigwart and Wundt, not to speak of Lotze.

(1) I find Riemann, then, arguing in this way: Space is a logical species of which the logical genus is extended magnitude or mul-

tiplicity (*Mannigfaltigkeit*); hence, though our space is the only one of which we have actual experience, it is not the only possible space. If it is objected that Riemann is "antiquated," let me cite Bruno Erdmann. I have not read Erdmann's treatise, having ceased to take any interest in the question after my study of Riemann and Helmholtz, but I quote the statement of his view from Wundt's *Logik* (I. 440). His view is, then, that "modern geometry has been able to find a more general conception, under which space may be subsumed as a particular species, and from which therefore by the introduction of determinate conditions the fundamental properties of space may be developed analytically." Now I have no hesitation in saying that this supposed subsumption of space under a logical genus is a blunder, which the best modern logicians have clearly exposed. The whole idea of determining the real relations of things by the formation of an ascending series of abstractions is utterly untenable, resting as it does upon the mediæval idea of logic as a purely formal science. The real world as it exists for our

conceptual thought is not obtained by abstraction from full-formed individuals given in perception, but by a concrete process in which the first immediate judgments of perception are transformed by the comprehension of the fundamental relations, implied in those judgments, and brought to light in the complex process in which knowledge is developed. To run up and down a logical "Porphyry's tree" is a travesty of the process of thought, which corresponds to nothing "in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth." But, even if we grant that the subsumption of logical species under a genus is a valid process, it would not prove that our space is only one of several possible species of space. For the whole account of the formation of logical species rests upon the presupposition that the ultimate datum from which we start is the individual. Now the individual in this case is our three-dimensional space, and hence we cannot reason from the general conception of extended magnitude to the possible reality of several *species* of space. We can get nothing out of the conception of extended magnitude



but what we have put into it; hence, when we descend the logical tree which we have previously ascended, we shall find at the end just what we had at the beginning, and what we had at the beginning was an individual space of three dimensions. Riemann so far admits this as to say that our space of three dimensions rests upon "experience," but he still supposes that conception is wider than "experience," and hence that there is nothing to hinder us from supposing a space of four or more dimensions. There is, of course, nothing to hinder us from *thinking* of a space of four or more dimensions, but the possible *reality* of such a space cannot be deduced from the abstract conception of extended magnitude. That conception is limited by what is already contained under it, and there is only one space contained under it, not several species of space. I hold, then, that in reasoning from logical genus to logical species, Riemann has fallen into the logical mistake of supposing that possible reality can be determined by logical possibility. In support of what I have said let me quote a few sentences

from Wundt. Referring to Erdmann, he says: "This view must at least be so far corrected, that the question cannot be in regard to a relation of genus and species in the ordinary logical sense. If a genus is to be formed, several species must be given which possess certain common marks. But in this case only *one* space is given to our perception." And then he goes on to point out that "we can never possess an actual image of spaces different from ours." "An opposite view," he continues, "seems to be maintained by some mathematicians, who hold that we can make a sensible picture of spaces of another kind, as *e.g.* a space which consists merely of a plane or of a spherical or pseudo-spherical surface."\* This brings us to what I regard as another fallacy of those who maintain the possible reality of a space other than ours.

(2) Helmholtz seeks to commend his view that a space other than ours can not only be thought but presented to the imagination, by the fiction of beings living in a plane, or a sphere, and limited in their consciousness to

\* Wundt's *Logik*: I. 440-1.

the plane or the sphere. The whole supposition seems to me absurd and self-contradictory. There is no difficulty whatever in thinking of beings limited to a plane or sphere; for such beings are to all intents and purposes identical with the plane or sphere; but what we cannot do is to think of their *consciousness* as superficial or spherical. A superficial or spherical consciousness has no meaning whatever that I can discover. Now, if our supposititious beings have not a superficial or spherical consciousness, we must suppose that the plane or the sphere is an object which they can think and reason about. But, if they have before their consciousness only a plane or a sphere, they will not have any geometry such as we possess, because a plane is the boundary of a solid, and a curve is relative to a tangent. Such beings would therefore have no geometry whatever. This seems obvious if we carry out Helmholtz's suggestion, and suppose beings limited to a *point*. Will any one affirm that a point has any meaning except as the boundary of a line? In short, a plane or sphere is intelligible only because it is a figure in our

three-dimensional space. To reason from the curvature of a plane or sphere to the curvature of space seems to me a palpable fallacy. Space has no curvature, though figures in space have. Let me again support my view by a quotation from Wundt. "When we deal with the geometry of the plane," says Wundt, "our spatial idea is no other than in the geometry of space; we merely leave out of consideration all spatial relations except the plane; we do the same in the investigation of the geometrical properties of spherical or pseudo-spherical surfaces. Those relations of space from which we thus abstract have no existence apart from our idea; on the contrary, we require our complete space-perception, not only for the idea of a curved surface, but even for the idea of a surface or a line, for we can no more imagine the surface than the line except as in space: we imagine both not as independent spaces, but as figures in space."\*

(3) It is supposed that because functions of magnitude can be converted into geometrical relations of a thinkable space, there may be

\* Ibid. I. 441.

beings who enjoy the consciousness of a space of  $n$  dimensions. Surely this is an untenable inference. We can think of systems in which four, five, or any number of elements are required, instead of the three elements which space demands for the determination of the position of a point. But, in order to give a geometrical meaning to analytical operations, we have to refer to our space of three dimensions. "It is self-evident," says Wundt, "that mathematical speculations, which infer that our space must be related to a four-dimensional magnitude in the same way as the surface is related to our space, cannot of themselves be the basis for the imaginability of a space of four or more dimensions. This question stands upon precisely the same level as that with which the older ontology occupied itself, viz. whether the actual world is or is not the best of all possible worlds."\* I will conclude with a passage from Sigwart. "The result of these enquiries," says Sigwart, "is not that it is left to experience to decide whether we are to assume the plane space of Euclid, or a

\* Ibid. I. 443.

space which is in some way curved; but only that from the purely logical standpoint of analysis the quantitative relations of space are not to be derived as the necessary form of a manifold which varies in three directions, but that on the contrary they are actual, because based upon an unanalysable necessity of our space-perception, which is essentially different from any law which can be expressed in numbers and numerical relations. They open up no possibility of extending our space-perception, or of representing a non-Euclidian geometry not merely in analytical formulæ, but also for actual perception; we remain subject to those laws of space according to which we first think of it, and it is as certain that Euclid will remain unrefuted in geometry, as it is that Aristotle in his principle of contradiction has outlived the Hegelian logic.\*

### III. THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

I conclude, then, that there is nothing in the speculations of "pangeometry" to support

\* Sigwart's *Logic*. English tr., II. 566.

the view of phenomenalists either that our consciousness has certain forms of perception peculiar to itself, as Helmholtz maintains, or as others hold that there may be an external world which lies in a space of four or more dimensions. To set forth all the objections which beset these views would be to write a whole system of philosophy, but I hope I have at least succeeded in indicating some of them. The world of the mathematician is, however, very far from being reality in its completeness; it exists only as the construction of the mathematician, though that construction rests upon unchangeable relations or conditions of the one reality which alone exists. Hence, when we pass to the physical sciences we have made a considerable advance in the determination of those relations or conditions. There are, however, two fundamental mistakes which we must here seek to avoid: the mistake of supposing that science merely "describes" the world of sensible perception, as Kirchhoff seems to say, and the mistake of imagining that the laws of science are more than an abstract or partial determi-

nation of reality. The theory of knowledge which many scientific men advance, when they leave their proper task and assume the rôle of the logician, is usually a curious mixture of these opposite errors.

Our first view of the world naturally is that things lie before us in perception, and that, in order to know them, we must take them as they present themselves, carefully excluding all preconceptions, and accurately observing their qualities and determining the quantity of each quality. Without observation of this kind there can be no science of nature, but it can hardly be said yet to be science; or, at least, it can be called science only when the observer is guided in his selection of facts by ideas of relation. What underlies scientific observation is a faith in the presence in nature of conditions or relations which remain permanent under all the changes of particulars. It must be observed, therefore, that science transforms the ordinary view of the world by penetrating to those permanent conditions or relations which are not obvious to perception, but are only



brought to light by the persistent endeavour to find the identical in the different. The reality which science discovers is in one way an ideal world, a world which exists only as a construction of the scientific intellect, but it is at the same time a much truer apprehension of reality than that ordinary view of things from which science is developed, though it may be said that the ordinary view contains implicitly more than science does justice to. Thus the physicist and chemist virtually set aside all the sensible relations of things, — not because these fall outside of the real world, but because they do not come within the scope of their science, — leaving them to be dealt with by the more concrete sciences of physiology and psychology. If, therefore, we fail to observe the transformation which science effects in our ordinary view of the world, we shall fall into the mistake of supposing that it is merely a “description” of sensible objects, and if we insist upon the reality of the abstract world of relations upon which science, for its own purposes, concentrates attention, we shall fall

into the opposite mistake of hypostatising this abstract world, and identifying it with the real world in its completeness. These two defects are closely related to each other; for it is just because we overlook the partial or abstract character of the laws of science that we convert relations into vague and shadowy *things*; and it is because we do not see that science adopts a negative attitude towards immediate perception that we suppose it to leave sensible reality as it was before scientific insight has broken it up, and are led to regard laws of nature as a refined transcript of the sensible, instead of being, what they are, a purely conceptual world of fixed conditions and relations, implied no doubt in the world of ordinary observation, but not brought into clear consciousness and made an object of direct consideration. Thus Comte tells us that science confines itself to the investigation of the laws of the resemblance, coexistence, and succession of phenomena, and he assumes that these laws are simply the generalised restatement or description of the phenomena themselves. But a

law is something more than a generalised re-statement or description of phenomena, if by "phenomena" we mean the objects of ordinary observation. For a law is contrasted with phenomena as the permanent relation in the changing particular, as that which is identical in spite of all differences, as the principle by reference to which particulars are seen to be more than mere phenomena or transitory phases of reality. Were it not possible to penetrate to such permanent, identical, or unchanging relations, we should have no science of nature. It is nothing to the point that no law is final, for the development of science, like all other developments, consists in an ever fuller comprehension of fixed relations, or what are usually called "uniformities," a development which does not simply set aside the relations already discovered, but combines them in a higher synthesis; indeed, if this were not the case, science would at every fresh advance throw down all that it had laboriously built up and start *de novo*.

Now, if we keep in mind these two aspects

of a scientific law,—that it is, on the one hand, the revelation of a principle which is established only by a necessary but in a sense an artificial simplification of reality, and that this principle is, after all, only a permanent relation of the changing,—we shall, I think, be led to see that a law of nature, as it is not a “description” of phenomena, so it is not a description of “uniformities.” A “uniformity,” if we are to give the word anything like its ordinary meaning, is naturally regarded as a customary or frequent repetition of a given resemblance, sequence, or coexistence; and it is in this sense that Mill and many scientific men who make an incursion into the field of logic are disposed to interpret a law. It was in contrast to this doctrine that I ventured to challenge Mill’s view of induction as based upon “resemblance,” instead of “identity.”\* The “identity,” of course, as any one who reads what I have said with ordinary care will see, is not that of a changeless “substance” or “thing,”—I do not admit the reality of such fictions at all,—but of a relation. No two

\* *Comte, Mill, and Spencer*, pp. 92-3.

individuals are alike; but in all their differences they may agree in a certain feature, and this agreement is the basis of induction.

Now, when we ask what bearing this view of a law of nature has upon the question of the relativity of knowledge, it is no answer to say that science is entirely neutral. In one way that is a bare tautology. Science as such is not a theory of knowledge; and, of course, having no theory of knowledge, it does not tell us what the ultimate nature of reality is; but the question is whether the view of reality, which in the pursuit of his special object the scientific man naturally adopts, can be regarded as ultimate. The attempt to answer this question leads us into the region of philosophy, and compels us to ask what is the general view of reality upon which science is based; and the answer, as we may be certain, cannot fail to be coloured by the general theory of knowledge which commends itself to those who seek to answer the question. A phenomenalist theory of knowledge will find support in science for its doctrine, because it will interpret scientific conclusions from that

point of view, and so in other cases. I have tried to explain why I cannot accept the phenomenalist interpretation. I cannot accept it, because, as it seems to me, it does not do justice to the real advance beyond ordinary observation which science makes, and because it does not take due note of the abstract or partial character of the scientific view of reality. On this last point I should like to say a word or two.

We are too apt to talk glibly of "laws of nature" or "uniformities of nature," not seeing that two discrepant views of reality are concealed beneath this ambiguous phraseology. Is "nature" simply a term for an aggregate of phenomena? or is it a real unity or organic system? Mill tells us that we cannot properly speak of the "uniformity" of nature, but only of "uniformities" of nature. Now, waiving the objection I have already made that science deals with identities and not with uniformities, and interpreting the term "uniformity" in its higher sense, it is obvious that to deny any identity or unity in nature is to deny that reality is an organic system. But this is the

same as saying that all we can know of reality is that in point of fact we find certain relations which, so far as our experience goes, have not changed, but which, for aught we can show, might change at any moment. Thus, under the denial of the uniformity or unity of nature, Mill and others assume the phenomenalist view of knowable reality; and when they are asked to substantiate their assumption, they fall back upon a sensationalist theory of knowledge, and a metaphysical theory of the absolute limitation of our knowledge to phenomena. To one who rejects the sensationalist epistemology and is convinced of the self-contradictory character of the phenomenalist metaphysic, the denial of the systematic unity of the real seems a denial of all knowledge and of all reality. I content myself with pointing out this result of the ordinary view of laws of nature as implying nothing but observed uniformities, having already dwelt sufficiently upon what I regard as the defects of sensationalism and phenomenalism. To me it seems to be one of the gifts which a true philosophy conveys, to bring to light that

organic unity of nature which is implicit in science. For "nature" has no meaning apart from a unifying intelligence, and to deny the unity of nature is to deny the unity of intelligence and to make all knowledge impossible. I admit, however, or rather contend, that the organic unity of reality lies beyond the horizon of the specialist in physics, and even in chemistry; but the biologist, from the character of the objects with which he deals, is almost invariably more readily disposed to hold that the real world is an organic unity. In proof of this it is enough to refer to Darwin himself, whose whole doctrine is inspired by the idea of such a unity, though he fails to give a philosophical formulation of it; and to the recent developments of biology, which have been more and more in this direction.

#### IV. BIOLOGY

The doctrine of natural selection, while it compels us to abandon the external or mechanical idea of teleology associated with the name of Paley, is incompetent to explain



knowledge or morality. To this view it has been objected that the doctrine of evolution, as held by Darwin and many of his followers, cannot be identified with the doctrine of natural selection, and that I have therefore confused true Darwinism with the views of Wallace and Weismann. This objection does not seem to me to affect in any way the point which I sought to establish. My aim was to show that, without assuming anything but what is admitted by all biologists, a certain philosophical conclusion, not contemplated or even denied by certain biologists, must yet be reached. That conclusion was that an immanent teleology may be legitimately deduced from the doctrine of natural selection. It was not necessary for my purpose to embroil myself in the questions at issue between Wallace, Weismann, and others, while by doing so I should have given occasion for the retort that teleology has nothing to do with the biological doctrine of evolutionary descent. That this is no fanciful danger may be shown by a single extract from Huxley's account of the reception of the

*Origin of Species* in Darwin's *Life and Letters*. "Having got rid," says Huxley, "of the belief in chance and the disbelief in design, *as in no sense appurtenances of evolution*, the third libel upon that doctrine, that it is anti-theistic, might perhaps be left to shift for itself. . . . The doctrine of evolution does not even come into contact with theism, considered as a philosophical doctrine."\* To this view I entirely assent; but, as it seems to me, we may, accepting the scientific doctrine of evolutionary descent, go on to base upon it a philosophical argument in favour of a teleological view of the world. It may be said, however, that it is illegitimate to speak of Darwinism as synonymous with the doctrine of natural selection. And no doubt it is true that, in the wider sense of the term, the biological doctrine of evolution, as held by Darwin, admitted other factors than natural selection; but it will be admitted that the great achievement of Darwin was the destruction of the old rigid separation of species by the theory of natural selection. This was all

\* Darwin's *Life and Letters*: Am. ed., I. 555-6.

that I contended, and all that my argument required me to deal with. In taking this view I might have supported myself by the authority of Huxley. In the essay already quoted, that eminent biologist says: "The suggestion that new species may result from the selective action of external conditions upon the variations from their specific type which individuals present . . . is the central idea of the *Origin of Species* and contains the quintessence of Darwinism."\* And again, a few pages further on: "Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the particular theory put forth by Darwin [the "particular theory," as the context shows, being natural selection], I venture to affirm that, so far as my knowledge goes, all the ingenuity and all the learning of hostile critics has not enabled them to adduce a solitary fact, of which it can be said this is irreconcilable with the Darwinian theory."† Here Huxley tells us that natural selection is "the quintessence of Darwinism," and that opponents have not adduced "a solitary fact, of which it can be said this is irrecon-

\* Ibid. I. 548-9.

† Ibid. I. 552.

cilable with the Darwinian theory," meaning the theory of natural selection. Surely what Huxley here means is that what was *distinctive* of Darwin was the doctrine of natural selection. It seems unnecessary to dwell further upon this point, but it may be worth while, for other reasons, to cite a few of Darwin's own expressions. To begin with, what did Darwin call his first great book? He called it *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*. In the autobiography he says: "The old argument from design in nature, as given by Paley, which formerly seemed to me so conclusive, fails, *now that the law of natural selection has been discovered*. . . . There seems to be no more design in the variability of organic beings, and in the action of natural selection, than in the course which the wind blows."\* This passage leaves no doubt whatever that in Darwin's own mind his theory was incompatible with teleology. On another occasion Darwin writes: "It is not that designed variation makes, as it seems to me, my deity

\* Ibid. I. 278-9.

‘natural selection’ superfluous, but from seeing what an enormous field of undesigned variability there is ready for natural selection to appropriate.” Now I have no desire to narrow Darwin’s theory more than he narrowed it himself. I know that Darwin, with his large candour and what may be called his unconscious idealism, follows the facts wherever they lead him, and suggests modifications of his doctrine which, as he says on one occasion, “lessen the glory of natural selection”; but I think no one can deny that he always and consistently rejected teleology, and rejected it mainly “now that the law of natural selection has been discovered.” Now, my argument was, rightly or wrongly, that the law of natural selection itself, when we see all its *philosophical*—not its *scientific*—implications, compels us to affirm an immanent teleology, and that it is from not taking note of these implications that Darwin himself and many of his followers suppose that knowledge and morality may be explained by the method of science. It therefore seems to me that science does not establish teleology, but that a comprehensive view

of living beings, and much more of man, does establish teleology. But, after all, it is mainly a question of definition whether we call a theory scientific or philosophical; and I am quite contented to rest my case on the broad view that Darwin and many of his followers are wrong in denying teleology, though they are perfectly right in denying that mechanical form of teleology which is associated with the name of Paley.

It is important to observe that a teleological view of the world does not exclude but presupposes the law of natural causation. We must therefore be careful to avoid regarding "purpose" as a sort of *deus ex machina*, which is to be invoked when the ordinary scientific explanation has not yet been discovered. Such a conception of "purpose" in nature seems to me a survival of the obsolete idea of external teleology, from which the doctrine of development has helped to free us. I have no belief in a teleology which does not presuppose the inviolability of the natural law of causation. If a break could be found in that law, we should have to fall back upon the idea that

there is no system of nature, but merely a partial and imperfect arrangement of parts. The teleology which is here maintained is based upon the recognition of a fixed order in nature. What is held is, that living beings by their very nature contain in them a principle of unity which is realised within the inviolable system of natural law.

The theory of natural selection assumes, firstly, that the laws of nature are inviolable. This is at bottom another way of saying that, when we come to the study of nature, we presuppose that it is a system of facts, so perfect that there is no break or flaw in it. Hence living beings, as well as inorganic things, are within this system, and there can be no such dissolution of continuity as that which is suggested by the view of purpose as external or mechanical. Secondly, natural selection assumes that in each living being there is a tendency or impulse to maintain itself and to continue the species. In saying that the doctrine of natural selection rests on this assumption, it is not meant that the biologist need be aware of it, or that he employs it in his specific

enquiries. The specialist is hardly ever aware of the preconceptions from which he starts. What is maintained is, that reflection upon the theory of natural selection compels us to take this view. It has been said that the impulse to self-maintenance is "something wholly conditioned upon and resident within the material nature of the organism." What is to be understood by the "material nature of the organism"? Is it meant that the craving for food, for example, can be attributed to "the material nature of the organism"? If so, that impulse must be capable of being expressed in terms of matter and motion. This seems to me a mere confusion of thought, resting upon a physical metaphor which conceals the characteristic fact that sensibility does not belong to the "material nature of the organism," but is the differentia of a certain class of living beings.

Thirdly, if there were no adaptation whatever between organisms and their environment, it would be impossible for them to exist at all. It is objected that there is also harmony between "a piece of ice and



the water in which it floats." No doubt; but the kind of harmony to which I refer, as is implied by the two preceding characteristics, is one which exists only in a being which is internally purposive, and that cannot be said of the piece of ice. It is no doubt true that when we have discovered that living beings are purposive, we can no longer speak of nature as if it were merely a mechanical system; but, as Kant points out, it is living beings which first clearly suggest to us that nature is purposive. And if it is true, as I have maintained, that we cannot differentiate living from non-living beings without applying the idea of purpose, we are entitled to say that reality as a whole must be interpreted from the new point of view of an immanent teleology. It is only by an artificial truncation of reality, such as is a necessary device in the pursuit of the physical sciences, that we are led to suppose that nature is merely a mechanical system. The peculiar phenomena of living beings compel us to revise our first inadequate view, and to say that real existence is not merely a me-

chanical but a teleological system. Having gone so far, we can hardly refuse to take the last step, and admit that the existence of self-conscious beings again compels us to revise our view of reality, and to admit that the only completely satisfactory explanation of it is that which refers the world to a self-conscious, rational, and spiritual principle.\*

\* Though I still think that teleology may be established simply from the principle of natural selection, I have, in this second edition, sought to show that, if we accept the view of those biologists who hold that organic evolution involves other factors,—a view with which I agree, so far as a layman in science has any right to an opinion,—the argument receives additional strength. See Chapter IX.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FAILURE OF MATERIALISM

IN the last chapter we have been mainly occupied in the consideration of certain inadequate conceptions of reality which are the natural result of a limited view of the world. Success in the pursuit of any one of the special sciences demands intense concentration of energy, and almost inevitably leads those engaged in it to overlook other aspects of reality without which a consistent view of the world as a whole is impossible. In the present chapter it is proposed to consider what is really a metaphysical doctrine, though it is apt to claim for itself the combined authority of all the sciences. This doctrine, to which the general name of Materialism may be given, is now, as it always has been, connected with the belief in the existence and indestructibility of certain ultimate particles

or atoms. It maintains, in the words of Haeckel, that "all natural phenomena without exception, from the motion of the celestial bodies and the fall of the rolling stone up to the growth of the plant and the consciousness of man, are subject to the same great law of causation, being ultimately reducible to atomic mechanics."\* It is obvious that such a theory as this, when pressed to its logical consequences, is incompatible with the conception of any reality which cannot be resolved into ultimate atoms and the forces which operate between them, and is therefore diametrically opposed to the idealistic view, that the world is the expression of self-conscious reason.

The conception that there are indivisible and indestructible atoms, and that all the changes which take place in the world are ultimately reducible to the transposition of these atoms, seems to me merely a survival of our first uncritical interpretation of experience. It is supposed that there exist an infinite number of particular things, lying side

\* Haeckel, *Freie Wissenschaft und freie Lehre*, pp. 9, 10.

by side in space, each of which has an independent existence and a peculiar nature which is inseparable from it. Those things no doubt enter into relations with one another, and are therefore subject to change; but these relations and changes do not affect their real nature. Now science, in its efforts to determine the essential properties of things, soon discovers that it must abstract from the immediate sensible properties which they seem to possess, and concentrate its attention upon those fixed relations between things, which are constant in all their changes, and can be expressed in precise mathematical formulæ. If the new conception of reality demanded by this changed point of view were frankly accepted, the assumption of the independent existence and nature of particular things would be discarded, and the world would now be regarded as a system of mutually related elements, none of which has any reality apart from the rest. But there are two reasons why this conclusion is received with hesitation. In the first place, it is instinctively felt that the reality of a thing can-

not be resolved entirely into its relations to other things: that, in Mr. Balfour's words, "it is hard to see how it is possible to conceive a universe in which nothing is to be permitted for the relations to subsist between." The truth lying at the basis of this conviction, as I have already tried to show, is, that the world must be conceived of as an individual system, in which the distinguishable elements do indeed possess reality, but not separate and independent existence. But this truth is apt to be misinterpreted to mean that each element has a residuum of reality after all its relations to other things have been set aside. Hence, secondly, it comes to be supposed that there are real things, which, though they are destitute of all sensible qualities, are yet separate and independent, and possess an absolutely unchanging nature. Finding that all sensible objects are capable of indefinite division and transformation, the scientific man is apt to assume that this division and transformation must stop somewhere, and hence that bodies are composed of indivisible and unchangeable atoms. These, then, are the real

or substantial things. The relations into which they enter in their intercourse with one another do not affect the atoms themselves. Atomism thus retains the original assumption of common sense, that there are real individual things which are unaffected by the accidental or unessential changes which they undergo, merely substituting invisible atoms for ordinary sensible objects. This doctrine is not Materialism, but it is the foundation of the simplest and most consistent form of Materialism.

Atomism, both in its ordinary form and in the more refined theory of Lord Kelvin, seems to me to involve the fallacy of substantiating an abstraction. If we attempted to determine the nature of a centre apart from a circumference, we should manifestly fall into the mistake of assuming that a centre is conceivable apart from a circumference; an assumption which is as absurd as to suppose that a stick may have only one end, or that a thing may have an inside without an outside. A centre is relative to a circumference, one end of a stick to the other end, an in-

side to an outside. Now the same principle applies in the determination of the physical world: *mass* is real, but it is no more conceivable apart from force or motion than a centre apart from a circumference. Separate mass from motion, either actual or possible, and it can neither be known nor thought. Why is it affirmed by the man of science that "mass" is a necessary element in the world as known to us? The answer is, that if we take any two bodies of the same volume and the same degree of solidity and impenetrability, it is found that they may differ in their accelerations, or changes of motion, under the action of the same force or the transference of the same motion. "Mass," in other words, is but another name for "inertia." The measure of mass is the amount of force or motion which must be communicated to a given body in order to produce a determinable rate of acceleration or deflection, and the measure of a force is the rate of change of momentum. There is therefore no inertia apart from force or motion; the inertia and the force are correlative. Mass and motion



are no doubt real, but they are real only in union with each other. It is also true that without these inseparable elements there would be no reality whatever, just as there can be no reality apart from the spatial and temporal relations which they presuppose. Hence it is utterly illegitimate to separate mass and motion, and to suppose that either could exist without the other: they are correlative aspects of that system of bodies which we call the physical universe, but apart from that system or from each other they have no meaning whatever. For just as mass has no reality except in union with force, so force has no reality apart from mass. If we suppose the mass of a body reduced to zero, any force must produce a motion infinitely great, and the body would be everywhere, *i.e.* nowhere. The atomic doctrine, in substantiating mass or inertia, and conceiving it as an independent reality, contradicts the fundamental ideas of science. There are in the physical world no ultimate unchangeable units: there is a perpetual transformation of energy, and in this transformation its total

quantity is constant, but this constancy is due, not to the unchangeability of ultimate units, but to the perfect correlation of the distinguishable elements of mass and motion. The mass of a body is always relatively, but not absolutely, the same; the energy of a material configuration is constant, but it is the constancy of a balanced system.

It follows, from what has been said, that the physical sciences, in virtue of the fundamental ideas with which they operate, are limited to that aspect of the world in which it is conceived of as a mechanical system, *i.e.* a system in which nothing is considered except mass and motion. Hence the laws of physical science cannot explain what is characteristic of living and conscious beings,—unless, indeed, the activities of these beings can be expressed in terms of mass and motion. But, as the sentence quoted from Haeckel shows, there is a class of thinkers who maintain that not merely the growth of the plant and the sensitivity of the animal, but even the consciousness of man, must ultimately be “reduced to atomic mechanics.” It is this

application of the atomic doctrine which is usually called Materialism. In the scientific sense of the term, Materialism is the doctrine that the ultimate elements of the world are mass and motion, a doctrine which naturally suggests the philosophical theory that all the phenomena of the world must be explained by these elements alone. Many thinkers, however, who maintain the scientific doctrine, refuse to draw the necessary inference from it, preferring to say that matter and mind are parallel and independent, but equally real. How this modified form of Materialism arises in the effort to avoid the difficulties of the more logically consistent form, we shall immediately see; at present I propose to consider Materialism in its extreme form, as formulated by such men as Büchner and Max Nordau.

Materialism, as thus understood, maintains that mental processes are, in reality, physical processes, the former being in the last analysis functions of the nervous system. The antecedent and concomitant phenomena of conscious states are certain physiological processes in the brain and nervous system,

and these states must therefore be regarded as a special form of motion, which does not differ in kind from other forms of motion, and is, therefore, subject to the law of the conservation of energy. Sensation is that mode of motion which arises in the brain as the result of the stimulation of a peripheral organ; impulse is the translation of a movement in the brain into the movement of muscular fibres.

In dealing with this theory, the first thing we have to do is to be perfectly clear as to what it means. Does it mean (1) that mental processes are the *effect* of physical processes? or (2) that mental processes are *themselves* physical processes? These two views are by no means identical, and yet no clear distinction is drawn between them by the exponents of Materialism. Büchner, for example, tells us that "matter in motion acts on the mind through the mediation of the sense-organs, and causes motion in it," and that "this in turn produces material movements in nerves and muscles." The meaning of this statement would seem to be that mental states

are the *effect* of movements in the brain, but are distinct from those movements. But we find in this writer another class of statements, in which mental processes are identified with physical states of the brain. Thus he says: "Thought can and must be regarded as a special form of the general motion of nature, which is as peculiar to the substance of the central nerve-elements as contraction is to the muscles, or the motion of light to the world-ether." In support of this conclusion he appeals to the experiments which show that mental processes require time for their occurrence. The "necessary conclusion follows that the psychical act, or act of thought, occurs in an extended, impenetrable and composite substratum, and that such an act is, therefore, nothing but a form of movement." \*

Now if Materialism is understood to mean that thought is simply a movement in the brain, it does not seem worth one's while wasting many words in refutation of it.

\* Büchner's *Kraft und Stoff*, as quoted in Paulsen's *Introduction to Philosophy*, Am. tr., p. 81.

Whatever thought is, it is certainly not motion. No doubt mental processes occupy time, but it is absurd to assume that nothing occupies time except that which is in motion. Time is a form in which all changes occur, and as mental processes involve change they of course occupy time; but, unless on the untenable supposition that the only possible form of change is motion, there is no reason whatever for affirming that mental processes are movements. To this view it is sufficient to answer, with Professor Paulsen, that "thought is *not* motion, but thought."\* And yet it will be found that the main strength of Materialism lies in the assumption that thought is a mode of motion. For it is maintained that to mental as well as physical processes the law of the conservation of energy is applicable; and that law, as we have seen, has no meaning except as applied to the relative movements of bodies.

If, then, thought is not a mode of motion, the only refuge of Materialism is to say that physical movements are related to mental pro-

\* Paulsen's *Introduction to Philosophy*, p. 83.

cesses as cause to effect. Now if we adopt this view, we must surrender the doctrine of the conservation of energy. According to that doctrine, all energy manifests itself in motion, and only upon this supposition can it be shown to be incapable of increase or diminution. But if nervous movement is the cause of sensation, in the latter a new product is generated which is distinct from the former; and this requires us to suppose that, in addition to the energy expended in producing the nervous movement, there is another source of energy in the universe. Materialism, however, cannot admit the existence of more than one form of energy without becoming dualistic, and hence it must maintain that nervous energy is transformed into sensation, in the same way as mechanical energy is transformed into heat or light. But in that case the total quantity of energy in the universe must be lessened by the amount transformed into sensation, and the law of the conservation of energy will break down when it is applied to the total process of motion, actual and possible, as exhibited in a physical system. We are

therefore reduced to this alternative: either there are two sources of energy in the universe,—one giving rise to mental states and the other to motion,—or the scientific doctrine of the conservation of energy is false. If we adopt the former view, we must abandon the theory of the interaction of physical and mental processes, and maintain that there is no causal relation between them; if we adopt the latter view, the whole superstructure of physical science falls to pieces. It was not to be expected that the very foundation upon which science rests should be abandoned, and hence we find that, though they unwarrantably continue to speak of body acting upon mind, the advocates of Materialism are usually led to put forward a doctrine which is really a surrender of Materialism,—the doctrine that mental states are not *effects*, but *concomitants*, of nervous movements. In this way they seek to maintain the constancy of the total quantity of energy without doing open violence to the nature of mind. Is it true, then, that mind is merely something which accompanies, without influencing or



being influenced by nervous movements? Do mental processes, in other words, lie entirely outside the chain of physical events, corresponding to, but entirely independent of them? This is the view maintained by Clifford, who writes: "The two things are on two utterly different platforms—the physical facts go along by themselves, and the mental facts go along by themselves. There is a parallelism between them, but there is no interference of one with the other. . . . The mind, then, is to be regarded as a stream of feelings, which runs parallel to and simultaneous with a certain part of the action of the body."

It seems obvious that, on this theory, there are in the universe two independent sources of energy,—that which manifests itself in physical changes, and that which is expressed in mental changes. And these two series of changes, though they have no connexion with each other, are yet precisely correspondent: so that we must assume a pre-established harmony between them. We thus reach the strange conclusion that two absolutely independent series, in some utterly

inexplicable way, always change concurrently. But if each series is entirely independent of the other, the physical changes would evidently be precisely what they are, even were there no mental changes: and, conversely, the mental changes would go on even if the physical changes were annihilated. This conclusion is so paradoxical, that we cannot be surprised to find an attempt made to show that, though the two series are distinct, they yet are inseparably associated, so that neither takes place apart from the other. "When any one is pleased, stimulated, cheered, by food, wine, or bracing air," says Professor Bain, "we call the influence physical; it operates on the viscera, and through these upon the nerves, by a chain of sequence purely physical. When one is cheered by good news, by a pleasing spectacle, or by a stroke of success, the influence is mental; sensation, thought, and consciousness are part of the chain; although these cannot be sustained without their physical basis. The proper physical fact is a single, one-sided objective fact; the mental fact is a two-sided fact, one

of its sides being a train of feelings, thoughts, or other subjective elements." \*

Here it is implied that conscious acts are only occasional concomitants of nerve-changes. Up to a certain point there is a single physical series, then the series becomes two-sided, and once more it becomes single. What, then, gives rise to the *mental* side of the twofold fact? It cannot be the physical energy of the organism, for that energy expresses itself only in motion. Hence the mental aspect must be due to a new source of energy, entirely independent of the physical. But this brings us back to the old difficulty of two parallel and independent series, corresponding but having no real connexion with each other. To speak of these two series as *identical* is to use words without meaning; it is, in fact, to affirm identity and separation at the same time.

We have now dealt with the various forms which Materialism assumes, and in every case we have found that it leads to insuperable difficulties. (1) A consistent Materialism is forced to the conclusion that mental processes

\* Bain's *Mind and Body*, p. 134.

are not different in their fundamental nature from physical processes, but, like them, are a mode of motion. This doctrine explains mental processes by assuming that they are what they manifestly are not. (2) Hence Materialism is led to maintain that acts of mind, while they are not movements, are effects of movement. But this view is incompatible with the scientific principle of the conservation of energy. (3) To obviate this objection it is affirmed that mental and physical processes are entirely independent of each other, and yet perfectly correspond. (4) But some explanation of this correspondence is required, and it is suggested that mental acts and nerve-changes are a single fact with two "faces" or "aspects." This doctrine, however, does not get rid of the difficulty that mental acts are an entirely different product from physical movements, and must therefore be referred to an independent source of energy. Thus we are driven back upon the theory of parallelism, — the theory that there are two independent streams of changes, which have no known connexion with each other, and which there-

fore, to all intents and purposes, constitute two separate and independent worlds. Under the stress of this difficulty, writers like Mr. Spencer take refuge in the idea of a reality, to us unknown, and even unknowable, which manifests itself in two disparate ways, but which in itself is an absolute unity. Such a view leads to the conclusion that our intelligence is by its very nature incapable of reducing to unity the two independent spheres of mind and nature. We are, indeed, compelled to assume that *in itself* reality is one, but the limitations of our knowledge prevent us from understanding how it can be one. We are, in fact, asked to admit that what appears to us as absolutely distinct is yet somehow, we know not how, absolutely identical. This is nothing less than the assumption that our intelligence is in contradiction with itself: that in the region of knowledge we find an absolute dualism which can never be overcome, while yet reality, as it is in itself, must by its very nature transcend that dualism. Surely it is a much less intolerable alternative to suppose that the asserted "fundamental incohe-

rence" in our knowledge is due, not to the nature of knowledge itself, but to a false theory of knowledge. We have therefore to ask whether the unity of knowledge cannot be preserved at a less cost than the sacrifice of all knowledge of reality. Is it true that mind and nature are absolute opposites, and that we can only maintain their ultimate unity by a leap into the dark abyss of the unknowable? Can we say nothing of reality except that we can say nothing of it?

Now we have seen that the scientific view of the world rests upon the two ideas of mass and motion, and that these two ideas are strictly correlative. There are no independent realities corresponding to the conception of ultimate atoms: there is but one system of nature, in which each element possesses reality only in its relations to other elements. But this idea of a system of mutually related elements still leaves us with a very inadequate comprehension of reality as a whole. As Materialism is forced to admit, there lie outside of it the whole of the mental processes since the system of nature is limited to those

changes which are expressible in some form of motion. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the conception of nature as a system of actual and possible movements presupposes a unity of a deeper and more comprehensive kind. The inadequacy of the scientific view, when it is taken as an ultimate explanation of reality, it is not hard to show. That view explains all the changes which occur in the world by referring them to other changes. But in this way we are referred from one change to another, without ever reaching an ultimate explanation. We fall into an infinite series, whether we attempt to reach completeness in the way of coexistence or of succession: the world of nature, as we soon discover, has no completeness either in extension or in time; we cannot find an infinitely small or an infinitely large unit, nor can we find an absolute beginning or end in the process of the world. The true reality, as we are forced to conclude, is only partially apprehended when it is conceived as a mechanical system. It is, however, a fundamental mistake to fall back upon the idea of an indefinable

something—we know not what—lying *beyond* the system of nature; for on that supposition, the system of nature is a pure illusion; what we must hold is, that a conception of the orderly process of change, as presupposing constant relations in the way of quantity, is the first inadequate grasp of the truth that the universe is a rational or intelligible system. Thus, on the one hand, the scientific conception of the world is partial or relative, while, on the other hand, it is absolute in the sense that the fixed relations of moving bodies to one another must be presupposed in any true theory of the universe. The tacit presupposition of science is that the world is one, and yet the unity which it reaches is never complete. Thus, it may be fairly said that the scientific view of the world contradicts itself. The contradiction, however, springs from the struggle between the explicit conception of the world as defined in the idea of energy, and a deeper conception of it which is only implicit. For, though the world as defined by science is not a complete unity, we cannot discard the presupposition that the world really is a com-



plete unity without falling into hopeless inconsistency. It is impossible for us to know that the universe is not a unity, since we cannot lift ourselves out of the universe we know, any more than we can jump over our own heads. What we have to observe, therefore, is, that the scientific view of the world as an ordered system of movements presupposes a single principle to which all movements must be referred. We have experience of certain changes, which are relative to other changes, but ultimately all these changes imply a principle of change which is self-originating. This self-active source of all motion is tacitly implied in the doctrine of the conservation of energy. Energy manifests itself as a perpetual process in varying forms of motion, but these manifestations in no way diminish or exhaust it. Present in all these forms, it yet remains identical with itself, or perpetually goes out of itself without losing its self-identity. Thus, while the doctrine of the conservation of energy emphasises the permanence of energy in all the changes of the world, it yet tacitly implies the outgoing of energy in an eternal process of

change. Now it is this latent aspect of the doctrine which is brought to light and emphasised in the principle of evolution. The transition from the one idea to the other, which has taken place in the development of modern thought, is therefore not an accident, but is itself an illustration of the evolution of ideas. It will, therefore, be advisable to consider what are the philosophical implications of the evolutionary view of the world.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE IDEALISTIC INTERPRETATION OF NATURAL EVOLUTION

THAT the doctrine of the conservation of energy naturally leads on to the idea of the world as involving a process of development, is instinctively felt even by those who are the most ardent adherents of the atomic or mechanical theory of the world. Thus Tyndall, who firmly believed that atoms were "real things," and spoke of the "clear, sharp, mechanically intelligible atomic theory," yet "discerned," in what he calls "matter," "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." Now it is obvious that if "matter" is conceived of as ultimate indivisible atoms, it cannot contain the "promise and potency" of anything whatever. For the very conception of such atoms implies that, in all the changes of the world, they are absolutely

unchangeable. They were present in the primitive nebulous mist in the same unchanging rigidity and completeness as now, and they must remain unaltered so long as the world endures. They are, in the language of Mr. Balfour Stewart, "immortal beings," and indeed the only "immortal beings" of which the atomic doctrine has any knowledge. There is, therefore, on this view no possibility of "matter" developing into anything; what it is in the beginning it must remain to the end.

It may perhaps be answered that what Tyndall meant to say was, that the primitive atoms were capable of ever new transpositions and groupings, and that "every form and quality of life" arises in this way. But even if we admit that there is nothing in the nature of a living organism which cannot be explained in terms of atoms and their relative movements,—a very large admission, indeed,—the atomic doctrine is confessedly incompetent to account for the simplest mental act. This is maintained by Tyndall himself, when he tells us that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of conscious-

ness is unthinkable." But if there is an impassable gulf between physical and mental changes, how can it possibly be affirmed that "matter" contains "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life"? Is it not obvious that what is here called "matter" is a name for reality as a whole? What Tyn-dall must mean is that the world, even in its earliest form, contains implicitly all that is involved in its subsequent stages. We have therefore to ask what is implied in this new way of regarding the world. This question has, to some extent, been dealt with in connexion with the doctrine of Natural Selection; but it is proposed in this chapter to examine the scientific doctrine of evolution in its widest sense, as held by those thinkers who seek to connect the successive stages in the history of the world in an unbroken series, and who deny that Natural Selection of itself is adequate to the explanation of biological evolution.

The principle of evolution, it is held, when it is taken in a sufficiently comprehensive sense, explains the whole process of the world. The present universal cosmical order has been

gradually evolved. The details of the process are not precisely known, but the generally accepted view is that known as the Nebular Hypothesis, which explains the origin of the present stellar, solar, planetary, satellitic, and meteoric systems in accordance with known laws of motion. This first stage of evolution, which may be called the cosmical, was followed by the chemical stage. In the former, the action of chemical affinity was prevented by the dissociative activity of intense primal heat; but as the earth gradually cooled, chemical affinity came into play, and compounds were formed. By repeated combinations and recombinations, these compounds became more complex and unstable, and finally resulted in protoplasm, the most complex and unstable of all known substances. Thus protoplasm is the last product of chemical evolution, and the beginning of organic evolution. The third phase of evolution consists in the new process of organisation, which is effected by the co-operation of at least five factors, and results in the gradual formation of higher and higher forms, culminating in man. These factors are :

(1) the pressure of a changing environment, (2) use and disuse of organs, (3) natural selection, (4) sexual selection, (5) physiological selection. The last phase of evolution is that of human progress, which is distinguished from the others in being rational or self-conscious.\*

I propose to ask what are the philosophical implications of this doctrine, admitting the scientific evidence for it to be satisfactory. If it is accepted, there can be no doubt that it makes the purely mechanical or materialistic conception of the world incredible. For, whereas in the mechanical theory all the changes in the world are reduced to ultimate atoms and their movements, in the evolutionist view we must maintain that the world can be explained only by conceiving it as a unity which contains within itself the principle of its own development. There was a time, it is held, when chemical action was in abeyance. This state of things was followed by the opera-

\* The details of this evolutionary process are given with great clearness and impressiveness by Dr. Le Conte in the *Monist*, for July, 1895, pp. 481-500.

tion of chemical affinity and the formation of compounds. It is thus obvious that we can no longer speak of the world as a mechanical system, but only as a system which is at once mechanical and chemical. Hence the attempt to explain the world on purely mechanical principles must necessarily end in failure. But this attempt is made by those who hold that all forms of existence are reducible to "atomic mechanics." The evolutionist view, on the contrary, admitting that the world originally appeared as a mechanical system, holds that it developed into a system in which a new form of energy came into play,—the energy of chemical affinity. Now this new form of energy is not added from without, but is involved in the system of the universe; and hence we must hold that the world is a self-developing unity,—a unity which is not a dead unchanging identity, but an identity which originates new forms of energy. The idea of evolution, in other words, combines the ideas of identity and difference, and combines them in such a way that the identity originates the difference, without ceasing to be identity.



There is thus at once differentiation and integration, with the result that the world exhibits more perfect unity and greater variety. And if we follow the process of evolution into its next stage, we find the same truth exemplified. Chemical compounds are succeeded by organisms, which are self-maintaining and self-propagating. But, according to the evolutionist doctrine, this new form of energy is involved in the one single system, and to that system we must attribute the power of creating life. Nor can we identify life with chemical affinity, much less with mechanical force: we can only state the facts by saying that, as the world develops from a mechanical into a chemical system, so it develops from a chemical into an organic system. It is thus manifest that we can discover the true nature of the world only by following it through all its phases, and that the attempt to define it in its completeness by leaving out the later and more developed forms can only result in a partial and distorted conception of its real nature. Upon such an abstract view Materialism is based, and hence an evolutionistic Materialism is a contradiction in

terms. This will become still clearer if we consider what is implied in the various so-called "factors" of organic evolution.

(1) The first "factor" is said to be the "pressure of a changing environment." Now it should be observed that the "changing environment" must not be conceived as acting upon the living being in a purely mechanical way. When it is said that the changes of function and structure are "produced" by the environment, the whole effect seems to be ascribed to the environment. For the special purposes of biology this may be adequate, but in seeking to interpret the fact in its full significance, we must remember that the effect would not take place at all, unless the thing acted upon were a living being, and indeed a living being having a certain specific nature. The true "cause," therefore, is not the environment, but the environment as relative to the specific nature of the living being. There is, in fact, no "environment" apart from the living being. What is really meant by the "pressure of a changing environment" is the change which takes place in a living being under certain con-

ditions, internal and external; in other words, the adaptability of a living being to changing conditions. But this adaptability implies the capacity on the part of the living being of maintaining itself under changing conditions, or its power of recovering itself from the action upon it of forces that would otherwise destroy it. Thus the seemingly mechanical relation of organism and environment is not really mechanical: it differs from mechanism in implying a tendency to individuation or self-maintenance. Apart from this tendency,—which Plato and Aristotle called the “idea” or “form,”—there is no life; and hence to speak of the “pressure of a changing environment” is really to imply that a living being converts the environment into the means of its own life.

(2) The second “factor” employed in explanation of the evolution of living beings is that of “use and disuse.” Here again the biologist naturally looks at the question from the point of view of external causation. What he wishes to explain is the fact that organs increase or diminish, and it is enough for him to point to the fact that the change is

concurrent with use or disuse, and may be partially transmitted to descendants. But it is none the less true, that the use or disuse of an organ is but another aspect of that tendency to self-maintenance or individuation which we have already seen to be inseparable from the living being. It has indeed been even said that the use of an organ implies "consciousness and volition." To this statement I should demur, on the ground that "consciousness" and "volition" only exist where the knowing or willing subject distinguishes itself from the object known or willed, whereas organs are used by living beings which make no such distinction. But what is meant probably is, that no living being uses or disuses an organ except under the impulse to self-maintenance. The use or disuse of an organ implies that the being possessing it is an individual with a differentiation of parts, enabling it to make the environment an instrument of its own life. It is in the effort after self-maintenance that the living being uses an organ, and it is because an organ has ceased to minister to that end that it ceases to be

used and finally disappears or becomes rudimentary. It thus seems to me that the two first "factors" are in essence the same. The pressure of the environment is at bottom the same principle of adaptation to external conditions as the use or disuse of an organ, the latter being merely a more specific case of the former.

(3) Natural selection, unlike the first two factors, brings into prominence the connexion of living beings with one another. By the principle of inheritance certain variations occur in offspring, and where they are favourable to the existence of the beings possessing them, these beings tend to survive and to perpetuate the variations in their descendants. After what has been said above,\* the reader need only be reminded that natural selection presupposes the tendency to self-maintenance and the adaptability of the organism to the environment, and therefore the evolution of ever higher forms of being. For though the variations in offspring are due to obscure conditions, no one doubts that the conditions are

\* Chapter VII., pp. 181-191.

there, and are therefore inseparable from the system of nature. There is nothing "fortuitous" in the variations which arise from inheritance, in the conditions which make certain variations favourable to the perpetuation of the beings possessing them, or in the transmission of such variations when they occur.

(4) The factor of "sexual selection" is manifestly a special way in which the higher evolution of living beings is secured and perpetuated. It operates only in the higher animals, and therefore appears only in the later stages of biological evolution. It does not seem to me to involve "consciousness and will," in the sense in which we employ these terms in speaking of man, but it certainly involves feeling and impulse. The animal is the medium of the tendency to race-maintenance and to the perpetuation of higher forms. Here, in fact, we see the tendency to the evolution of more perfect beings becoming, so to speak, inward,—a tendency which is exemplified in the whole process of evolution.

(5) The last factor, the "segregation of varieties within the limits of inter-fertility," brings into prominence the fact that there is a fixed limit to the possible varieties of living being. The unity of nature not only implies the development of ever higher forms of being, but it also implies a formative tendency which operates in fixed ways, and tends to that individuation of type which is as essential to an organic system as the tendency to the formation of new types. Thus we are once more brought to the conclusion that nothing in nature is merely accidental; that, on the contrary, wide as is the range of possible variations, there are fixed limits which cannot be transcended; in other words, that living beings only differ from lower forms of existence in being the embodiment of a higher and more complex law.

To the question whether we can speak of the various stages of evolution as differing in *kind*, or only in *degree*, it has been answered that what we call a difference in kind is merely a "great difference in degree." This seems to me only a half-truth. The distinction, for

example, between human progress and animal evolution cannot be called merely a difference in degree, because the former is possible only under condition of the formation of ideals. This point will be considered more particularly in the next chapter; meantime it may serve to show that in the process of evolution there are well-marked stages which cannot be explained away. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the principle of evolution does not allow us to interpolate arbitrary breaks in the process of the world. If evolution fails at one point, it logically fails at all points. At the same time the principle of evolution does not demand that the transition from one stage to another should occur without qualitative differentiation. The world is an organic system, but for that very reason its various members are qualitatively distinct. It is the same principle which expresses itself in all the phases which we distinguish, and which have presented themselves one after the other, but we cannot resolve the later and higher phase into the earlier and lower. For the higher does not abolish the lower, but in-



corporates it in a higher unity. Hence the later phase introduces a new element not found in the earlier. Any attempt to resolve the one into the other will simply abolish the distinction between them, and the whole idea of evolution will disappear. If chemical affinity introduces no element not already present in mechanical force, there is no distinction between them, and therefore no evolution. There can, in fact, be no evolution unless there is progressive differentiation. Neglect of this distinction leads to some such doctrine as that of Leibnitz, which rests upon the idea of preformation rather than evolution, and all the attempts of recent speculators to prove the rationality of the world by a revival of monadism, seem to me an abortive effort to abolish the qualitative distinctions without which there can be no genuine organic unity of the world. It is true, on the other hand, that the progressive differentiation exhibited in the process of the world does not destroy the unity of the whole; it is the same unity which is revealed in the earlier as in the later stages, but this unity only reveals its perfection as it gradually

unfolds itself. In the cosmical stage of evolution we have the unity of a mechanical system, in which every part exhibits the equal and indifferent stress of gravitation; in the chemical stage, there is a selective activity of certain elements for one another; in the biological stage, the principle of individuation prevails, at first in an uncertain and indefinite way, and then, as we rise in the scale of life, in a more and more perfect form.

It thus appears that the attempt to reduce the successive phases in the evolution of the world to a distinction of degree is due to the false assumption that the later stage contains nothing which is not already operative in the earlier stage, whereas evolution by its very nature consists in progressive specification. The unity which evolution demands is origina-tive or creative: it is a unity which by its own self-activity generates new forms of reality. Nor need we shrink from admitting such a unity, when we consider that, even if we confine our attention to the cosmical stage, we are ultimately compelled to refer the process of change which is perpetually going on in the

world to an eternal, self-active, and creative energy. This is the truth which lies at the basis of the theological doctrine, that the conservation of the world is a continual creation. The mechanical doctrine, which hypostatizes "matter," seems to get rid of this self-determining principle only because it assumes the eternity of "matter"; but as "matter" is nothing but an aspect of the changing world, unwarrantably substantiated as an independent reality by the analytic activity of thought,—that "tremendous power which gives life to the dead," as Hegel well calls it,\* — we are entitled to say that in its isolation it is pure nothing. What we actually know is a world in which there is perpetual change, yet no exhaustion of energy; a world, in other words, which exists only because there is an infinite source of energy which is eternal and indestructible. This being so, the process of evolution merely makes more explicit the nature of that inexhaustible energy which reveals itself, not only in the constancy of mechanical force, but in the origination of new forms of finite reality, as exhibited in

\* Hegel's *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, p. 25.

chemical affinity and in the production of higher and higher modes of life.

It is evident from what has been said, that any one who properly realises what the principle of evolution involves has transcended the whole point of view which is occupied by the special sciences, including the science of biology. For the object of these sciences is to explain the special conditions under which certain changes occur. It is true that science is implicitly beyond itself, if one may put the matter in this paradoxical way. The presupposition of every science, not excluding that which operates with the mechanical ideas of mass and motion, is that there is one system, within which all changes occur, and apart from which they could not take place. But though this is the presupposition of all the sciences, it is not made a definite object of reflection. It is for this reason that the scientific man is apt to endorse a philosophical view of the world, which, if it were true, would make an end of his science. Occupied in tracing the transformation of one form of energy into another, he is led to suppose that he can apply the same method of

explanation to the whole, and hence he treats the world as if it involved no principle of unity. The same method is applied to living beings, with the result that no differences are found in them but those of degree of complexity. He *speaks* of the evolution of living beings, but he *thinks* of it as simply the successive appearance of new and more complex beings, produced by the mechanical interaction of the organism and the environment. Now the principle of evolution, when we recognise what it really implies, compels us to view the process of the world in an entirely different way. Instead of looking at the successive forms which arise one after the other, and dealing only with their external relations to the environment, we have to conceive the whole process as the development of one principle, the true nature of which can be understood only in the final form which it assumes. From this vantage-ground, we look back upon the various stages in the process, and view them as steps towards a predetermined goal. Thus it becomes evident that the meaning of the earliest stage is partially revealed in the stage which succeeds it, and that

ultimately the last stage explains all the rest. Hence none of the earlier stages can be regarded as expressing the nature of the whole, while yet each is a prophecy of the next. The mechanical view of the world is therefore inadequate, not merely because it fails to explain the highest stage, but because it fails to explain even the lowest stage. Just because it treats the lowest stage as if it were ultimate, it fails to grasp the truth that this stage is but the imperfect revelation of a principle not fully disclosed. When we look at the matter in this way, we see that cosmic evolution is the first step toward the creation of forms which contain in themselves the explicit meaning of the whole. Hence we find, as we should expect, that the higher animals already suggest that self-conscious comprehension of the meaning of the world, which is characteristic of man; nay, the whole creation "groans and travails" toward the goal which in man is attained in idea. In the cosmical stage, the principle of unity manifests itself in the law of gravitation, by which every particle is kept in its place; in the second stage, it is seen in the more explicit

form of chemical compounds; in the plant and animal, we have the unity of an organism; in man, we find the unity of a personal self. We have therefore to ask what is implied in this last and highest stage of evolution.

## CHAPTER X

### IDEALISM AND HUMAN PROGRESS

IF the philosophical interpretation of evolution which has been outlined in the preceding chapter is sound, it is obvious that there is no escape from the conclusion that the world must be conceived as in its temporal process the gradual manifestation of a principle which is at least an ever-living and self-determining reality, and that these finite forms of reality, as they successively emerge, assume more and more the form of an organic unity in which the life of the whole is realised in each. But though we are thus compelled to conceive the ultimate principle as creative and living, and therefore as so far truly revealed only in the highest form of life, we have not yet been led to maintain that it is self-conscious or rational. Only when we pass to man, the last term in



the process, do we begin to see that no other conception is adequate. The higher animals no doubt foreshadow the self-conscious reason of man, but there seems to me no evidence that they possess reason, in the sense that they are capable of comprehending the principle which gives meaning to nature in all its forms. No being can properly be called "rational" which is not capable of explicitly grasping the universal in the particular, or, what is the same thing, which is not capable of abstracting from the immediate life of feeling and making that life in its ideal tendency the object of intelligent purpose. Reason therefore implies the capacity in man of returning upon himself and making himself an object. And, as he cannot contemplate himself as an object without becoming aware that as an individual he is but a "part of this partial world," reason implies the more or less explicit consciousness of a unity which is the presupposition of all selves and all objects. These three ideas—the world, the self, and God—are inseparably united in the self-consciousness of man, and all human develop-

ment or progress consists in their progressive specification by reference to one another.

Now if it is true that the life of man is carried on in the medium of reason, it is obvious that human progress cannot be adequately interpreted by any theory which fails to allow for the transformation effected by the presence of reason. If the rational life consists in making the immediate life in its ideal tendency or meaning an object, the evolution of man begins on a higher level than the other stages of evolution which precede and prepare the way for it. As rational or self-conscious, human evolution not only cannot be explained mechanically, but it cannot even be explained biologically, especially when biology speaks in terms of mechanics. At the same time, the rational life of man rests upon and presupposes his natural life, and can be realised only by a comprehension of that life, and a subordination of it to ideas which are in harmony with the whole nature of things. The rational life thus implies insight into the laws of nature and of human nature, and this again means that it is social. We may

therefore say that the whole process of human evolution consists in the gradual realisation of reason in the individual and in society, and the gradual comprehension of the meaning of both when viewed in their relation to the world and God. The progress of man is thus from one point of view a transcendence of nature; from another point of view, it is simply the self-conscious development of the end toward which evolution was tending from the first. It is a transcendence of nature, because in grasping the meaning of natural law, including the law of his own sensitive life, man is enabled to create a higher nature within nature; it is a development of nature, because man is himself the highest product of nature, or rather of that universal principle which is manifested in nature. Nevertheless, we have to recognise that the higher life of humanity is not an original endowment, but must be won by continual toil and effort. The easy optimism, which finds the world a very comfortable and pleasant place to live in, is as superficial as the pessimism which condemns the world

because it is full of pain. No doubt the rational life must bring satisfaction, but only because it lifts man into union with the principle of all existence; and this elevation can only be the result of strenuous effort, involving the sacrifice of all that, however pleasant in itself, hinders the development of the race. The world is by its very nature fitted for the development of the rational life, but we must accept the conditions under which alone that life can be realised. The past history of man shows us that human progress is a continual subordination of the immediate conditions of life to higher ends. "Men in society," says Huxley, "are undoubtedly subject to the cosmic process. As among other animals, multiplication goes on without cessation and involves severe competition for the means of support. The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater, the

more rudimentary its civilisation. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who happen to be fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which exist, but of those which are ethically the best.”\* These are perhaps the wisest, as they are almost the latest, words which Huxley ever wrote. Without attempting to reconcile them with his other utterances, we may take them as a late admission that human progress is not a mechanical, but a rational process. If social progress consists in “checking the cosmic process,” there must be in man a higher nature which enables him to discover the hidden meaning of that process and to work in harmony with it. Hence I cannot endorse the language in which Huxley subsequently characterises the relation of man to the universe. “In man,” he says, “there lies a fund of energy, operating intelligently and so far akin to that which pervades the universe,

\* Huxley's *Evolution and Morality*, p. 32.

that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process. In virtue of his intelligence, the dwarf bends the Titan to his will."\* It is strange that a writer who comes so near to the idealistic conception of existence should fall back upon the agnostic idea of an inscrutable Power, which is conceived as irrational and hostile to man, though somehow man is so cunning as to outwit it. Is man, then, not the product of this Power? Could the "dwarf" bend the "Titan" to his will, if the "Titan" were determined to thwart him? Is it not manifest that, if man can subdue nature to himself, it must be because nature is meant to be subdued? The conception of a struggle between man and the principle which sustains human life as well as nature, involves the absurdity of a principle which is at war with itself. Obviously this new Manichæism is no more satisfactory than the old. The rational process of human life implies that nature and human nature are not opposed; in other words, that the principle manifested in both is reason.

\* *Ibid.* p. 35.

It may help to bring into clearer relief what is here contended, namely, that human progress consists in the gradual realisation of reason, if we consider the most recent attempt to interpret social evolution from the point of view of the biological law of natural selection. In his *Social Evolution*, Mr. Kidd claims to have discovered the "natural law" of human progress,—a law which he even thinks may effect as great a revolution in sociology as the law of gravitation in physical science. Man, he contends, is "absolutely subservient to a fundamental physiological law," the "law of retrogression"; and this law can be counteracted only by "the prevalence of conditions in which selection can prevail." Reason urges man to suspend the "struggle for existence," which is the necessary condition of progress; and were it not that religion proves too strong for reason, and "supplies the ultimate sanction for that effort and sacrifice necessary to the continuance of the process of evolution," the progress of man would be arrested.

(1) Mr. Kidd, then, contends that natural selection, which he identifies with a "struggle

for existence," is the sole principle of progress both in man and in beings lower than man. Now, even if it is admitted that natural selection is the sole factor in organic evolution, it is not hard to show that Mr. Kidd has interpreted it in a sense which entirely changes its meaning. Natural selection, in the biological sense, is a principle which operates independently of individual effort. It is based upon the inheritance of favourable characteristics, and the transmission of these to descendants. But human progress does not depend upon the inheritance and transmission of such characteristics, but upon the ideas developed by reason and communicated through the rational medium of language and social institutions. Strangely enough, Mr. Kidd himself enters into an elaborate argument to show that the development of reason is the necessary condition of progress, and yet he seems unaware that he has thus taken the ground from under his own feet. Reason is not accumulated by inheritance, but constitutes a spiritual medium which is independent of or rather transcends inheritance. And when Mr. Kidd



assumes that "natural selection" and "struggle for existence" are convertible terms, he is plainly confusing what is accidental with what is essential. In biological evolution it is true that numerous beings are sacrificed, but there is no "law of retrogression" such as Mr. Kidd invents to suit his preconceived theory. Beings "survive," not *because* of the "struggle for existence," but in *spite* of it, as is proved by the fact that in artificial selection, where individuals are placed in the most favourable conditions, the rate of progress is much more rapid than in nature, where the "struggle for existence" is unchecked. The development of higher and higher forms of being is due to the inheritance of favourable variations, and hence the law of biological evolution is a law of progress, not of retrogression. But even if it were true that living beings in a state of nature are subject to a "law of retrogression," it would not follow that man is under the same law; for the "advantages" which enable individuals and societies to progress are not inherited, but are developed and communicated irrespective of inheritance. No doubt,

in imperfect forms of society, the social heritage is communicated unequally, but in no form of society is the individual left to struggle with nature on the basis purely of his inherited tendencies. Even slaves participated in the advantages secured by the combined reason of the race.

(2) Mr. Kidd's special contribution to sociology, however, is his assertion that in man there are two opposite factors,—reason and religion,—and that progress consists in the subordination of the former to the latter. By “reason” Mr. Kidd means a purely intellectual faculty, the function of which is to determine what is of advantage to the individual, as distinguished from what is of advantage to the race. Man has certain natural inclinations, which are purely selfish; and reason points out the means by which these may be satisfied. Now it is of course true that reason enables a man to be selfish: it is, in fact, the prerogative of a rational being to be capable of selfishness. To be rational is to be a self, and to be a self is to be capable of selfishness. But no being is capable of

selfishness who is not also capable of unselfishness. When Mr. Kidd, like Hume, makes reason the "slave of the passions," he seems to be totally unaware that any one has ever challenged this palpable fallacy. The "passions," or "natural inclinations," are not selfish. It is only when they are interpreted by reason, or made a self-conscious end, that they become selfish. To eat when one is hungry is not selfish, but it may become an instance of selfishness if a man eats what belongs to somebody else. To be selfish or unselfish is, therefore, a rational form of activity, and is possible only to a rational being. Mr. Kidd first assumes the natural inclinations to be selfish, and then assumes that a rational being will forfeit his reason if he looks beyond his natural inclinations. But if he is rational, he must look beyond his natural inclinations; and when he does so, his reason will be of a very narrow and irrational type, if he is unable to learn from experience that he can find satisfaction only in the development of all his powers, and that this development is possible only by seeking the good of all. Moreover,

on Mr. Kidd's own showing, the natural inclinations of man have been inherited from his animal progenitors. But the animals care for others as well as themselves, and hence if reason is merely an instrument for the satisfaction of the natural wants, must its function not be as much social as selfish?

If Mr. Kidd's conception of "reason" is inadequate, how shall we characterise his idea of "religion," which he describes as "ultra-rational" or "supernatural"? These epithets do not mean, in Mr. Kidd's mouth, what they are apt to suggest to the unwary reader. Religion is not, in his view, of divine or ultra-human origin. "The religious feeling," as he explains, "is not only just as much a part of man's nature as any other, but it is the most characteristic part of it. . . . It is not beyond him: it is only beyond his reason."\* What, then, is religion? Finding the definitions hitherto given unsatisfactory, Mr. Kidd gives one of his own. "A religion is a form of belief, providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual

\* *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1895, p. 232, note.

where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing."\* Now, in the first place, this is not a definition of religion at all; it attempts to tell us what religion *does*, not what it *is*. But, secondly, the explanation of this defect is that religion is conceived simply as a blind impulse, and is therefore indefinable. For we are told that a religion "must necessarily maintain itself by what is often a vast system of beliefs and ordinances," but which "fall under the head of theology."† But when we have purified religion of all its "beliefs and ordinances," what remains? Obviously every *object* of religion will disappear, and in the absence of an object there can be nothing but an unreasoning impulse, operating blindly in the direction of the social good. It is not surprising that Mr. Kidd should speak of religion as "beyond reason"; one is only surprised that he did not describe it as "beneath reason."

\* Kidd's *Social Evolution*, p. 103.

† Ibid. p. 104.

Now we have already seen that "reason" is for Mr. Kidd the organ of the purely selfish inclinations. Combining our two results, we reach the conclusion that human progress is the resultant of two blind tendencies,—a selfish and a social,—the latter being stronger than the former. If this is true, we need not trouble ourselves about the future of the race, and indeed to do so would be superfluous, since the future will be determined by the stress of the stronger impulse. The only refutation such a doctrine needs is to be plainly stated. It would be hard to say whether in it reason or religion is most degraded; and, in truth, the degradation of the one is the necessary counterpart of the degradation of the other. Reason must be religious and religion rational, or human progress is inconceivable.

A clear conception of what is meant by calling man "rational" is so important that I may be excused for adding a few words on this point. It is a fundamental mistake to assume that "reason" is absolutely exclusive of *feeling*. To be "rational" is not to be a purely intellectual machine, the function of

which is to manipulate what Mr. Bradley calls "bloodless categories." Such a being cannot be conceived as even possible, for it is manifest that, having no interest in one object more than another, his intellect would never get into play at all. Nor, again, is "reason" exclusive of *will*: in truth, will is the activity of a rational being, and only of a rational being. Hence the fundamental mistake of writers like Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, who speak of the "will" of a plant or animal, and even of a stone, not seeing that no being has will that is not self-conscious. And of course "reason" implies *knowledge*, i.e. the conception of a real object as present to a subject. Thus "reason" involves the three correlative aspects of feeling, willing, and knowing; and no living being can be "rational," or indeed can be conceived, who merely feels, or merely knows, or merely wills. It is therefore manifest that "reason" is not a special faculty possessed by self-conscious beings, but expresses what is implied in their nature as self-conscious. And as in man self-consciousness is not an endowment, but a process, the

rational life is necessarily progressive. Complete self-consciousness is the goal of all human effort; and complete self-consciousness would consist in experiencing the world, the self, and God in the totality of their relations to one another. As none of these objects can be separated from the others, we are compelled to infer that the principle which gives meaning to all existence must be self-conscious or rational. And as this principle must be conceived as ultimate, the only conception of reality which is beyond doubt is that of a self-determining, self-conscious, and self-manifesting reason.

This conclusion, as it seems to me, cannot be avoided by any one who takes a comprehensive view of evolution. From the evolutionist point of view the meaning of the earlier stages must be interpreted in the light of the final stage, for it is only in the final stage that reality as a whole reveals what it truly is. But as the last stage, that of self-conscious reason, is inconceivable without the prior stages, we must refer these prior stages as well as the last to a single principle. Nor is it difficult to see that,



in a universe which is the expression of reason, the inviolability of natural law is a necessary presupposition. A universe without law is a contradiction in terms: it would be a universe in which there was no order or coherence. Reason, it is true, is not mere conformity to law, but without conformity to law there can be no reason. And as in the supreme rational principle there can be no evolution from a lower to a higher form, — which would involve the absurdity of an infinite principle which was finite, — there can be no evolution in the world which is inconsistent with the fundamental condition of there being a world at all, namely, that it must be a cosmos. It is the tacit recognition of this necessity of thought which leads the scientific man to attach so much importance to the inviolability of natural law. To deny that inviolability, as he feels, is to make all science impossible. Thus he conceives of nature as a system of laws, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. What dominates his mind is at bottom the same idea as that which in another form led the Hebrew prophet to speak of “the law of the Eternal.” But, as “natural

law" is, from the evolutionist point of view, nothing but a form in which the divine reason is partially expressed, it is obvious that it can no longer be regarded as an external necessity imposed upon man from without, to which he must submit because he cannot escape from its remorseless grasp. Why should he desire to escape from the very principle without which he could not even exist? Without the fixed order and system of physical nature, the subsequent stages of evolution would be impossible; and hence the attempt to find breaks in the order, or in the evolution of the world, is a blind attempt to convert the universe into chaos.

## CHAPTER XI

### IDEALISM AND CHRISTIANITY

THE conclusion to which we have been brought is that the ultimate conception by means of which existence must be explained is that of a self-conscious and self-determining principle. Now it is important to see precisely what is involved in this conception, and to remove from it all elements which are inconsistent with its purity and with the position assigned to it as the only adequate explanation of the world as a whole. A thorough discussion of this topic would demand a complete system of metaphysic, but it may be possible in brief compass to show the inadequacy of certain definitions of God or the absolute, and to indicate the definition which it would be the task of a completely reasoned system to establish. When this has been done, an attempt will be made

to give an outline of the relation of the world, and especially of man, to the absolute. A consideration of these two questions will of itself be sufficient to show that Idealism is in essential harmony with the Christian ideal of life, as held by the Founder of Christianity, however it may differ, at least in form, from popular Christian theology.

(1) The absolute is very inadequately conceived when it is defined simply as substance. This view is the inevitable result of opposing mind and nature, or thought and reality, to each other as abstract opposites. For, if mind excludes nature and nature mind, we are compelled to seek for the unity of both in that which is neither, but is something beyond both. This "something," however, cannot be further defined, and hence it remains for knowledge absolutely indeterminate. Now it is strangely supposed that such an elimination of the distinction of nature and mind is the logical result of the idealistic conception of the absolute. When it is maintained that there can be no abstract separation of mind and nature, subject and

object, it is argued that mind and nature are identified, and hence it is said that we must fall back upon a unity which is manifested indifferently in both. This objection seems to me to rest upon a misconception of what Idealism affirms. What is really maintained is that the conception of nature as an independent reality is a conception which, if taken in its strict sense, contradicts itself. If nature is an independent reality, it can have in it no principle of unity. For the highest principle by which it can be determined is that of the interdependence of its parts, and this principle still leaves the parts external to one another, while it explains the process of nature as the changes which are produced in each part by the action upon it of the others. But such a conception does not take us beyond the idea of an aggregate of parts only externally or mechanically related to one another. On the other hand, when mind is separated from nature, it can only be conceived as an abstract unity which, as having no differences within itself, must for ever remain in its abstractness. Now Idealism re-

fuses to admit that nature and mind are thus separated. It regards nature as the manifestation of mind, and mind as the principle of unity implied in nature. Hence, for the mechanical conception of nature as a system of interdependent parts undergoing correspondent changes, is substituted the organic idea of nature as a system which develops towards an end. This view transforms the conception of nature, not by denying that it is a system, but by regarding it as a system which is rational, and therefore is intelligible to all beings in whom reason operates. Now, if we have to interpret nature from the point of view of reason, the key to nature is to be found in mind. Hence the absolute cannot be adequately conceived merely as the unity which is beyond the distinction of nature and mind, but only as the unity which is implicit in nature and explicit in mind. When, therefore, we seek to determine the relation of particular forms of being to the absolute, the question is how far each is the explicit manifestation of rationality. No form of reality can be regarded as "mere

appearance," but only as the more or less adequate manifestation of the principle which is the source and explanation of all reality. When, therefore, we speak of an "individual" reality, we must remember that its individuality is constituted by its relation to the whole. On the other hand, an individual reality cannot be defined as nothing but the sum of its relations to other individual realities. The conception of reality as determined purely by the relations of one thing to another overlooks the principle of unity which is present in all alike. This is true even of inorganic things. Each atom of oxygen or hydrogen is nothing apart from its relations, but each participates in the universal, so that an atom of each is always determined by the relations into which it is capable of entering, while yet it manifests the character peculiar to all atoms of its own kind. The individuality in this case is of a very simple character. Much more obvious is the principle of individuality in the case of living beings, which do not persist in the same unchangeable relations, but exhibit a whole series of relations to the

environment. Hence we can only describe the nature of a living being by pointing out the cycle of changes through which it passes. The living being is thus distinguished from the non-living by the greater complexity of its relations, and by the more express exhibition of its individual unity. But it is especially in self-conscious beings that individuality and universality reach their higher stage. Speaking generally, we must therefore say that a being is more truly individual, the more perfectly it contains within itself the principle of the whole. We cannot therefore say that the absolute is manifested equally in all beings; indeed, strictly speaking, it is only in self-conscious beings that the true nature of the absolute is revealed. Now, if it is true that only as reason is developed in a being does it express what is the true principle of the whole, it is manifest that the absolute cannot be realised, as it truly is, in beings lower than man, and that even in man it is not realised in its absolute completeness. By this conception of the immanence of the absolute in all forms of being, together with



the recognition that in man at his best the absolute is most fully manifested, we are enabled to see that the conception of the absolute as merely the unchanging substance which persists in all forms of changing existence is quite inadequate. Such a conception, on the one hand, abolishes all the distinctions of one being from another, making them all equally unreal; and, on the other hand, it denies that the absolute is a self-revealing subject, immanent in all forms of being, but manifested truly only in those that are self-conscious.

(2) The absolute is inadequately conceived when it is defined as the power which is manifested in all particular forms of reality, or, in other words, simply as the first cause or creator of the world. The conception of power or force is that of a negative activity which manifests itself in overcoming some other power which is opposed to it. The mechanical conception of energy is the "power of doing work," and is always explained as manifested in opposition to that which resists it. All energy is therefore by its very nature

limited. When, therefore, we speak of infinite power, we virtually transcend the conception of energy, for "infinite" power must be the energy which includes in itself all forms of energy. Such a conception takes us beyond the conception of power altogether. The only kind of power which can be called infinite is that power which is self-determinant, and such a power is found only in self-conscious energy, which is truly infinite because it returns upon itself or preserves its unity in all its manifestations. In self-conscious energy, object and subject are identical. In man this energy of self-consciousness is not complete, because man is not completely self-conscious. But in the absolute there must be complete self-consciousness. Now, if we are compelled to conceive of the absolute as complete self-consciousness, there is in the absolute the perfect unity of subject and object. And as such a unity admits of no degrees, there can be no absolute origination of reality, for this would mean the absolute origination of some phase of the absolute. The ordinary conception of creation as the

origination of the world out of nothing conveys a truth in the form of a self-contradiction: it expresses the idea of self-determining activity in the imaginative form of a transition from nothing to reality as taking place in time. A blank nothing is imagined, which is at bottom merely the abstraction from all determinate reality, and then it is imagined that this blank nothing is succeeded by determinate reality. The conception of causality, as it is employed in determining the relation of one phase of reality to another, is transferred to the relation between the absolute and determinate reality. Now, as we have seen, the conception of causal connexion has no meaning except as expressing the dependence of particular phases of reality upon one another, and ultimately we are compelled to recognise that such interdependence of particular phases of reality presupposes a self-determining principle. When we have reached this point of view, we have transcended the category of causality, and it is therefore inadmissible to employ it in seeking to explain the relation of the parts to the whole. But this

is what is done in the ordinary conception of creation, though the inadequacy of the conception is virtually admitted when the creation of the world is figured as the origination of it from nothing. For "nothing" is represented as if it were a material to which a definite form was given by the action upon it of an external cause. It is obvious that this crude way of conceiving the relation of the world to the absolute must be discarded. The world cannot be separated from the absolute, but must be regarded as the manifestation or objectification of the absolute, or, in other words, as the absolute itself regarded in its abstract opposition to itself. This opposition, however, is merely a distinction; for that which is opposed to the absolute is the absolute itself.

(3) The absolute is not adequately conceived as a person, although no doubt the conception of personality is much more adequate as a predicate of the absolute than that of power. By a "person" we mean a being that is an individual, and, further, an individual who is capable of conceiving himself as a self. But personality emphasises the ex-

clusive aspect of self-activity, and thus one person is separated from and opposed to another. On this basis of exclusive selfhood all rights are based, a right being the expression of the self in that which has no self. Now, so far as the absolute is affirmed to be a person, the main idea is that the absolute is self-conscious, and to this extent it is true that the absolute is a person. But the absolute is not properly conceived as a person in the sense of being an exclusive self-centred individual. The conception of personality is inadequate even when applied to man, for it is not true that man is merely a person. The first consciousness of exclusive or adverse relations to others must be supplemented by the conception of man as essentially spirit, that is, as a being whose true self is found in relation to what is not self. Man is therefore not adequately conceived as an exclusive self, but only as a self whose true nature is to transcend his exclusiveness and to find himself in what seems at first to be opposed to him. In other words, man is essentially self-separative: he must go out of his apparently self-

centred life in order to find himself in a truer and richer life. This conception of a self-opposing subject must be applied to the absolute. The absolute is not an abstract person, but a spirit, *i.e.* a being whose essential nature consists in opposing to itself beings in unity with whom it realises itself. This conception of a self-alienating or self-distinguishing subject seems to me the fundamental idea which is expressed in the doctrine of the Trinity. We can conceive nothing higher than a self-conscious subject, who, in the infinite fulness of his nature, exhibits his perfection in beings who realise themselves in identification with him. What Schiller expresses in a figurative way seems to me to be the necessary result of philosophy:—

“Freundlos war der grosse Weltenmeister,  
Fühlte Mangel, darum schuf er Geister,  
Sel’ge Spiegel seiner Seligkeit.  
Fand das höchste Wesen schon kein Gleiches,  
Aus dem Kelch des ganzen Wesenreiches  
Schäumt ihm die Unendlichkeit.”

There is at present a tendency to maintain that the absolute must be defined as

something higher than a self-conscious subject. This view seems to me to rest upon the false assumption that the distinction of subject and object is a mark of limitation. But it can only be a mark of limitation on the supposition that the object is in some way disparate from the subject, *i.e.* contains an element which is incomprehensible. The view which is here maintained is that, in the absolute, subject and object are absolutely identical; in other words, that the subject is its own object. If it is objected that in that case there is no distinction between them, the answer is that as the subject comprehends all reality, there is in the absolute no distinction *between* subject and object, but there is an infinity of distinctions *within* the absolute. The absolute, in other words, is essentially self-distinguishing.

To this conception of the absolute an objection may be raised, based upon the idea of evolution. According to the philosophical interpretation of evolution given above, the true nature of the absolute is revealed only in the last stage of evolution, and as, in this stage,

rational or self-conscious life emerges, rationality or self-consciousness, as it is fairly maintained, must be predicated of the absolute. But if the world has already gone through various stages, — the cosmical, chemical, biological, and rational, — why should it not have still other stages to go through? Why should not the absolute reveal itself to future ages in higher forms, forms as much beyond the self-conscious as the self-conscious is beyond the stages prior to it? There is nothing in the principle of evolution, it may be said, to preclude this supposition. Man, at every stage in his development, has been prone to imagine that he had reached the ultimate conception of reality, and therefore the majority of men have always for a time stubbornly resisted the new and higher conception to which the best minds of the age have been irresistibly drawn. Must we not, then, refuse to admit that the conception of the absolute as self-conscious is ultimate? It is not meant that the absolute may in future ages be discerned to be *lower* than self-conscious, but that it may then be conceived, and to some extent is now conceived, as



*higher* than self-conscious. Can we, in any case, conceive of the absolute as it is in itself? Must not even our highest idea of it be analogical? Surely the absolute must in its inner nature infinitely transcend its manifestations as known to us.

This new argument for the unknowability of the absolute seems to me to lead to the same abyss of emptiness as the old. If the absolute is super-rational or beyond self-consciousness, we can form no conception whatever of its nature; for with the abolition of the distinction and unity of subject and object, all definite thought disappears in an abstract being which is for us pure nothing. It is a gratuitous assumption that a super-rational absolute is higher than a self-conscious absolute. How can we possibly speak of an object of which we know nothing, as either higher or lower than that which we do know? Such predicates have a meaning only within the sphere of our knowledge, not beyond it. It is not possible to limit a conception by a mere negation. If I say that the conception of the world as a purely mechanical system is inadequate, I do so

because I possess the higher conception of the world as the manifestation of a self-creative principle. I examine the conception of a world in which one element is referred to another, this second to a third, and so on *ad infinitum*; and I come to the conclusion that such a conception of the world is inadequate, since ultimately I must posit a reality which is self-dependent and therefore self-originate. But, unless I had the higher conception, I should never discern the inadequacy of the lower. Any one, therefore, who maintains that the absolute must be conceived as beyond the distinction of subject and object, must have a positive conception of this higher unity, or he is rejecting the only conception which has meaning for him in favour of a conception which is perfectly indefinite. In truth, a perfectly indefinite conception is not a conception at all, since all thought implies distinction. To maintain that the absolute may be beyond the distinction of subject and object is to say nothing whatever.

This simple consideration seems to me to dispose of the objection to the conception of the absolute as self-conscious, which is drawn

from the idea of evolution. To suppose a stage of evolution to arise when the distinction of subject and object will be transcended is self-contradictory, because with the disappearance of that distinction there would also disappear the distinction of one stage from another. The principle of evolution has meaning only for a rational or self-conscious being, and unless we are capable of comprehending the nature of reality we cannot affirm that there has been any evolution. A recent writer has gone so far as to suggest that, as our intelligence has been evolved from non-intelligence, we have no right to deny that, in some subsequent age of the world, our intelligence may develop into a form in which the principle of contradiction will be overthrown, so that what are now to us abstract opposites may then be seen to be identical. But surely we have a right to deny what is absolute nonsense. Apparently the writer does not see that, in the hypothetical stage suggested by him, in which our intelligence has transcended all the distinctions which we now make, it will have transcended the distinction between one stage of evolution and another,

and will therefore deny that there has been any evolution. But if all evolution is an illusion, what meaning can there be in saying that our intelligence may evolve into a higher stage, in which the law of contradiction is transcended? Any one who judges at all — and even to set up a false theory is to judge — must presuppose that his judgment means something; but it cannot mean anything, if to affirm may be to deny, and to deny may be to affirm.

The supposition that the absolute may be super-rational is obviously untenable. At the same time there is a certain amount of truth in the contention that the absolute is not fully revealed in man. For in man the rational life is a process, and a process which is never complete, and indeed never can be complete; in the absolute there must be process, because there is infinite self-conscious energy, but there can be no transition from lower to higher. We must agree with Mr. Bradley, that "progress and decay are alike incompatible with perfection." \* "The improvement or decay of the universe," as he says, "seems nonsense, un-

\* Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, p. 499.

meaning or blasphemous." \* The absolute is self-complete, and apart from such self-completeness it could not be self-originate or creative of other forms of being. But the perfection of the absolute is destroyed if we either separate it from any form of finite being or give independent reality to any form of finite being. To suppose that the absolute is self-complete apart from the finite, is to fall into the absurdity of an absolute which is limited; to affirm the independence of the finite is to set up a finite absolute. Thus we are brought face to face with the difficulty, that if human reason has no reality apart from the divine reason, we seem to be affirming that the former is merely a partial aspect of the latter, so that man is but the passive medium of the divine reason. Now Christianity solves this difficulty by the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. It affirms at once that man is the author of his own destiny, and yet that he cannot realise his true life unless the spirit of God works in him. The Christian consciousness has always held fast by this idea, and the church has persistently refused to

\* Ibid. p. 501.

accept any compromise which would separate the unity of the divine and the human spirit. The language of St. Paul: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," has been echoed by pious minds in all ages: such language is in truth the spontaneous utterance of the religious consciousness. We have therefore to ask whether philosophical reflection does not enable us to see that we have here an idea which reason pronounces to be absolutely true.

The main obstacle to an acceptance of the truth which is embodied in the doctrine of the Holy Spirit seems to me to arise from the mechanical way in which we are wont to conceive of the relation between the human and the divine spirit. Now this mode of conception is inadequate even when applied to the physical world, and it becomes more and more inadequate the higher the object to which it is applied. As we have seen, the physical world is inexplicable except on pre-supposition of an eternal creative energy, which expresses itself in the incessant transformations constituting what may be called the life of nature. This

creative energy is unthinkable apart from its manifestations, and yet these do not exhaust it, but constitute the phases in which its nature is expressed. On the other hand, no single phase is possible apart from the absolute nature of the whole, and therefore we have to conceive even this stage of the world as implying an organic unity or system, in which the whole determines the parts, while the parts are essential to the whole. If we treat any part as self-complete in its isolation, we fall into the untenable doctrine of atomic Materialism; if we deny the reality of the parts, we commit ourselves to an equally untenable Pantheism; we have therefore to affirm at once the reality of the parts in the whole, and of the whole in the parts. And when we pass to the second stage in the process of the world, we find the idea of organic unity forcing itself upon us still more persistently. Here we have a distinct advance towards individuation and organic system, for chemical elements are not related to each other in the same indifferent way as particles which are viewed simply as exhibiting the stress of gravitation: certain elements will combine and

others will not, and they combine only in definite proportions. A still more marked individuality is displayed in living beings: here, in fact, we first have an individual in any well-marked sense. But living beings more perfectly realise the idea of individuality, just because they contain the whole in themselves in a more explicit form. For the living being presupposes the whole system of the world as physical and chemical, and in its own organism it unites physical and chemical changes with the new and higher form of unity which constitutes its life.

When finally we pass to rational beings, we find not only the manifestation of individuality in a higher sense, but we find also a closer relation to the whole. It is the special prerogative of the self-conscious being that for him not only his own individual life, but the life of all forms of existence, and even the ultimate principle of all existence, can be reproduced in idea. Thus he is at once the most truly individual, and the most truly universal. The whole is present in him, not merely in the sense that he is affected by it,



but in the sense that by his own self-conscious activity he is capable of living in it in an ideal way; it does not operate *through* him, but *in* him. It is true that he would not be self-active were not the whole what it is. Without gravitation there would be no system of nature, without chemical affinity there would be no life, and without life there would be no mind. And yet mind is not a mere external synthesis of physical, chemical, and vital forces, but a new form of reality including and transcending these. Man is thus a self-active or self-determining being, not because he is separable from the whole, but because he is capable of living in the whole. The creative activity which is present in all forms of being is present also in man, but in man it is present through his self-activity. Thus while he can know nothing which is not a manifestation of the absolute, and realise nothing which is contradictory of its nature, and experience no permanent satisfaction which is not the reflex of his unity with it, he could neither know, will, nor feel, were he not self-determinant or free. The

absolute, in other words, in the case of man, expresses its originaive activity in the production of beings, who are themselves self-active or free, though not self-creative. Man is not free in the sense of being self-originating, but he is free in the sense of being able to comprehend the nature of the absolute, and to bring his life into harmony with it; he is also free in the sense of being able to live in opposition to that revelation of the absolute which in more or less explicit form is inseparable from his self-consciousness. Human life is, therefore, a life of moral responsibility. The divine spirit can be present in man only as man is conscious of it, and identifies himself with it. Thus we can see how the Holy Spirit may be immanent in man, while yet man lives in the freedom of a "son of God." It is in this sense that I should maintain the immanence of God in man; what is affirmed is the union of spirit with spirit, not the external and mechanical relation of one force as acting upon another. If the mechanical conception is inadequate to express the unity of the distinguishable

elements in the physical world, how much more inadequate must it be to express the self-conscious unity of man with God.

I think we may now conclude that the Christian conception of God and man is not only in harmony with the results of modern science and historical criticism, when these are interpreted from the comprehensive and self-consistent point of view of an idealistic or spiritual philosophy, but that the principle of Christianity thus acquires a definiteness and persuasive force which is attainable in no other way, and which is missed by those who shut themselves up within the narrow circle of traditional forms of thought. The results of science and philosophy are no doubt hostile to many cherished prejudices which are due to the survival of pagan or mediæval superstitions, but they cannot touch the living heart of Christianity itself.

It has already been maintained that the world, as the manifestation of God, is purposive. It must be observed, however, that this purpose is not something superadded to the world, but is implied in its very nature. It is important to make this observation, be-

cause the whole objection to the teleological view of the world arises from confusing mechanical with immanent teleology. The idealistic view is therefore hostile to the conception of Providence as the external adaptation of events to an end. Mr. Balfour tells us that one cannot "think of evolution in a God-created world without attributing to its Author the notion of purpose slowly worked out."\* It is of course obvious that the conception of God implies that the process of evolution is towards an end; but this process cannot be adequately described as a "preferential exercise of divine power." We cannot conceive of the world as first created, and then directed towards an end. The reality of the world implies the continuous self-determination of God, and this self-determination involves the process by which the world is maintained as an organic whole. We cannot, therefore, separate the evolution of the world from its existence. If we do so, we fall into the difficulty urged by Kant against the argument from design, that we

\* *Foundations of Belief*, p. 328.

presuppose a "matter" to which the divine Architect gives shape. Such a "matter" is unthinkable. The nearest approach we can make to it is in some such conception as that of the primitive matter from which, according to the nebular theory, the complex forms of our solar system have been evolved. But in this nebulous matter there is already implied the "promise and potency" of all forms of life, and hence it can only be called "matter" in the relative sense of being a less developed form of the world than is realised in the subsequent stages of evolution. The purpose, then, which must be affirmed is not externally added to the world, but is already implied in the very existence of the world. The world is an organic whole, in which each part exists and has its proper nature only in and through the others. Hence the evolution from lower to higher forms is not a matter of accident, but is inseparable from the existence of the world. A distinction, however, must be drawn between different orders of being. It is only in the case of man that we can speak not only of evolution, but of con-

scious evolution or progress. The scientific doctrine of evolution has enabled us to see that the law of all finite forms of being is a law of development; in other words, that the real is not the actual as it first appears in time, but the ideal which is implicit in the actual, and which is present in it as the active principle determining the process in which it is manifested. In the case of beings lower than man this process does not reach the stage of a self-conscious development; or, at least, even the highest animals have only an indefinite consciousness of self, and, therefore, can hardly be said to be capable of ideals. Man, however, not only develops, but he is capable of grasping the law of his own development, and, therefore, of contrasting with his immediate self an ideal of himself in which is embodied his conception of what he ought to be, as distinguished from what he is. This capability of returning upon himself and setting up ideals is the fundamental condition of human progress. The ideal, however, while it is contrasted with the actual, is never in contradiction to

the actual; it is but the actual grasped in its ideal nature, as that end towards which all prior development has been striving. Were it otherwise, the progress of man would be impossible. It is thus obvious that, on the one hand, progress consists in conformity to the purpose which is involved in the whole nature of things, and, on the other hand, that this purpose can be realised only through the free activity of man. The spiritual life of man cannot be imparted to him from without; it consists in the conscious realisation of the ideal. It is, therefore, a very inadequate conception of life which is expressed in the formula that there is a "Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." The "Power" which makes for righteousness is the conscious willing of righteousness, *i.e.* the conception and realisation of the meaning of the world. It is true that righteousness can be realised only because it is the true law of man's being; but it is a law which operates only in and through his self-conscious life.

It is, then, the very nature of all finite

forms of being that their reality consists in a process by which they come to be what in idea they are. In the case of man, whose development is a self-conscious process, the development of goodness consists in the transcendence of his immediate or natural life. So far as the life of man is merely natural, he is neither good nor evil; it is only because he is capable of abstracting from the immediate life of feeling that he is moral. And with this capacity is bound up the possibility of willing evil. The question as to the existence of evil has been obscured by the manner in which the problem has been put. The church fathers, conceiving of man as independently created, maintained that he was originally perfect in wisdom and holiness, and that evil was introduced into the world by the sin of the first man. It need hardly be said that this explanation not only explains nothing, but is self-contradictory and out of harmony with all that we know of primitive man. It explains nothing, because moral evil cannot be externally transferred from one person to another; the very idea of



moral evil being that it proceeds from a free act. It is self-contradictory, because a perfect being could have no disposition to will evil. And it is incompatible with the results of scientific discovery, which make it certain that primitive man began at the lowest and not the highest stage. The state of perfection ascribed to primitive man is, therefore, the goal and not the starting-point of humanity. Man was, therefore, in his original state evil, in the sense that evil is inseparable from the life of a being who can attain to good only through freedom, which involves the freedom to fall into error and evil. The original state of man was one in which he had the most inadequate conception of the world, himself, and God. The progress of man has involved a continual struggle with the cruder ideal of an earlier age. The spiritual life is not a primitive endowment, but the result of long-continued pain and travail. Evil is not an accident; it is inseparable from the process by which man transcends his immediate life. It is only through the experience of evil that man has obtained a

consciousness of the depths as well as the heights of his nature. On the other hand, the process of human life has been a continual transcendence of evil. The desire of man is for goodness and God, and his experience that evil is in contradiction to his true self makes it impossible for him to rest in it. Hence even at the earliest stage man is never absolutely evil; he hates his enemy, it is true, but he sacrifices his natural impulses, and even his life, for his family or tribe. Thus the imperfect development of his moral life is the counterpart of his imperfect knowledge of himself.

The deliverance of man from the evil which belongs to his nature, as a being whose life is a process, is possible only through the comprehension of himself as in his ideal nature identical with God. The mediæval conception of salvation cannot be accepted in the form in which it is stated. Man, it was argued, might conceivably have been liberated from sin in two ways: either God might have pardoned him out of pure mercy, or man might have expiated his sin by a

humility correspondent to the magnitude of his guilt. But the former, it was held, conflicts with the justice of God; and the latter is impossible, because man could not undergo a humiliation proportionate to the self-assertion implied in disobedience to the will of God. Hence God offered up his Son in man's stead, thus reconciling infinite justice with infinite mercy.

It is impossible to state this highly artificial doctrine without seeing that it is the product of conflicting ideas which are not properly reconciled with each other. The starting-point is the conception of personal sin, one of the central ideas of Christianity. Sin is then identified with crime, and therefore God is conceived as an inexorable judge. But sin is not crime, nor can God be regarded as a judge. Crime is a violation of the personal rights of another; it is an offence against the external order of the state, which must be expiated by an external punishment. Sin, on the other hand, is not a violation of rights, but a desecration of the ideal nature of the sinner, the willing of himself as in his

essence he is not. Hence sin requires no external punishment to bring it home to the sinner: it brings its own punishment with it in the destruction of the higher life, the realisation of which is blessedness. In man, by virtue of the divine principle in him, the consciousness of God is bound up with the consciousness of himself, and he cannot do violence to the one without doing violence to the other. Hence God is not a judge, allotting punishment according to an external law, but the perfectly holy Being, by reference to whom man condemns himself. No external punishment can transform the inner nature. The criminal, after undergoing punishment, may be more hardened in crime than ever, and yet society must punish him, because its function is to preserve the social bond, which by his act the criminal has assailed. But religion has in view not the preservation of social order, but the regeneration of the individual: it deals with the inner nature of man, not with the result of his act upon society; and hence, unless it transforms and spiritualises him, it entirely fails of its end.

The sin of Adam, according to the mediæval theory, consisted in pride, or the attempt to equalise himself with God. The truth implied in this view is that in so far as man seeks to realise his true self in separation from God, and therefore in willing his own good in isolation from the good of his fellow-men, he brings upon himself spiritual death. But this truth is obscured by the vulgar notion that sin is the attempt of man to equalise himself with God,—a notion obviously based upon the conception of God as a Ruler whose majesty must be asserted. This pagan conception, drawn mainly from the idea of Cæsar, as the representative of order and law, is entirely foreign to the Christian idea of God. Even Plato saw that “in God there can be no envy;” and mediæval thinkers themselves virtually deny this false conception of God, when they speak of the incarnation as an expression of the infinite love of God. Here, in fact, we come upon the only purely Christian idea in the whole doctrine. Stripped of its artificial form, what is affirmed is that it is the very nature of

God to communicate himself to finite beings; that, loving his creatures with an infinite love, he can realise his own blessedness only in them. Man can therefore be saved from sin only as he realises in his own life the self-communicating spirit of God. In taking upon himself the burden of the race, he lives a divine life. This is the secret which Jesus realised in his life, and to have made this secret practically our own is to be justified by faith.

The Christian ideal of life, as here understood, is broad enough to embrace all the elements which in their combination constitute the complex spirit of the modern world. Every advance in science is the preparation for a fuller and clearer conception of God; every improvement in the organisation of society is a further development of that community of free beings by which the ideal of an organic unity of humanity is in process of realisation; every advance in the artistic interpretation of the world helps to individualise the idea of the organic unity by which all things are bound together. The ideal of

the Church has tended to limit Christianity to the direct promotion of the moral ideal, to the exclusion of the more comprehensive ideal which recognises that the goal is the full development of all the means by which the full perfection of humanity is realised. The Christian ideal, as embodied in the teaching of Jesus, was free from this limitation. It saw God in the orderly processes of nature and in the beauty of the world, as well as in the loving service of humanity. In principle it therefore embraced all that makes for the higher life. The Christianity of our day must free itself from the narrow conception of life by which Protestantism has tended to limit its principle. It must recognise that the ideal of Christian manhood includes within it the Greek ideal of clear thought and the love of beauty, as well as the Jewish ideal of righteousness, and the Roman ideal of law and order, harmonising all by the divine principle of love to God and man, on the basis of that free spirit which has come to us mainly from our Teutonic ancestors.

















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passing ten days in this neighbourhood. She is become very pleasingly formed in manners, wherever she wishes to oblige, and all her roughnesses and ruggednesses are worn off. I believe the mischief done by her education, and its wants, not cured, if curable, *au fond*; but much amended to all, and apparently done away completely to many. What really rests is a habit of exclusively consulting just what she likes best, not what would be or prove best for others. She thinks, indeed, but little of anything except with reference to herself, and that gives her an air, and will give her a character, for inconstancy, that is in fact the mere result of seeking her own gratification alike in meeting or avoiding her connections. If she saw this, she has understanding sufficient to work it out of her; but she weighs nothing sufficiently to dive into her own self. She knows she is a very clever girl, and she is neither well contented with others, nor happy in herself, but where this is evidently acknowledged.

We spent an evening together at Norbury Park; she was shown all Mr. William's pictures and drawings. I knew her expectations of an attention she had no chance of exciting, and therefore devoted myself to looking them over with her; yet, though Mr. Lock himself led the way to see them, and explained several, and though Amelia addressed her with the utmost sweetness, and Mrs. Lock with perfect good breeding, I could not draw from her one word relative to the evening, or the family, except that she did not think she had heard Mr. William's voice once. A person so young, and with such good parts, that can take no pleasure but in personal distinction, which is all her visit can have wanted, will soon cut all real improvement short, by confining herself to such society alone as elevates herself. There she will always



make a capital figure, for her conversation is sprightly and entertaining, and her heart and principles are both good: she has many excellent qualities, and various resources in herself; but she is good enough to make me lament that she is not modest enough to be yet better.

F. D'A.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, Nov. 29, 1796.

Our cottage-building stops now, from the shortness of the days, till the beginning of March. The foundation is laid, and it will then be run up with great speed. The well, at length, is finished, and it is a hundred and odd feet deep. The water is said to be excellent, but M. d'Arblay has had it now stopped to prevent accidents from hazardous boys, who, when the field is empty of owners, will be amusing themselves there. He has just completed his grand plantations; part of which are in evergreens, part in firewood for future time, and part in an orchard.

But, my dearest sir, I think I would risk my new cottage against sixpence, that I have guessed the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*. Is it not Mr. Mason?<sup>1</sup> The verses I think equal to anybody; those on Shakspeare, "His pen he dipt

<sup>1</sup> The four Dialogues called *The Pursuits of Literature* were not by Mason; but by another lover of Gray, T. J. Mathias, Mme. D'Arblay's old Court colleague in the Royal Household (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 142). The first Dialogue had been published in May 1794; the second and third Dialogues, which Mme. D'Arblay, from her quotations, had evidently just been reading, in May 1796. In a note on "Romances or Novels" added in 1798 to the first Dialogue, Mathias thus refers to the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. "Much knowledge of life and ingenuity are seen in Miss Burney, now Mrs. D'Arblay; but her propensity to high colouring and broad farce have [has?] lessened the effect of her works. It is a fatal error in this species of writing to overstep the boundaries of nature and real life."

in mind," are demi-divine. And who else could so well interweave what concerns music?—could so well attack Dr. Parr for his severity against Dr. Hurd, who had to himself addressed his Essay on the marks of imitation?—Who be so interested, or so difficult to satisfy, about the exquisite Gray?—Who know so well how to appreciate works upon gardening?—Who, so singularly, be for *the sovereign*—*the government*, yet, palpably, not for George the Third, nor for William Pitt? And then, the lines which form his sort of epitaph seem for *him* (Mason) alone designed. How wickedly he has flogged all around him, and how cleverly!

But I am very angry about the excellent Marchioness of Buckingham.<sup>1</sup> The fear of popery in these days seems to me most marvellous; the fears of infidelity seem a thousand times more rational. 'Tis, however, a very first-rate production. The hymns, in his open name, are most gratefully accepted by my excellent neighbour, Mr. Cooke.

We have not yet read Le Vaillant.<sup>2</sup> We are not much struck with *The Creole*: it is too full of trite observations introduced sententiously. *Clarentine*<sup>3</sup> is written with much better taste. We have just been lent *Caleb Williams, or Things as they are*.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Lock, who says its *design* is execrable, avers that one little word is omitted in its

<sup>1</sup> The Marchioness of Buckingham was a main promoter of the subscription in aid of the French priests (see *ante*, p. 227), a course which Mathias criticises in his third Dialogue.

<sup>2</sup> François Le Vaillant, 1753-1824. His *Second Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique*, 1783-85, 3 vols., had just been imported from Paris.

<sup>3</sup> *Clarentine*, 1796, 3 vols., was an anonymous novel by Mme. D'Arblay's half-sister, Sarah Harriet Burney. Closing a review of it in December 1796, the *Monthly Review* says (probably with instructed acuteness), "We observe in it that sort of resemblance to the novels of Miss Burney (now Mrs. D'Arblay) which in the features of the human countenance we should term a *family likeness*" (p. 456).

<sup>4</sup> *Things as They Are; or, the Adventures of Caleb Williams*, by William Godwin. It was published in May 1794, and is characterised as "a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man." Colman's *Iron Chest* was dramatised from it.

title, which should be thus—or *Things as they are NOT*.

Adieu, most dear sir ; I shall be very unquiet till I have some news of your health.

Most dutifully and affectionately,

Ever yours,

F. D'A.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, December 16, 1796.

What cruel and most unnecessary disturbance might I have been spared if accident had not twice stood my enemy ! All's well that ends well, however ; and I will forget the inquietude, and all else that is painful, to dwell upon the sweet meeting in store, and the sight that my eye's mind, equally with my mind's eye, presents to me continually, of my innocent Alic restoring, by his playful spirits, the smiles of his dearest grandfather, whose heart, were it as hard as it is soft, could not resist what all mankind consent to find irresistible—the persuasive gaiety of happy childhood.

M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal, who has been on a visit to Norbury Park, says he can never forgive me the laugh I have brought against him by the scene of Sir Hugh<sup>1</sup> on the birthday, 'tis so exactly the description of himself when an amiable child comes in his way. He left an only daughter in Paris, where she is now at school, under the superintendence of la Princesse de Poix, whose infirmities and constant illness have detained her in that wretched city during the whole Revolution, though under the compulsion of a pretended divorce from le Prince,<sup>2</sup> who is in London. M. de Lally had just received, by a private hand, a letter from his daughter, now eleven years old, extremely

<sup>1</sup> Sir Hugh Tyrold in *Camilla*.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 187.

pretty and touching, half in French, half in broken English, which language he has particularly ordered she may study, and enclosed a ribbon with her height and breadth. She tells him she has just learnt by heart his translation of Pope's *Universal Prayer*,<sup>1</sup> and she hopes, when he comes to fetch her, he will meet her upon the Terrace, where she walks with her companions, and know her at once from everybody.

I, too, thought the prose of the *Pursuits of Literature* too spirited and good for Mr. Mason,<sup>2</sup> when compared with what I have seen of his general letters; but he has two styles, in prose as well as poetry, and I have seen compositions, rather than epistles, which he wrote formerly to Mrs. Delany, so full of satire, point, and epigrammatic severity and derision, upon those of their mutual acquaintance whom he confidentially named, that I feel not the least scruple for my opinion. In those letters with which that revered old friend intrusted me, when her eyesight failed for reading them herself, there were also many ludicrous sketches of certain persons, and caricatures as strong of the pencil<sup>3</sup> as of the pen. They were written in his season of democracy, and my dear Mrs. Delany made me destroy all that were mischievous. The highest personages, with whom she was not then peculiarly, as afterwards, connected, were held up to so much ridicule, that her early regard and esteem diminished as her loyalty increased; and immediately upon taking possession of the house given her at Windsor by the King, she struck the name of Mr. Mason from her will, in which she had bequeathed him her "Sacharissa,"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. de Lally Tollendal's translation of Pope's *Universal Prayer* was printed in 1821 with Delille's version of the *Essay on Man*.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 306.

<sup>3</sup> Mason was an amateur artist (see vol. ii. p. 462).

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 119.

which he had particularly admired, and left it to me. I did not know this till she was no more, when Mrs. Agnew informed me of the period of the alteration.

My little man waits for your lessons to get on in elocution: he has made no further advance but that of calling out, as he saw our two watches hung on two opposite hooks over the chamber chimney-piece, "Watch, papa,—watch, mamma"; so, though his first speech is English, the idiom is French. We agree this is to avoid any heartburning in his parents. He is at this moment so exquisitely enchanted with a little penny trumpet, and finding he can produce such harmony his own self, that he is blowing and laughing till he can hardly stand. If you could see his little swelling cheeks, you would not accuse yourself of a misnomer in calling him cherub. I try to impress him with an idea of pleasure in going to see grandpapa, but the short visit to Bookham is forgotten, and the permanent engraving remains, and all his concurrence consists in pointing up to the print over the chimney-piece, and giving it one of his concise little bows.

Are not people a little revived in the political world by this unexampled honour paid to Mr. Pitt? Mr. Lock has subscribed £3000.<sup>1</sup>

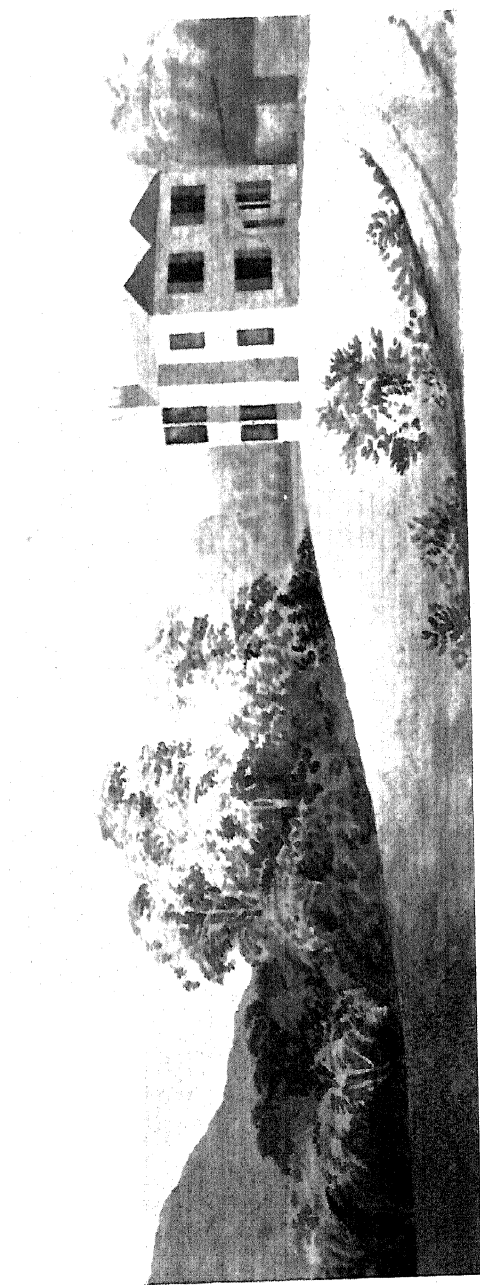
How you rejoiced me by what you say of poor Mr. Burke! for I had seen the paragraph of his death with most exceeding great concern.<sup>2</sup>

The Irish reports are, I trust, exaggerated; few things come quite plainly from Hibernia: yet what a time, in all respects, to transport thither, as you too well term it, our beloved Susan! She writes serenely, and Norbury seems to repay a world of

<sup>1</sup> Pitt had asked for a loan of eighteen millions. It was opened on the 5th December, and in 15 hours and 20 minutes it was all subscribed (*Times*, Dec. 6, 1796).

<sup>2</sup> Burke did not die until the following year (see *post*, p. 330).





CAMILLA COTTAGE, WEST HUMBLE

sufferings:<sup>1</sup> it is delightful to see her so satisfied there, at least; but they have all, she says, got the brogue.

Our building is to be resumed the 1st of March; it will then soon be done, as it is only of lath and plaster, and the roof and wood-work are already prepared. My indefatigable superintendent goes every morning for two, three, or four hours to his field, to work at a sunk fence that is to protect his garden from our cow. I have sent Mrs. Boscawen, through Miss Cambridge, a history of our plan. The dwelling is destined by M. d'Arblay to be called the Camilla Cottage.<sup>2</sup> F. D'A.

<sup>1</sup> Her (Mrs. Phillips's) son, from whom she had been temporarily separated.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 259, this name is attributed to him. "This small residence . . . had, playfully, received from himself the name of Camilla Cottage; which name was afterwards adopted by all the Friends of the Hermits." It was completed for habitation in December 1797 (see *post*, p. 352), when they removed to it after four years' residence at Great Bookham. The house, which is at West Humble, in the parish of Mickleham, now belongs to Mr. F. Leverton Harris, M.P. for Tynemouth, who inherited it from his uncle, Mr. J. L. Wylie. It is much enlarged; and is called Camilla Lacey. It contains many interesting Burney relics. At Camilla Cottage the D'Arblays lived until 1802, after which date they never again resided in Surrey.



## PART LI

1797

Perils of travelling—Invasion of Ireland—Dr. Burney's lines to Madame d'Arblay—Her drama of *Cerulia*—Illness of Lord Orford—Dr. Burney's poem *Astronomy*—Vaccination School founded by Mr. Burke for the sons of French emigrants—His funeral—Character of Edmund Burke—News of M. d'Arblay's relatives—Etruria—Visit to Lichfield—Dr. James, inventor of the fever powder—Visit to Dr. Herschel—Conversations on Astronomy—Letter of Lafayette—Removal of M. and Madame d'Arblay to their new house—Visit from the Princess d'Henin and M. de Lally Tolendal—Madame d'Arblay visits the Royal Family—The mutiny and the honest sailor—Admiral Duncan's victory—Interview with the Queen—Conversation with Her Majesty—The Princess and the King—The Prince of Orange—Prince Ernest (King of Hanover)—Miss Farren—Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells—Prince William (William IV.)—Condescension of the Royal Family.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, *January 8, '97.*

I WAS extremely vexed at missing our uncertain post yesterday, and losing, unavoidably, another to-day, before I return my dearest father our united thanks for the kind and sweet fortnight passed under his roof.

Our adventures in coming back were better adapted to our departure than our arrival, for they were rather rueful. One of the horses did not like his business, and wanted to be off, and we

were stopped by his gambols continually, and, if I had not been a soldier's wife, I should have been terribly alarmed; but my soldier does not like to see himself disgraced in his other half, and so I was fain to keep up my courage, till, at length, after we had passed Fetcham,<sup>1</sup> the frisky animal plunged till he fastened the shaft against a hedge, and then, little Betty,<sup>2</sup> beginning to scream, I inquired of the postillion if we had not better alight. If it were not, he said, for the dirt, yes. The dirt then was defied, and I prevailed, though with difficulty, upon my chieftain to consent to a general dismounting. And he then found it was not too soon, for the horse became inexorable to all menace, caress, chastisement, or harangue, and was obliged to be loosened.

Meanwhile, Betty, Bab,<sup>3</sup> and I trudged on, vainly looking back for our vehicle, till we reached our little home—a mile and a half. Here we found good fires, though not a morsel of food; this, however, was soon procured, and our walking apparel changed for drier raiment; and I sent forth our nearest cottager, and a young butcher, and a boy, towards Fetcham, to aid the vehicle, or its contents, for my Chevalier had stayed on account of our chattels: and about two hours after the chaise arrived, with one horse, and pushed by its hirer, while it was half dragged by its driver. But all came safe; and we drank a dish of tea, and ate a mutton chop, and kissed our little darling, and forgot all else of our journey but the pleasure we had had at Chelsea with my dearest father and dear Salkin.

And just now I received a letter from our Susanna, which tells me the invasion has been

<sup>1</sup> Fetcham lies to the north-east of Bookham, and one mile west of Leatherhead. See map at p. 116.

<sup>2</sup> The nurse (see *post*, p. 390).

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, p. 353.

made in a part of Ireland where all is so loyal there can be no apprehension from any such attempt;<sup>1</sup> but she adds, that if it had happened in the north everything might have been feared. Heaven send the invaders far from all the points of the Irish compass! and that's an Irish wish for expression, though not for meaning. All the intelligence she gathers is encouraging, with regard to the spirit and loyalty of all that surround her. But Mr. Brabazon<sup>2</sup> is in much uneasiness for his wife, whose situation is critical, and he hesitates whether or not to convey her to Dublin, as a place of more security than her own habitation. What a period this for the usual journey of our invaluable Susan!

F. D'A.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNET

*BOOKHAM, January 26, '97.*

How is it, my dearest, kindest father, you have made me so in love with my own tears that no laughter ever gave my heart such pleasure as those I have shed—even plentifully—over these sweet lines? How do they endear to me my little books—which, with the utmost truth, I can aver, never, in all their circle of success, have procured me any satisfaction I can put on a par with your approbation of them! My little boy will be proud hereafter, however poor a gentleman now, to read such lines, addressed by such a grandfather to his mother. M. d'Arblay himself could not keep the

<sup>1</sup> At Bantry Bay. This was the expedition under De Galle and Hoche, of which, in consequence of the December gales, a portion only reached its destination. This portion was not even disembarked; and "such of the vessels as escaped wreck or capture, straggled back to France" (*Cornhill Magazine*, February 1860, pp. 139-40).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Wallop Brabazon of Rath House near Belcotton, 1770-1831, was a relative of Major Phillips. He married Jane, *d.* 1800, daughter of Josias Dupré of Wilton, Bucks.

tears within his eyes—hard as is his heart—when he perused what so much touched me. He confesses your English grows upon him; and he does not much wonder if I, like Mr. Courtney, class it with the very first class—though I cannot boast quite as disinterested a generosity as that democratical friend.<sup>1</sup>

By the way, I hope soon to receive some copies of some of the early effusions of my partner. After he had left you yesterday, he saw a lady formerly very high in his good graces, who told him she had brought over with her, in her flight from her unhappy country, several of his juvenile pieces; and he begged them for his hermit. She thought him, probably, horribly John Bullified, yet promised to look them out. Indeed, she asked him if he did not find her *bien changée*? and he replied, "*Ma foi, je ne peux pas vous le cacher.*"

I delight in the reference my dearest father has made to the Queen's trust for her daughters in his most sweet lines. I am quite enchanted to hear of the two hundred additional to my very favourite poem on Astronomy, or rather its history.<sup>2</sup> Yet I am provoked you have found no scattered verses to help on; for so many could never have been completed and refined without many more sketched and imagined—at least, not if you compose like anybody else. Pope had always myriads half-finished, and dispersed, for future parts, while he corrected and polished the preceding. Dr. Johnson told me that.

I am very glad indeed you proceed with this design, which is likely, according to the best of my

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 403.

<sup>2</sup> This poem, to which there are many subsequent references (see especially *post*, pp. 346-47 and 407-8), was eventually burned in MS. by its author during Mme. D'Arblay's residence in France (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 415). Astronomy had always been one of Dr. Burney's hobbies, and in 1769 he had issued a pamphlet on the comet of that year.

judgment, such as it is, to add very considerably to the stock of literature, and in a walk perhaps the most unhackneyed. To conduct to any science by a path strewed over with flowers is giving beauty to labour, and making study a luxury.

When left alone the other day with the "poor gentleman,"<sup>1</sup> in the interval of our sports I took it into my mind to look at a certain melancholy ditty of four acts, which I had once an idea of bringing forth upon the stage, and which you may remember Kemble had accepted,<sup>2</sup> but which I withdrew before he had time to show it to Sheridan, from preferring to make trial of *Edwy and Elgiva*, because it was more dramatic—but which *Edwy and Elgiva*, I must always aver, never was acted. This other piece you have seen, and it lost you, you told me, a night's rest—which, in the spirit of the black men in the funeral, made me all the gayer. However, upon this re-perusal, after near three years' interment, I feel fixed never to assay it for representation. I shall therefore restore it to its first form, that of a tale in dialogue, and only revise and endeavour to make it readable for a fireside. And this will be my immediate occupation in my episodical moments taken from my two companions and my *maisonnette*: for since *Camilla* I have devoted myself, as yet, wholly to them, as the solace of the fatigue that my engagement with time occasioned me—an engagement which I earnestly hope never more to make; for the fright and anxiety attending it can scarce be repaid.

I rejoice Mrs. Crewe is in town. I hope you will see her often. No one can be more genial to you. I rejoice, too, Mr. Coxe<sup>3</sup> has got hold of

<sup>1</sup> Her son (see *ante*, p. 314).

<sup>2</sup> *Cerulia*, says Mrs. Barrett. It is possible, from what follows, that this, and not *Edwy and Elgiva*, was the work referred to at p. 246.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 60.

you. I know his friendly zeal will be at work to do all that is in his power to cheer you, and my dearest father has all the kind consideration for others that leads to accepting good offices. Nothing is so cruel as rejecting them. My Monsieur was very sorry to see so little of you, but he would not disappoint my expectations of his return. He did not imagine what a gem he brought me into the bargain. My own "little gem," as Etty (ill-naturedly) calls the poor gentleman, is blithe and well.

F. D'A.

#### DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

*Monday, February 6, '97.*

MY DEAR FANNY—I shall prepare a scrap for parcellina, which will contain a communication of Mrs. Crewe's further ideas about a periodical paper.<sup>1</sup> You have her first sketch, and here she displays great fertility of resources. All I ever said to her about your notions was that you thought her plan a good one, and pregnant with much matter for putting it in execution. She is very eager about it, and talks to Windham, the Duchess of Portland, etc., about it; and thinks, without being political, it may improve taste, morals, and manners. Her notion is that Sir Hugh would be an admirable successor to Sir Roger de Coverley. He is quite popular; and traits of his character, and benevolence and simplicity, sayings and "bothers," now and then would be delightful. I told her that I thought you would never have courage or activity sufficient to be the principal editor of such a paper; but that, if well arranged and under an able conductor, you would have no objection to contribute your mite now and then: did I go too far?

<sup>1</sup> It was to be an anti-Jacobin weekly journal with the title of *The Breakfast Table* (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 231-37).

The answer to inquiries of poor Lord Orford on Saturday were bad, and to-day the papers say there is little hope of his recovery.<sup>1</sup> His papers are left (say the news-writers) to the care of Lord Cholmondely, Mr. Owen Cambridge, and Mr. Jerningham.

I am glad you like my *verses*. If they should be good for anything, people would say, "you have met with your desert."

I shall like to see some of our Chevalier's effusions before he was John Bullified—I believe I have a few in an old *Almanac des Muses*.

I think I can report (a little) progress in my astronomic poem, but am more and more frightened every day in seeing more of the plan of the building I have to construct, of which little more than a corner had caught my eye at first. Above six hundred lines are now added to what I read to you, and yet I am now only arrived at Ptolemy. To describe his system in verse will be very difficult, as technical Greek words are unwieldy in our monosyllabic measures. I think, if I could a little get up my spirits and perseverance, this business would fasten on me. But, alas, 'tis too late in the day for amendment of any sort!

I am glad you have taken up your tale in dialogue. It pleased me, I remember, but seemed too simple for our stage; but, as a tale, I have no doubt but you will make it most pleasantly interesting. On! on!

How does the poor dear little gentleman? You cannot be so dull with him as we are without him. However backward in speech, he is certainly eloquent in countenance and tones of voice. Give him, with my benediction, as many kisses as you

<sup>1</sup> He died at his house in Berkeley Square, on March 2, 1797, being then in his eightieth year, and was buried at the family seat of Houghton in Norfolk.

think his due, and as I should give him if on my knee.  
C. B.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNET

BOOKHAM, *February* '97.

I hardly know whether I am most struck with the fertility of the ideas Mrs. Crewe has started, or most gratified by their direction: certainly I am flattered where most susceptible of pleasure, when a mind such as hers would call me forth from my retirement to second views so important in their ends, and demanding such powers in their progress. But though her opinion would give me courage, it cannot give me means. I am too far removed from the scene of public life to compose anything of public utility in the style she indicates. The "manners as they rise," the morals or their deficiencies, as they preponderate, should be viewed, for such a scheme, in all their variations, with a diurnal eye. For though it may not be necessary this gentleman-author should be a frequenter himself of public places, he must be sufficiently in the midst of public people, to judge the justice of what is communicated to him by his correspondents. The plan is so excellent it ought to be well adopted, and really fulfilled. Many circumstances would render its accomplishment nearly impossible for me: wholly to omit politics would mar all the original design; yet what would be listened to unabused from a writer who is honoured by a testimony such as mine of having resigned royal service without resigning royal favour?<sup>1</sup> Personal abuse would make a dreadful breach into the peace of my happiness; though censure of my works I can endure with tolerable firmness: the latter I submit to as the public right, by prescription; the former

<sup>1</sup> She had certainly achieved this delicate task.



I think authorised by no right, and recoil from with mingled fear and indignation.

I could mention other embarrassments as to politics—but they will probably occur to you, though they may escape Mrs. Crewe, who is not so well versed in the history and strong character of M. d'Arblay, to whom the misfortunes of his general and friend are but additional motives to invincible adherence. And how would Mr. Windham, after his late speech, endure a paper in which M. de Lafayette could never be named but with respect and pity? You will feel, I am sure, for his constancy and his honour; his *profession de foi* in politics is exactly, he says, what you have so delightfully drawn in what you call your Lilliputian verses, and his attachment, his reverence, his gratitude for our King, are like my own. His arm, his life is at his service—as I have told the Princess Augusta, and he has told Lord Leslie.<sup>1</sup>

To a paper of such a sort, upon a plan less extensive, I feel no repugnance, though much apprehension. I have many things by me that, should I turn my thoughts upon such a scheme, might facilitate its execution; and there *my* admirable mother's—and, let me proudly say, *her* admirable godmother's<sup>2</sup>—work might and should, as I know she wishes, appear with great propriety; but even this is a speculation from which my agitated and occupied heart at present turns aside, from incapability of attention; for I am just now preparing our little darling for his first sufferings and first known danger: he is to be inoculated about a week hence.

Do, I entreat, dearest Sir, tell Mrs. Crewe I am made even the happier by her kind partiality.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Rothes' son, George William, Lord Leslie, afterwards tenth Earl of Rothes (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 112).

<sup>2</sup> This would seem as if the first Mrs. Burney (Esther Sleepe) had been godmother (or godmother's proxy) to Lady Crewe.

Had matters been otherwise situated, how I should have delighted in any scheme in which she would have taken a part !

I long to see the six hundred lines : pray work up Ptolemy, but don't ask me how ! I can hardly imagine anything more difficult for poetry.

F. D'A.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, *March 16, '97.*

MY DEAREST PADRE—Relieved at length from a terror that almost from the birth of my little darling has hung upon my mind,<sup>1</sup> with what confidence in your utmost kindness do I call for your participation in my joy that all alarm is over, and Mr. Ansel has taken his leave ! I take this large sheet, to indulge in a Babiana which “*dea gandpa*” will, I am sure, receive with partial pleasure, upon this most important event to his poor little gentleman.

When Mr. Ansel came to perform the dreaded operation, he desired me to leave the child to him and the maid : but my agitation was not of that sort. I wished for the experiment upon the most mature deliberation ; but while I trembled with the suspense of its effect, I could not endure to lose a moment from the beloved little object for and with whom I was running such a risk.

He sat upon my lap, and Mr. Ansel gave him a bit of barley-sugar, to obtain his permission for pulling off one sleeve of his frock and shirt. He was much surprised at this opening to an acquaintance—for Mr. Ansel made no previous visit, having sent his directions by M. d'Arblay. However, the barley-sugar occupied his mouth, and inclined him

<sup>1</sup> Inoculation (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 415).

to a favourable interpretation, though he stared with upraised eyebrows. Mr. Ansel bid Betty hold him a plaything at the other side, to draw off his eyes from what was to follow; and I began a little history to him of the misfortunes of the toy we chose, which was a drummer, maimed in his own service, and whom he loves to lament, under the name of "the poor man that has lost his face." But all my pathos and all his own ever-ready pity were ineffectual to detain his attention when he felt his arm grasped by Mr. Ansel; he repulsed Betty, the soldier, and his mamma, and turned about with a quickness that disengaged him from Mr. Ansel, who now desired me to hold his arm. This he resisted; yet held it out himself, with unconscious intrepidity, in full sight of the lancet, which he saw hovering over it, without the most remote suspicion of its slaughtering design, and with a rather amused look of curiosity to see what was intended. When the incision was made he gave a little scream, but it was momentary, and ended in a look of astonishment at such an unprovoked infliction, that exceeds all description, all painting—and in turning an appealing eye to me, as if demanding at once explanation and protection.

My fondest praises now made him understand that non-resistance was an act of virtue, and again he held out his little arm, at our joint entreaty, but resolutely refused to have it held by any one. Mr. Ansel pressed out the blood with his lancet again and again, and wiped the instrument upon the wound for two or three minutes, fearing, from the excessive strictness of his whole life's regimen, he might still escape the venom. The dear child coloured at sight of the blood, and seemed almost petrified with amazement, fixing his wondering eyes upon Mr. Ansel with an expression that

sought to dive into his purpose, and then upon me, as if inquiring how I could approve of it.

When this was over, Mr. Ansel owned himself still apprehensive it might not take, and asked if I should object to his inoculating the other arm. I told him I committed the whole to his judgment, as M. d'Arblay was not at home. And now, indeed, his absence from this scene, which he would have enjoyed with the proudest forebodings of future courage, became doubly regretted; for my little hero, though probably aware of what would follow, suffered me to bare his other arm, and held it out immediately, while looking at the lancet; nor would he again have it supported or tightened; and he saw and felt the incision without shrinking, and without any marks of displeasure.

But though he appeared convinced by my caresses that the thing was right, and that his submission was good, he evidently thought the deed was unaccountable as it was singular; and all his faculties seemed absorbed in profound surprise. I shall never cease being sorry his father did not witness this, to clear my character from having adulterated the chivalric spirit and courage of his race. Mr. Ansel confessed he had never seen a similar instance in one so very young, and, kissing his forehead when he had done, said, "Indeed, little Sir, I am in love with you."

Since this, however, my stars have indulged me in the satisfaction of exhibiting his native bravery where it gives most pride as well as pleasure; for his father was in the room when, the other day, Mr. Ansel begged leave to take some matter from his arm for some future experiments. And the same scene was repeated. He presented the little creature with a bonbon, and then showed his lancet: he let his arm be bared unresistingly, and suffered him to make four successive cuts, to take matter for four

lancets, never crying, nor being either angry or frightened ; but only looking inquisitively at us all in turn, with eyes you would never have forgotten had you beheld, that seemed disturbed by a curiosity they could not satisfy, to find some motive for our extraordinary proceedings.

Immediately before the inoculation, the faculty of speech seemed most opportunely accorded him, and that with a sudden facility that reminds me of your account of his mother's first, though so late, reading. At noon he repeated after me, when I least expected it, "How do do?" and the next morning, as soon as he awoke, he called out, "How do, mamma? How do, papa?" I give you leave to guess if the question was inharmonious. From that time he has repeated readily whatever we have desired ; and yesterday, while he was eating his dry toast, perceiving the cat, he threw her a bit, calling out, "Eat it, Buff!" Just now, taking the string that fastens his gown round the neck, he said, "Ett's [Let's] tie it on, mamma." And when, to try him, I bid him say, Naughty papa, he repeated, "Naughty papa," as if mechanically ; but the instant after, springing from mine to his arms, he kissed him, and said, "Dood papa," in a voice so tender it seemed meant as an apology.

F. D'A.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. BURNEY

*April 3, '97.*

Launcelot Gobbo—or Gobbo Launcelot—was never more cruelly tormented by the struggles between his conscience and the fiend than I between mine and the pen. Says my conscience, "Tell dear Etty you have conquered one of your

worst fears for your little pet." Says my pen, "She will have heard it at Chelsea." Says my conscience, "She knows what you must have suffered, call, therefore, for her congratulations." Says my pen, "I am certain of her sympathy; and the call will be only a trouble to her." Says my conscience, "Are you sure this is not a delicate device to spare yourself?" Says my pen, "Mr. Conscience, you are a terrible bore. I have thought so all my life, for one odd quirk or another that you are always giving people when once you get possession of them, never letting them have their own way, unless it happens to be just to your liking, but pinching and grating, and snarling, and causing bad dreams, for every little private indulgence they presume to take without consulting you. There is not a more troublesome inmate to be found. Always meddling and making, and poking your nose into everybody's concerns. Here's me, for example; I can't be four or five months without answering a letter, but what you give me as many twitches as if I had committed murder; and often and often you have consumed me more time in apologies, and cost me more plague in repentance, than would have sufficed for the most exact punctuality. So that either one must lead the life of a slave in studying all your humours, or be used worse than a dog for following one's own. I tell you, Mr. Conscience, you are an inconceivable bore."

Thus they go on, wrangling and jangling, at so indecent a rate I can get no rest for them—one urging you would like to hear from myself something of an event so deeply interesting to my happiness; the other assuring me of the pardon of perfect coincidence in my aversion to epistolary exertion. And, hitherto, I have listened, whether I would or not, to one, and yielded, whether I

would or not, to the other. And how long the contest might yet have endured I know not, if Mrs. Lock had not told me, yesterday, she should have an opportunity of forwarding some letters to town to-morrow. So now—

“I wish you were further!” I hear you cry; so now you get out of your difficulties just to make me get into them.”

“But consider, my dear Esther, the small-pox——”

“I have considered it at least six times, in all its stages, Heaven help me!”

“But then so sweet a bantling!——”

“I have half-a-dozen, every one of which would make three of him.”

I was interrupted in this my pathetic appeal, and now I must finish off-hand, or lose my conveyance.

I entreat, whenever you see Mrs. Chapone, you will present my affectionate respects to her, and ask if she received a long letter I directed to her in Francis Street.

F. D'A.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. ——

*June 1797.*

It was a very sweet thought to make my little namesake write to me, and I beg her dear mamma to thank her for me, and to tell her how pleased I should have been at the sight of her early progress, had it not proved the vehicle of anxious intelligence.

It is but lately I have thought my little boy entirely recovered, for his appetite had never returned since the eruptive fever till this last fortnight. Thank Heaven! he is now completely

restored to all his strength and good looks, and to all my wishes, for 'tis the gayest and most companionable little soul I ever saw.

And now, what shall I tell you? You ask me "what information any of my late letters have given you, except of my health and affection?" None, I confess!—Yet they are such as all my other friends have borne with, since my writing-weariness has seized me, and such as I still, and upon equally shabby morsels of paper, continue to give them. Nor have I yet thought, that to accept was to abuse their indulgence. When they understood that writing was utterly irksome to me, except as a mere vehicle to prevent uneasiness on their part, and to obtain intelligence on mine, they concurred not to make my silence still more oppressive to me than my writing, by a kind reception of a few words, and returning me letters for notes.

And why are you so much more severe and tenacious?

Why, rather, you will perhaps ask, should you, because you see me thus spoilt, join in spoiling me?

My faithful attachment I am sure you cannot doubt; and why should that affection in your estimation be so little, which in mine, where I dare believe I possess it, predominates over all things, save my opinion of the worth of the character from which I may receive it?—by little, I only mean little satisfactory, unless unremittingly and regularly proved by length of letters. I do not imagine you to slight it in itself; but I see you utterly dissatisfied without its constant manifestation.

It appears to me, perhaps wrongly, you have wrought yourself into a fit of fancied resentment against a succession of short letters, which could only have been merited by letters that were unfriendly. You forget, meanwhile, the numerous



letters I have, at various epochs, received from yourself, not merely of half-pages, but of literally three lines; and you forget them because they were never received with reproach, nor answered with coldness. By me they were equally valued with the longest, though they gave me not equal entertainment, for I prized them as marks of affection, and I required them as bulletins of health. Entertainment, or information, I never considered as a basis of correspondence, though no one, you may believe, can more delight to meet with them. The basis of letters, as of friendship, must be *kindness*, which does not count lines or words, but expressions and meaning; which is indulgent to brevity, puts a favourable construction upon silence, grants full liberty to inclination, and makes every allowance for convenience. Punctuality, with respect to writing, is a quality in which I know myself deficient; but which, also, I have to no one ever promised. To two persons only I have practised it,—my father, and my sister Phillips; there is a third whose claims are still higher; but uninterrupted intercourse has spared all trial to my exactness. My other friends, however near, and however tender, have all accepted my letters, like myself, for better and for worse, and, finding my heart unalterable, have left my pen to its own propensities.

Nor am I quite aware what species of “information” you repine at not receiving. *An elaborate composition*, written for admiration, and calculated to be exhibited to strangers, I should not be more the last to write than you—quick and penetrating to whatever is ridiculous—would be the first to deride and despise. *A gay and amusing rattle*, you must be sensible, can flow only from the humour of the moment, which an idea of raised expectation represses rather than promotes.

*A communication of private affairs* . . . no,—the very letter which produced this complaint contained a statement of personal concerns the most important I have had to write since my marriage.

From all this, which reluctantly, though openly, I have written, you will deduce, that, while you think me unkind (as I apprehend), I think you unjust.

But I have *written*, now, as well as *read*,—and have emptied my mind of all ungenial thoughts; hasten, then, dear —, to fill up the space once more with those fairer materials which the estranged style of your late letters has wofully compressed. You will think of me, you say, always *as you ought*: if you do, I may venture to send you again the shabby paper, or wide margin, you have received so indignantly, by reminding you, in the first place, that the zealous advocate for public liberty must not be an imposer of private exactions; and in the second, that, though the most miserable of correspondents, I am the most unchangeable of friends.

And now, if I could draw, I would send you the olive-branch, with our arms mutually entwining it. Enclose me the design, and I will return you its inscriptions.

F. D'A.

I find my father has heard just the same high character of the supereminent powers and eloquence of the Abbé Legard that you sent me in a former letter.

The Lock family have not yet returned from town. They did not go thither till late in April. Have you seen Mr. Williams's<sup>1</sup> beautiful sketch of Lady Templetown's two eldest daughters?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Locke must be intended. Lady Templetown was his relative.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Albinia, afterwards Marchioness of Bristol, *d.* 1844; Caroline, *d.* 1862.

We have begun, at last, the little Hermitage we have so long purposed rearing for our residence ; and M. d'Arblay, who is his own architect and surveyor, is constantly with his workmen, whom Bab and I do not spare visiting and admiring. God bless you !

DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

*Saturday Night, July 20, 1797.*

MY DEAR FANNY—The close of the season is always hurry-scurry. I shall begin a letter to-night, and leave it on the stocks, that is, the table, to stare me in the face, lest in the hurry I am and shall be in, you should lose your turn. I was invited to poor Mr. Burke's funeral,<sup>1</sup> by Mrs. Crewe and two notes from Beaconsfield. Malone and I went to Bulstrode together in my car, this day sevensnight, with two horses added to mine. Mrs. Crewe had invited me thither when she went down first. We found the Duke of P.<sup>2</sup> there ; and the Duke of Devonshire and Windham came to dinner. The Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Commons could not leave London till four o'clock, but arrived a little after seven. We all set off together for Beaconsfield, where we found the rest of the pall-bearers—Lord Fitzwilliam,<sup>3</sup> Lord Inchiquin, and Sir Gilbert Eliot, with Drs. King and Lawrence, Fred North, Dudley North, and many of the deceased's private friends, though by his repeated injunction the funeral was to be very private. We had all hatbands, scarfs, and gloves ; and he left a list to whom rings of remembrance are to be sent, among whom my name

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Burke died July 9, 1797, at his seat of Butler's Court, and is buried in the little church at Beaconsfield, Bucks.

<sup>2</sup> Portland.

<sup>3</sup> William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, second Earl Fitzwilliam, 1748-1833. He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795 (see *ante*, p. 247).

occurred; and a jeweller has been here for my measure. I went back to Bulstrode, by invitation, with the two Dukes, the Chancellor, and Speaker, Windham, Malone, and Secretary King. I stayed there till Sunday evening, and got home just before the dreadful storm. The Duke was extremely civil and hospitable,—pressed me much to stay longer and go with them, the Chancellor, Speaker, Windham, and Mrs. Crewe, to Penn,<sup>1</sup> to see the school, founded by Mr. Burke, for the male children of French emigrant nobles; but I could not with prudence stay, having a couple of ladies waiting for me in London, and two extra horses with me.

So much for poor Mr. Burke, certainly one of the greatest men of the present century; and I think I might say the best orator and statesman of modern times. He had his passions and prejudices to which I did not subscribe; but I always admired his great abilities, friendship, and urbanity; and it would be ungrateful in you and me, to whom he was certainly partial, not to feel and lament his loss.

C. B.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, *July 27, '97.*

MY DEAREST PADRE — A letter of so many dates is quite delicious to me; it brings me so

<sup>1</sup> "At Penn [Bucks], a college, since demolished, was established for the benefit of the French *émigrés* during the Revolutionary War. It stood near a still-existing row of fine elms. Burke took a great interest in this college, and often walked over from Gregories [the first name of Butler's Court] to visit its inmates. A meadow is still known as French School Meadow" (Murray's *Bucks*, 1903, p. 45). To this may be added from Morley's *Burke*, 1882, p. 205, that the school in question was "for sixty French boys, principally the orphans of Quiberon, and the children of other emigrants who had suffered in the cause."

close to you from day to day, that it seems nearest to verbal intercourse. How "agreeable" I should be to your keeping one upon the stocks for me thus in your journey! And how I should like to receive a letter from Shrewsbury! Nevertheless, I am sensible Shrewsbury will be but a melancholy view now, but interest does not dwell alone with merriment, merry as we all like to be.

Your most kind solicitude for Alex makes me never like to take a letter in hand to you when his health gives me inquietude; his health alone can do it, for his disposition opens into all our fondest hopes could form, either for our present gratification or future prospects. 'Tis the most enjoyable little creature, Norbury Phillips excepted, I ever saw at so early an age.

I was surprised, and almost frightened, though at the same time gratified, to find you assisted in paying the last honours to Mr. Burke. How sincerely I sympathise in all you say of that truly great man! That his enemies say he was not perfect is nothing compared with his immense superiority over almost all those who are merely exempted from his peculiar defects. That he was upright in heart, even where he acted wrong, I do truly believe; and it is a great pleasure to me that Mr. Lock believes it too, and that he asserted nothing he had not persuaded himself to be true, from Mr. Hastings's being the most rapacious of villains, to the King's being incurably insane. He was as generous as kind, and as liberal in his sentiments as he was luminous in intellect and extraordinary in abilities and eloquence. Though free from all little vanity, high above envy, and glowing with zeal to exalt talents and merit in others, he had, I believe, a consciousness of his own greatness, that shut out those occasional and useful self-doubts which keep our judgment in

order, by calling our motives and our passions to account. I entreat you to let me know how poor Mrs. Burke supports herself in this most desolate state, and who remains to console her when Mrs. Crewe will be far off.

Our cottage is now in the act of being rough cast. Its ever imprudent and *téméraire* builder made himself very ill t'other day, by going from the violent heat of extreme hard work in his garden to drink out of a fresh-drawn pail of well-water, and dash the same over his face. A dreadful headache ensued; and two days' confinement, with James's powders,<sup>1</sup> have but just reinstated him. In vain I represent he has no right now to make so free with himself—he has such a habit of disdaining all care and precaution, that, though he gives me the fairest promises, I find them of no avail. Mr. Angerstein<sup>2</sup> went to see his field lately, and looked everywhere for him, having heard he was there; but he was not immediately to be known, while digging with all his might and main, without coat or waistcoat, and in his green leather cap.

Imagine my surprise the other day, my dearest Padre, at receiving a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld!<sup>3</sup> We had never visited, and only met one evening at Mr. Burrows's, by appointment, whither I was carried to meet her by Mrs. Chapone. They are at Dorking, on a visit to Dr. Aikin,<sup>4</sup> her brother, who is there at a lodging for his health. I received them with great pleasure, for I think highly both of her talents and her character, and he seems a very gentle, good sort of man.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 317.

<sup>2</sup> John Angerstein, M.P., of Westing, Norfolk, who married Mr. Locke's daughter Amelia.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 239.

<sup>4</sup> John Aikin, M.D., 1747-1822. He stayed at Dorking four months, and wrote an "animated description" of the surrounding country in the *Monthly Magazine*. At Dorking, too, he composed part of his *Letters from a Father to his Son* (*Memoirs of John Aikin, M.D.*, 1823, pp. 211, 212).

I am told, by a French priest who occasionally visits M. d'Arblay, that the commanding officer at Dorking says he knows you very well, but I cannot make out his name.

F. D'A.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, *August 10, '97.*

My dearest Father will, I know, be grieved at any grief of M. d'Arblay's, though he will be glad his own truly interesting letter should have arrived by the same post. You know, I believe, with what cruel impatience and uncertainty my dear companion has waited for some news of his family, and how terribly his expectations were disappointed upon a summons to town some few months since, when the hope of intelligence carried him thither under all the torment of his recently wounded foot, which he could not then put to the ground ; no tidings, however, could he procure, nor has he ever heard from any part of it till last Saturday morning, when two letters arrived by the same post, with information of the death of his only brother.

Impossible as it has long been to look back to France without fears amounting even to expectation of horrors, he had never ceased cherishing hopes some favourable turn would, in the end, unite him with this last branch of his house ; the shock, therefore, has been terribly severe, and has cast a gloom upon his mind and spirits which nothing but his kind anxiety to avoid involving mine can at present suppress. He is now the last of a family of seventeen, and not one relation of his own name now remains but his own little English son. His father was the only son of an only son, which drives all affinity on the paternal side into fourth and fifth kinsmen.

On the maternal side, however, he has the happiness to hear that an uncle, who is inexpressibly dear to him, who was his guardian and best friend through life, still lives, and has been permitted to remain unmolested in his own house, at Joigny,<sup>1</sup> where he is now in perfect health, save from rheumatic attacks, which though painful are not dangerous. A son, too, of this gentleman, who was placed as a *commissaire-de-guerre* by M. d'Arblay during the period of his belonging to the War Committee, still holds the same situation, which is very lucrative, and which M. d'A. had concluded would have been withdrawn as soon as his own flight from France was known.

He hears, too, that M. de Narbonne is well and safe, and still in Switzerland, where he lives, says the letter, "*très modestement, obscurément, et tranquillement,*" with a chosen small society forced into similar retreat. This is consolatory, for the long and unaccountable silence of this his beloved friend had frequently filled him with the utmost uneasiness.

The little property of which the late Chevalier d'Arblay died possessed, this same letter says, has been "*vendu pour la nation,*" because his next heir was an *émigré*; though there is a little niece, Mlle. Girardin, daughter of an only sister, who is in France, and upon whom the succession was settled, if her uncles died without immediate heirs.

Some little matter, however, what we know not, has been reserved by being bought in by this respectable uncle, who sends M. d'Arblay word he has saved him what he may yet live upon, if he can find means to return without personal risk, and who solicits to again see him with urgent fondness, in which he is joined by his aunt with as much warmth

<sup>1</sup> Joigny—M. D'Arblay's birthplace—is on the Yonne, being the chief town of the *arrondissement* of that name.



as if she, also, was his relation by blood, not alliance. The letter is written from Switzerland by a person who passed through Joigny, from Paris, at the request of M. d'Arblay, to inquire the fate of his family, and to make known his own. The commission, though so lately executed, was given before the birth of our little Alex. The letter adds that no words can express the tender joy of this excellent uncle and his wife in hearing M. d'Arblay was alive and well.

The late Chevalier, my M. d'A. says, was a man of the softest manners and most exalted honour; and he was so tall and so thin, he was often nicknamed Don Quixote; but he was so completely aristocratic with regard to the Revolution, at its very commencement, that M. d'A. has heard nothing yet with such unspeakable astonishment as the news that he died, near Spain, of his wounds from a battle in which he had fought for the Republic. "How strange," says M. d'A., "is our destiny! that that Republic which I quitted, determined to be rather an hewer of wood and drawer of water all my life than serve, he should die for." The secret history of this may some day come out, but it is now inexplicable, for the mere fact, without the smallest comment, is all that has reached us. In the period, indeed, in which M. d'A. left France, there were but three steps possible for those who had been bred to arms—flight, the guillotine, or fighting for the Republic. "The former this brother," M. d'A. says, "had not energy of character to undertake in the desperate manner in which he risked it himself, friendless and fortuneless, to live in exile as he could. The guillotine no one could elect; and the continuing in the service, though in a cause he detested, was, probably, his hard compulsion. No one was allowed to lay down his arms and retire."

A gentleman born in the same town as M. d'A.,

Joigny, has this morning found a conductor to bring him to our Hermitage. He confirms the account that all in that little town has been suffered to remain quiet, his own relations there still existing undisturbed. M. d'Arblay is gone to accompany him back as far as Ewell. He has been evidently much relieved by the visit, and the power of talking over, with an old townsman as well as countryman, early scenes and connections. It is a fortunately timed rencounter, and I doubt not but he will return less sad.

F. D'A.

Our new habitation will very considerably indeed exceed our first intentions and expectations. I suppose it has ever been so, and so ever must be; for we sought as well as determined to keep within bounds, and M. d'A. still thinks he has done it; however, I am more aware of our tricks upon travellers than to enter into the same delusion.

The pleasure, however, he has taken in this edifice is my first joy, for it has constantly shown me his heart has invariably held to those first feelings which, before our union, determined him upon settling in England. Oh! if you knew how he has been assailed, by temptations of every sort that either ambition, or interest, or friendship could dictate, to change his plan,—and how his heart sometimes yearns towards those he yet can love in his native soil, while his firmness still remains unshaken, nay, not even one moment wavering or hesitating,—you would not wonder I make light of even extravagance in a point that shows him thus fixed to make this object a part of the whole system of his future life.

## DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

Friday Night, September 13, 1797.

MY DEAR FANNY—Where did I leave off?—hang me if I know!—I believe I told you, or all when with you, of the Chester and Liverpool journey and voyage.<sup>1</sup> On Saturday, 26th August, the day month from leaving London, M. le Président de Frondeville<sup>2</sup> and I left Crewe Hall on our way back. The dear Mrs. Crewe kindly set us in our way as far as Hetruria. We visited Trentham Hall, in Staffordshire, the famous seat of the Marquis of Stafford,—a very fine place—fine piece of water—fine hanging woods,—the valley of Tempe—and the river Trent running through the garden. Mrs. C. introduced us to the Marchioness, who did us the honour of showing us the house herself; it has lately been improved and enlarged by Wyatt:—fine pictures, library, etc.

After a luncheon here, we went to Hetruria, which I had never seen. Old Mr. Wedgwood is dead,<sup>3</sup> and his son and successor not at home; but we went to the pottery manufacture, and saw the whole process of forming the beautiful things which are dispersed all over the universe from this place. Mrs. C. offered to send you a little hand churn for your breakfast butter; but I should have broke it to pieces, and durst not accept of it. But if it would be of any use, when you have a cow, I will get you one at the Wedgwood warehouse in London. Here we parted.

<sup>1</sup> There is an account of this "journey and voyage" in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 244. Dr. Burney was on a visit to Mrs. Crewe at Crewe Hall in Cheshire.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas-Louis-César, Marquis de Lambert de Frondeville, 1757-1816, an *émigré*, who married in England. He had been President of the Parliament of Rouen.

<sup>3</sup> Josiah Wedgwood died in January 1795. Etruria is the name of the village he built for his workmen.

The President and I got to Lichfield by about ten o'clock that night. In the morning, before my companion was up, I strolled about the city with one of the waiters, in search of Frank Barber, who I had been told lived there; but on inquiry I was told his residence was in a village three or four miles off.<sup>1</sup> I however soon found the house where dear Dr. Johnson was born, and his father's shop. The house is stuccoed, has five sash-windows in front, and pillars before it. It is the best house thereabouts, near St. Mary's Church, in a broad street, and is now a grocer's shop.<sup>2</sup>

I went next to the Garrick House, which has been lately repaired, stuccoed, enlarged, and sashed. Peter Garrick, David's eldest brother, died about two years ago, leaving all his possessions to the apothecary that had attended him. But the will was disputed and set aside not long since, it having appeared at a trial that the testator was insane at the time the will was made; so that Mrs. Doxie, Garrick's sister, a widow with a numerous family, recovered the house and £30,000. She now lives in it with her family, and has been able to set up a carriage. The inhabitants of Lichfield were so pleased with the decision of the Court on the trial, that they illuminated the streets, and had public rejoicings on the occasion.

After examining this house well, I tried to find the residence of Dr. James, inventor of the admirable fever powders,<sup>3</sup> which have so often saved the life of our dear Susey, and others without number. But the ungrateful inhabitants knew nothing about him. I could find but one old man who remem-

<sup>1</sup> Francis Barber, the black servant to whom Johnson had left nearly £1500, had retired to Lichfield upon his master's recommendation.

<sup>2</sup> It stands in the market-place. It is now the property of the Corporation of Lichfield, and was opened as a museum and library on July 6, 1901.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Robert James, 1705-76. He patented his powder and pill in 1746 (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 317).

bered that he was a native of that city!—that man “who has lengthened life, whose skill in physic will be long remembered,” to be forgotten at Lichfield! I felt indignant, but went round the cathedral, which has been lately thoroughly repaired internally, and is the most complete and beautiful Gothic building I ever saw. The outside was *très mal traité* by the fanatics of the last century; but there are three beautiful spires still standing, and more than fifty whole-length figures of saints in their original niches. The choir is exquisitely beautiful. A fine new organ is erected, and was well played, and I never heard the cathedral service so well performed to that instrument only before. The services and anthems were middle-aged music, neither too old and dry, nor too modern and light; the voices subdued, and exquisitely softened and sweetened by the building.

While the lessons were reading, which I could not hear, I looked for monuments, and found a beautiful one to Garrick, and another just by it to Johnson; the former erected by Mrs. Garrick, who has been daily abused for not erecting one to her husband in Westminster Abbey; but sure that was a debt due to him from the public, and that due from his widow best paid here. Johnson's has been erected by his friends:—both are beautiful, and alike in every particular.<sup>1</sup>

There is a monument here to Johnson's first patron, Mr. Walmsley, whose amplitude of learning and copiousness of communication were such, that our revered friend said “it might be doubted

<sup>1</sup> This, and several of the preceding paragraphs (with variations) are worked into vol. iii. of the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 247-49. In a Note Book of 1797 he had written, “I beg that my pilgrimage to Litchfield, in 1797, may somewhere be recorded in my Memoirs, from memorandums made on the spot, after visiting the house where Dr. Johnson was born, and his father kept a bookseller's shop; the house where Garrick lived, and his elder brother died; and seeking in vain for the birth-place, or at least residence, of Dr. James.”

whether a day passed in which he had not some advantage from his friendship."<sup>1</sup> There is a monument likewise to Lady M. W. Montagu, and to the father of Mr. Addison, etc.

We left Lichfield about two o'clock, and reached Daventry that night, stopping a little at Coventry to look at the great church and Peeping Tom. Next day got to St. Alban's time enough to look at the church and neighbouring ruins. Next morning breakfasted at Barnet, where my car met me, and got to Chelsea by three o'clock, leaving my agreeable *compagnon de voyage*, M. le Président, at his apartments in town.

I only stayed at home a week, after which I went to Richmond for four or five days;—slept at Charlotte's, but dined with her but once; Tuesday, Wednesday, with dear good Mrs. Boscawen;<sup>2</sup> visiting first Mrs. Gell, at Twickenham, and Dr. Morton;<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton; and Lady Polly,<sup>4</sup> at Hampton Court, with whom Hetty and I dined and spent a very laughing and agreeable day on Thursday, hearing the band of the 11th regiment play in the gardens to the Prince and Princess of Orange during their *lonchon*—then saw the palace, in which Lady M. performed the part of cicerone.

Thursday dine with Mrs. Ord in Sir Joshua Reynolds's house; on Friday morning go with her and Mrs. Otley, a sister of Sir W. Young, to see Mrs. Garrick, but she was gone to London; however, Mrs. Ord being a privileged person, we saw the house, pictures, and gardens.

I visited the Cambridges, and they me. Mr. C.

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert Walmsley, *d.* 1751, Register of the Prerogative Court at Lichfield. Dr. Burney's quotation is from Johnson's character of him in the *Life of Edmund Smith* (Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, i. 81).

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, p. 342.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Charles Morton, 1716-1799, Principal Librarian of the British Museum,

<sup>4</sup> Lady Mary Duncan (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 222).

is as active and lively as ever. Dined again with Mrs. Bos. on Saturday.

On Sunday went with Hetty and Mrs. B. to Richmond Gardens to see the kangaroos, then carried them to town, and carried to Chelsea, myself, a miserable cold, which I have been nursing ever since. But I am now thinking of my visit to Lord Chesterfield and Herschel. I have just received a very polite and friendly letter from the latter, just returned from Ramsgate, who "will be happy to talk over with me any subject of astronomy that I may be pleased to lead him to."

But when is your Windsor visit to take place? The Royal Family return, 'tis said, the 16th. A levee is announced for Wednesday next week, and a drawing-room on Thursday. If this very dreadful weather does not continue, I think of going to Bailie<sup>1</sup> next week. If we should meet at Windsor, how nice it would be! *Pensez-y.* C. B.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, September 25, '97.

I must not vex my dearest Padre with my vexation, especially as the season is so much further advanced than when we had regaled our fancies with seeing him, that many fears for what is still more precious to me than his sight—his health—would mix with the joy of his presence.

The return of Lord M.<sup>2</sup> has been a terrible stroke to every fond hope of M. d'Arblay of embracing his venerable uncle. Not even a line, now, must again pass between them! This last dreadful

<sup>1</sup> Baylis, Stoke Poges (Lord Chesterfield's), a mile and a half from Stoke Church, towards Salt Hill. It is now a Roman Catholic educational establishment.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Malmesbury had gone to Lisle as Plenipotentiary in July; but the French demands were outrageous, and he had returned on the 18th September.

revolution shook him almost as violently as the loss of his brother; but constant exercise and unremitting employment are again, thank Heaven! playing the part of philosophy. Indeed, he has the happiest philosophy to join to them—that of always endeavouring to balance blessings against misfortunes. Many for whom he had a personal regard are involved in this inhuman banishment, though none with whom he was particularly connected. Had the Parisians not all been disarmed in a former epoch, it is universally believed they would have risen in a mass to defend the legislators from this unheard-of proscription. Such is the report of a poor returned *émigré*. But such measures had been taken, that there is little doubt but that military government will be now finally established. M. d'Arblay had been earnestly pressed to go over, and pass *les vendanges* at Joigny,<sup>1</sup> and try what he could recover from the shipwreck of his family's fortune: but not, thank God! by his uncle: that generous, parental friend crushes every personal wish while danger hangs upon its indulgence.

Dear, kind, deserving Kitty Cooke!<sup>2</sup> I was

<sup>1</sup> Joigny is a noted red wine district.

<sup>2</sup> Papilian Catherine Cooke of Thames Ditton, spinster, the "Kitty Cooke" so often referred to in these pages, died August 17, 1797, aged 66, and was buried at Chessington. She left a portrait of "Daddy" Crisp to Mme. D'Arblay. She was the niece and companion of Mrs. (i.e. Miss) Sarah Hamilton, to whom Chessington Hall belonged, and who had died on the 14th January preceding, aged ninety-two, having been born July 4, 1705. Mrs. Hamilton had succeeded her brother, Crisp's friend, whom Mrs. Barrett in her "Introduction" (vol. i. p. 11), following Mme. D'Arblay in her *Memoirs* of her father, calls Christopher Hamilton. His real Christian name, however, was Chrysostome. He was born in 1698, and died in 1759, having inherited Chessington Hall from his mother Rebecca Hatton, whose first husband was a Hamilton. After Mrs. Sarah Hamilton's death, Chessington Hall passed to other members of her family, coming eventually to the Rev. Henry Penny of Kensington, who pulled down the ruinous old Hall and erected the existing building in its stead, on the old foundation. By Mr. Penny's son it was sold to the present proprietors, the Chancellor family. (The above particulars are mainly derived from an interesting paper on the "Genealogy of the Family of Hamilton of Ypres in Flanders" (*Genealogist*, N.S. vol. xiv.), by the Editor, Mr. Henry W. Forsyth Harwood.)



struck quite at heart with concern at her sudden and unexpected death.

I pity Mrs. R. with all my soul. She could have been so happy under your protection! And now two are unhappy, for those tyrants who rob others wilfully of all comfort take what they never enjoy. I question if even a vicious character is as internally wretched as an ill-natured one.

F. D'A.

DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

CHELSEA COLLEGE, *Thursday, 2 o'clock, September 28.*

MY DEAR FANNY—I read your letter pen in hand, and shall try to answer it by to-day's post. But first let me tell you that it was very unlikely to find me at home, for on Tuesday I went to Lord Chesterfield's at Bailie's,<sup>1</sup> and arrived there in very good time for a four o'clock dinner; when, behold! I was informed by the porter that "both my Lord and Lady were in town, and did not return till Saturday!" Lord Chesterfield had unexpectedly been obliged to go to town by indisposition. Though I was asked to alight and take refreshment, I departed immediately, intending to dine and lie at Windsor, to be near Dr. Herschel,<sup>2</sup> with whom a visit had been arranged by letter. But as I was now at liberty to make that visit at any time of the day I pleased, I drove through Slough in my way to Windsor, in order to ask at Dr. Herschel's door when my visit would be least inconvenient to him—that night or next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the door himself, to press me to alight immediately and partake of his family repast; and this he did so heartily that I could not resist. I was introduced to the family at table, four ladies, and a little boy

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 342.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 342.

about the age and size of Martin.<sup>1</sup> I was quite shocked at seeing so many females: I expected (not knowing that Herschel was married) only to have found Miss Herschel;<sup>2</sup> but there was a very old lady, the mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who was at the head of the table herself, and a Scots lady (a Miss Wilson, daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow,<sup>3</sup> an eminent astronomer), Miss Herschel, and the little boy. I expressed my concern and shame at disturbing them at this time of the day; told my story, at which they were so cruel as to rejoice, and went so far as to say they rejoiced at the accident which had brought me there, and hoped I would send my carriage away, and take a bed with them. They were sorry they had no stables for my horses. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*, but in spite of my blushes I was obliged to submit to my trunk being taken in, and the car sent to the inn just by.

We soon grew acquainted,—I mean the ladies and I; and before dinner was over we seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good-humoured, unpretending, and well-bred; Miss Herschel all shyness and virgin modesty; the Scots lady sensible and harmless, and the little boy entertaining, promising, and comical. Herschel, you know, and everybody knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer.

Your health was drunk after dinner (put that into your pocket); and after much social conversation and a few hearty laughs, the ladies proposed to take a walk, in order, I believe, to leave Herschel

<sup>1</sup> Martin Burney, James Burney's son (see Appendix, vol. vi. "Admiral Jem").

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. iii. pp. 18 and 322.

<sup>3</sup> Alexander Wilson, 1714-86, Professor of Astronomy at Glasgow University.

and me together. We walked and talked round his great telescopes till it grew damp and dusk, then retreated into his study to philosophise.

I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the time charmingly till tea, which being drank with the ladies, we two retired again to the *starry*. Now having paved the way, we began to talk of my poetical plan, and he pressed me to read what I had done. Heaven help his head! my eight books, of from 400 to 820 lines, would require two or three days to read. He made me unpack my trunk for my MS., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book or character of a great astronomer he pleased. "Oh, let us have the beginning." I read him the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium, and then said I rather wished to come to modern times; I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus, and began my eighth chapter, entirely on Newton and his system. He gave me the greatest encouragement; said repeatedly that I perfectly understood what I was writing about; and only stopped me at two places: one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe, and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox, concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, etc. etc., but made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have upset me, and prevented my reading any part of my work: he said he had almost always had an aversion to poetry, which he regarded as the arrangement of fine words, without any useful meaning or adherence to truth; but that, when truth and science were united to these fine words,

he liked poetry very well; and next morning, after breakfast, he made me read as much of another chapter on Des Cartes, etc., as the time would allow, as I had ordered my carriage at twelve. I read, talked, asked questions, and looked at books and instruments till near one, when I set off for Chelsea.

C. B.

GÉNÉRAL DE LAFAYETTE TO THE CHEVALIER  
D'ARBLAY

TRIUMULD PRÈS PLOEN, 16me Oct. 1797.

Je savois bien d'avance que votre intérêt nous suivroit partout, mon cher d'Arblay, et je n'ai pas été surpris d'apprendre que vous avez été sans cesse occupé de vos amis prisonniers; <sup>1</sup> ils ne vous oubloient pas dans leur captivité, et soit dans les premiers tems où nous fûmes quelquefois réunis, soit pendant les derniers quarante mois où nous avons été totalement et constamment séparés,—Maubourg <sup>2</sup> et moi pensions avec la plus tendre amitié au sentiment que vous nous conserviez, et au bonheur dont vous jouissiez.

C'est dans la prison de Magdebourg que nous <sup>3</sup> apprîmes votre mariage; j'avois joint au tribut de l'admiration universelle pour Miss Burney un hommage de reconnoissance particulier pour celle qui presque seule avoit pu me faire oublier momentanément mon sort; c'est au milieu des jouissances de cette illusion enchanteresse que je scûs tout à coup les nouveaux droits qu'elle avoit à mon sentiment pour elle, et qui me donnaient à moi-même quelques droits à ses bontés. Toute

<sup>1</sup> La Fayette was imprisoned by the Austrians until Buonaparte, by order of the Directory, obtained his liberation in 1797.

<sup>2</sup> Marie-Charles-César de Fay, Comte de Latour-Maubourg, *maréchal de camp*, 1756-1831. He was imprisoned with La Fayette at Magdeburg and Olmutz.

<sup>3</sup> His wife (*née* Adrienne-Françoise de Noailles, daughter of the Duc d'Ayen) had shared his captivity.

ma famille serait bien heureuse de lui être présentée, et la prie de vouloir bien agréer le vœu qu'elles forment toutes trois de mériter son amitié. Recevez aussi, mon cher d'Arblay, les tendres complimens de ma femme et de mes filles.

Nous sommes pour quelques jours chez Madame de Tessé;<sup>1</sup> Maubourg et Puzy<sup>2</sup> sont restés à Altona, mais Maubourg arrivera ici aujourd'hui ou demain, et nous allons passer l'hiver dans une campagne solitaire, à vingt-deux lieues d'Hambourg, sur le territoire Danois du Holstein, où nous soignerons tranquillement nos santés délabrées. Celle de ma femme est surtout dans le plus déplorable état. Maubourg a beaucoup souffert, mais se rétablit depuis la délivrance; et quoique j'aie été à la mort, j'ai résisté mieux que personne aux épreuves de la captivité, et je crois que bientôt, à la maigreur près, il n'y paraîtra plus. Mons fils<sup>3</sup> étoit en Amérique, mais va, je pense, arriver avec la Colombe, parce que sur la nouvelle des premières promesses données il y a plusieurs mois par la Cour de Vienne à la République, ils se sont déterminés à venir nous trouver.

Adieu, mon cher d'Arblay; présentez mes hommages à Madame d'Arblay; donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, et aimez toujours votre ancien compagnon d'armes et ami, qui vous est à jamais bien tendrement attaché.

LAFAYETTE.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. FRANCIS

WESTHAMBLE, *November 16, 1797.*

Your letter was most welcome to me, my dearest Charlotte, and I am delighted Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Sister of the Duc d'Ayen. She was the aunt of Mme. de La Fayette.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Jean-Xavier Bureaux de Pusy, 1750-1805, another fellow-prisoner with La Fayette.

<sup>3</sup> George-Louis-Gilbert-Washington Du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, 1779-1849.

Broome<sup>1</sup> and my dear father will so speedily meet. If they steer clear of politics, there can be no doubt of their immediate exchange of regard and esteem. At all events, I depend upon Mr. B.'s forbearance of such subjects, if their opinions clash. Pray let me hear how the interview went off.

I need not say how I shall rejoice to see you again, nor how charmed we shall both be to make a nearer acquaintance with Mr. Broome; but, for Heaven's sake, my dear girl, how are we to give him a dinner?—unless he will bring with him his poultry, for ours are not yet arrived from Bookham; and his fish, for ours are still at the bottom of some pond we know not where; and his spit, for our jack is yet without one; and his kitchen grate, for ours waits for Count Rumford's next pamphlet;—not to mention his table-linen;—and not to speak of his knives and forks, some ten of our poor original twelve having been massacred in M. d'Arblay's first essays in the art of carpentering;—and to say nothing of his large spoons, the silver of our plated ones having feloniously made off under cover of the whitening-brush;—and not to talk of his cook, ours being not yet hired;—and not to start the subject of wine, ours, by some odd accident, still remaining at the wine-merchant's!

With all these impediments, however, to convivial hilarity, if he will eat a quarter of a joint of meat (his share, I mean), tied up by a packthread, and roasted by a log of wood on the bricks,—and declare no potatoes so good as those dug by M. d'Arblay out of our garden,—and protest our small beer gives the spirits of champagne,—and make no inquiries where we have deposited the hops he will conclude we have emptied out of our table-cloth,—and pronounce that bare walls are superior

<sup>1</sup> Captain Ralph Broome, of the Bengal Army, to whom Charlotte Francis was married early in 1798.

to tapestry,—and promise us the first sight of his epistle upon visiting a new-built cottage,—we shall be sincerely happy to receive him in our Hermitage ; where I hope to learn, for my dearest Charlotte's sake, to love him as much as, for his own, I have very long admired him.

Manage all this, my dear girl, but let us know the day, as we have resumed our Norbury Park excursions, where we were yesterday. God bless you, my love, and grant that your happiness may meet my wishes !

Ever and ever yours most affectionately,  
F. D'A.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. PHILLIPS

WESTHAMBLE, *December '97.*

This moment I receive, through our dearest friend, my own Susanna's letter. I grieve to find she ever waits anxiously for news ; but always imagine all things essential perpetually travelling to her, from so many of our house, all in nearly constant correspondence with her. This leads me to rest quiet as to her, when I do not write more frequently ; but as to myself, when I do not hear I am saddened even here, even in my own new paradise,—for such I confess it is to me ; and were my beloved Susan on this side the Channel, and could I see her dear face, and fold her to my breast, I think I should set about wishing nothing but to continue just so. For circumstances—pecuniary ones I mean—never have power to distress me, unless I fear exceeding their security ; and that fear these times will sometimes inflict. The new threefold assessment of taxes has terrified us rather seriously ; though the necessity, and therefore justice, of them, we mutually feel. My father thinks his own share will amount to £80 a year !

We have, this very morning, decided upon parting with four of our new windows,—a great abatement of *agrémens* to ourselves, and of ornament to our appearance; and a still greater sacrifice to *l'amour propre* of my architect, who, indeed,—his fondness for his edifice considered,—does not ill deserve praise that the scheme had not his mere consent, but his own free proposition.

Your idea that my builder was not able to conduct us hither, I thank God, is unfounded. His indiscretion was abominable, but so characteristic that I will tell it you. Some little time before, he brought me home a dog, a young thing, he said, which had hit his fancy at Fwell, where he had been visiting M. Bourdois,<sup>1</sup> and that we should educate it for our new house-guard. It is a *barbette*,<sup>2</sup> and, as it was not perfectly precise in cleanliness, it was destined to a kitchen residence till it should be trained for the parlour: this, however, far from being resented by the young stranger as an indignity, appeared to be still rather too superb; for “Muff” betook to the coal-hole, and there seemed to repose with native ease. The purchaser, shocked at the rueful appearance of the curled coat, and perhaps piqued by a few flippancies upon the delicacy of my present, resolved one night to prepare me a divine surprise the following morning; and, when I retired to my downy pillow, at eleven o'clock, upon a time severely cold, he walked forth with the unfortunate delinquent to a certain lake, you may remember, nearly in front of our Bookham habitation, not very remarkable for its lucid purity,<sup>3</sup> and there immersed poor Muff, and

<sup>1</sup> M. Bourdois, an early friend of M. D'Arblay, had been aide-de-camp to Dumouriez and fought at Jemappes. He married Anna Maria, the eldest child of Charles Rousseau Burney.

<sup>2</sup> Water-spaniel.

<sup>3</sup> This Great Bookham “lake,” which once stood—says Mr. Bousfield—“at the junction of the main and side roads,” in close proximity to the stocks and parish pound, no longer exists.



stood rubbing him, curl by curl, till each particular one was completely bathed. This business was not over till near midnight, and the impure water which he agitated, joined to the late hour and unwholesome air, sent him in shivering with a dreadful pain in the head and a violent feverish and rheumatic cold.

This happened just as we were beginning to prepare for our removal. You will imagine, untold, all its alarm and all its inconveniences; I thank God, it is long past, but it had its full share, at the moment, of disquieting and tormenting powers.

We quitted Bookham with one single regret—that of leaving our excellent neighbours the Cookes.<sup>1</sup> The father is so worthy, and the mother so good, so deserving, so liberal, and so infinitely kind, that the world certainly does not abound with people to compare with them. They both improved upon us considerably since we lost our dearest Susan—not, you will believe, as substitutes, but still for their intrinsic worth and most friendly partiality and regard.

We languished for the moment of removal with almost infantine fretfulness at every delay that distanced it; and when at last the grand day came, our final packings, with all their toil and difficulties and labour and expense, were mere acts of pleasantries: so bewitched were we with the impending change, that, though from six o'clock to three we were hard at work, without a kettle to boil the breakfast, or a knife to cut bread for a luncheon, we missed nothing, wanted nothing, and were as insensible to fatigue as to hunger.

M. d'Arblay set out on foot, loaded with remaining relics of things, to us precious, and Betty afterwards with a remnant glass or two; the other maid

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 236.

had been sent two days before.<sup>1</sup> I was forced to have a chaise for my Alex and me, and a few looking-glasses, a few folios, and not a few other oddments; and then, with dearest Mr. Lock, our founder's portrait, and my little boy, off I set, and I would my dearest Susan could relate to me as delicious a journey.

My mate, striding over hedge and ditch, arrived first, though he set out after, to welcome me to our new dwelling; and we entered our new best room, in which I found a glorious fire of wood, and a little bench, borrowed of one of the departing carpenters: nothing else. We contrived to make room for each other, and Alex disdained all rest. His spirits were so high upon finding two or three rooms totally free for his horse (alias any stick he can pick up) and himself, unincumbered by chairs and tables and such-like lumber, that he was as merry as a little Andrew and as wild as twenty colts. Here we unpacked a small basket containing three or four loaves, and, with a garden-knife, fell to work; some eggs had been procured from a neighbouring farm, and one saucepan had been brought. We dined, therefore, exquisitely, and drank to our new possession from a glass of clear water out of our new well.

At about eight o'clock our goods arrived. We had our bed put up in the middle of our room, to avoid risk of damp walls, and our Alex had his dear Willy's<sup>2</sup> crib at our feet.

We none of us caught cold. We had fire night and day in the maids' room, as well as our own—or rather in my Susan's room; for we lent them that, their own having a little inconvenience against a fire, because it is built without a chimney.

We continued making fires all around us the

<sup>1</sup> This shows that they had two servants (see *ante*, p. 313).

<sup>2</sup> Willy Phillips.

first fortnight, and then found wood would be as bad as an apothecary's bill, so desisted; but we did not stop short so soon as to want the latter to succeed the former, or put our calculation to the proof.

Our first week was devoted to unpacking, and exulting in our completed plan. To have no one thing at hand, nothing to eat, nowhere to sit—all were trifles, rather, I think, amusing than incommodious. The house looked so clean, the distribution of the rooms and closets is so convenient, the prospect everywhere around is so gay and so lovely, and the park of dear Norbury is so close at hand, that we hardly knew how to require anything else for existence than the enjoyment of our own situation.

At this period I received my summons. I believe I have already explained that I had applied to Miss Planta for advice whether my best chance of admission would be at Windsor, Kew, or London. I had a most kind letter of answer, importing my letter had been seen, and that Her Majesty would herself fix the time when she could admit me. This was a great happiness to me, and the fixture was for the Queen's house in town.

The only drawback to the extreme satisfaction of such graciousness as allowing an appointment to secure me from a fruitless journey, as well as from impropriety and all fear of intrusion, was, that exactly at this period the Princesse d'Henin and M. de Lally<sup>1</sup> were expected at Norbury. I hardly could have regretted anything else, I was so delighted by my summons; but this I indeed lamented. They arrived to dinner on Thursday: I was involved in preparations, and unable to meet them, and my mate would not be persuaded to relinquish aiding me.

The next morning, through mud, through mire,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 187.

they came to our cottage. The poor Princesse was forced to change shoes and stockings. M. de Lally is more accustomed to such expeditions. Nothing could be more sweet than they both were, nor indeed, more grateful than I felt for my share in their kind exertion. The house was reviewed all over, even the little *pot au feu* was opened by the Princesse, excessively curious to see our manner of living in its minute detail.

I have not heard if your letter has been received by M. de Lally ; but I knew not then you had written, and therefore did not inquire. The Princesse talked of nothing so much as you, and with a softness of regard that quite melted me. I always tell her warmly how you feel about her. M. de Lally was most melancholy about France : the last new and most barbarous revolution has disheartened all his hopes—alas ! whose can withstand it ? They made a long and kind visit, and in the afternoon we went to Norbury Park, where we remained till near eleven o'clock, and thought the time very short.

Madame d'Henin related some of her adventures in this second flight from her terrible country, and told them with a spirit and a power of observation that would have made them interesting if a tale of old times ; but now, all that gives account of those events awakens the whole mind to attention.

M. de Lally after tea read us a beginning of a new tragedy, composed upon an Irish story, but bearing allusion so palpable to the virtues and misfortunes of Louis XVI. that it had almost as strong an effect upon our passions and faculties as if it had borne the name of that good and unhappy Prince.<sup>1</sup> It is written with great pathos, noble

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps this was the never-printed *Tuathal Tamar ; ou, la Restauration de la Monarchie en Irlande*, a five-act tragedy. Lally Tollendal, it should be remembered, had an interest in Ireland, his father's Irish title having been Baron Tullendally.

sentiment, and most eloquent language. I parted from them with extreme reluctance—nay, vexation.

I set off for town early the next day, Saturday. My time was not yet fixed for my Royal interview, but I had various preparations impossible to make in this dear, quiet, obscure cottage. *Mon ami* could not accompany me, as we had still two men constantly at work, the house without being quite unfinished; but I could not bear to leave his little representative, who, with Betty, was my companion to Chelsea. There I was expected, and our dearest father came forth with open arms to welcome us. He was in delightful spirits, the sweetest humour, and perfectly good looks and good health. My little rogue soon engaged him in a romp, which conquered his rustic shyness, and they became the best friends in the world.

Thursday morning I had a letter from Miss Planta, written with extreme warmth of kindness, and fixing the next day at eleven o'clock for my Royal admission.

I went upstairs to Miss Planta's room, where, while I waited for her to be called, the charming Princess Mary passed by, attended by Mrs. Cheveley. She recollected me, and turned back, and came up to me with a fair hand graciously held out to me. "How do you do, Madame d'Arblay?" she cried: "I am vastly glad to see you again; and how does your little boy do?"

I gave her a little account of the rogue, and she proceeded to inquire about my new cottage, and its actual state. I entered into a long detail of its bare walls and unfurnished sides, and the gambols of the little man unincumbered by cares of fractures from useless ornaments, that amused her good-humoured interest in my affairs very much; and she did not leave me till Miss Planta came to usher me to Princess Augusta.

That kind Princess received me with a smile so gay, and a look so pleased at my pleasure in again seeing her, that I quite regretted the etiquette which prevented a chaste embrace. She was sitting at her toilette having her hair dressed. The Royal Family were all going at night to the play. She turned instantly from the glass to face me, and insisted upon my being seated immediately. She then wholly forgot her attire and ornaments and appearance, and consigned herself wholly to conversation, with that intelligent animation which marks her character. She inquired immediately how my little boy did, and then with great sweetness after his father, and after my father.

My first subject was the Princess Royal, and I accounted for not having left my Hermitage in the hope of once more seeing Her Royal Highness before her departure.<sup>1</sup> It would have been, I told her, so melancholy a pleasure to have come merely for a last view, that I could not bear to take my annual indulgence at a period which would make it leave a mournful impression upon my mind for a twelvemonth to come. The Princess said she could enter into that, but said it as if she had been surprised I had not appeared. She then gave me some account of the ceremony; and when I told her I had heard that Her Royal Highness the bride had never looked so lovely, she confirmed the praise warmly, but laughingly added, "'Twas the Queen dressed her! You know what a figure she used to make of herself, with her odd manner of dressing herself; but mamma said, 'Now really, Princess Royal, this one time is the last, and I cannot suffer you to make such a quiz of yourself; so I will really have you dressed properly.' And indeed the Queen was quite in the right, for everybody said she had never looked so well in her life."

<sup>1</sup> After her marriage to the Duke of Würtemberg (see *ante*, p. 295).

The word *quiz*, you may depend, was never the Queen's. I had great comfort, however, in gathering, from all that passed on that subject, that the Royal Family is persuaded this estimable Princess is happy. From what I know of her disposition I am led to believe the situation may make her so. She is born to preside, and that with equal softness and dignity; but she was here in utter subjection, for which she had neither spirits nor inclination. She adored the King, honoured the Queen, and loved her sisters, and had much kindness for her brothers; but her style of life was not adapted to the royalty of her nature, any more than of her birth; and though she only wished for power to do good and to confer favours, she thought herself out of her place in not possessing it.

I was particularly happy to learn from the Princess Augusta that she has already a favourite friend in her new court, in one of the Princesses of Wirtemberg, wife of a younger brother of the Hereditary Prince, and who is almost as a widow, from the Prince, her husband, being constantly with the army. This is a delightful circumstance, as her turn of mind, and taste, and employments, accord singularly with those of our Princess.

I have no recollection of the order of our conversation, but will give you what morsels occur to me as they arise in my memory.

The terrible mutiny<sup>1</sup> occupied us some time. She told me many anecdotes that she had learnt in favour of various sailors, declaring, with great animation, her security in their good hearts, however drawn aside by harder and more cunning heads. The sweetness with which she delights to get out of all that is forbidding in her rank is truly adorable. In speaking of a sailor on board the

<sup>1</sup> The mutiny of the fleets at Spithead and the Nore, which lasted from April 15 to June 13, 1797.

*St. Fiorenzo*, when the Royal Family made their excursion by sea from Weymouth, she said, "You must know this man was a great favourite of mine, for he had the most honest countenance you can conceive, and I have often talked with him, every time we have been at Weymouth, so that we were good friends; but I wanted now in particular to ask him concerning the mutiny, but I knew I should not get him to speak out while the King and Queen and my sisters were by; so I told Lady Charlotte Bellasyse to watch an opportunity when he was upon deck, and the rest were in the cabin, and then we went up to him and questioned him; and he quite answered my expectations, for, instead of taking any merit to himself from belonging to the *St. Fiorenzo*, which was never in the mutiny, the good creature said he was sure there was not a sailor in the navy that was not sorry to have belonged to it, and would not have got out of it as readily as himself, if he had known but how."

We had then a good deal of talk about Weymouth, but it was all local; and as my Susan has not been there, it would be too long to scribble.

"One thing," cried she, her eyes brightening as she spoke, "I must tell you, though I am sure you know it a great deal better than me, that is about Mr. Lock's family, and so I think it will give you pleasure. General and Mrs. Harcourt went lately to see Norbury Park, and they were in the neighbourhood somewhere near Guildford some time, the General's regiment being quartered thereabouts; and the family they were with knew the Locks very well, and told them they were the best people in the world. They said Mr. Lock was always employed in some benevolent action, and all the family were good; and that there was one daughter



quite beautiful,<sup>1</sup> and the most amiable creature in the world, and very like Mrs. Lock."

"The very representative," cried I, "of both parents"; and thus encouraged I indulged myself, without restraint or conciseness, in speaking of the sweet girl and her most beloved and incomparable parents, and Mr. William, and all the house in general.

The Princess Elizabeth now entered, but she did not stay. She came to ask something of her sister relative to a little fête she was preparing, by way of a collation, in honour of the Princess Sophia, who was twenty this day. She made kind inquiries after my health, etc., and, being mistress of the birthday fête, hurried off, and I had not the pleasure to see her any more.

I must be less minute, or I shall never have done.

My charming Princess Augusta renewed the conversation.

Admiral Duncan's noble victory<sup>2</sup> became the theme, but it was interrupted by the appearance of the lovely Princess Amelia, now become a model of grace, beauty, and sweetness, in their bud. She gave me her hand with the softest expression of kindness, and almost immediately began questioning me concerning my little boy, and with an air of interest the most captivating. But again Princess Augusta declined any interruptors: "You shall have Madame d'Arblay all to yourself, my dear, soon," she cried, laughingly; and, with a smile a little serious, the sweet Princess Amelia retreated.

It would have been truly edifying to young ladies living in the great and public world to have assisted in my place at the toilette of this exquisite

<sup>1</sup> Amelia.

<sup>2</sup> The battle off Camperdown, October 11, 1797, in which Admiral Duncan, afterwards Lord Camperdown, beat the Dutch Admiral, De Winter.

Princess Augusta. Her ease, amounting even to indifference, as to her ornaments and decoration, showed a mind so disengaged from vanity, so superior to mere personal appearance, that I could with difficulty forbear manifesting my admiration. She let the hairdresser proceed upon her head without comment and without examination, just as if it was solely his affair; and when the man, Robinson, humbly begged to know what ornaments he was to prepare the hair for, she said, "Oh, there are my feathers, and my gown is blue, so take what you think right." And when he begged she would say whether she would have any ribbons or other things mixed with the feathers and jewels, she said, "You understand all that best, Mr. Robinson, I'm sure; there are the things, so take just what you please." And after this she left him wholly to himself, never a moment interrupting her discourse or her attention with a single direction.

She had just begun a very interesting account of an officer that had conducted himself singularly well in the mutiny, when Miss Planta came to summon me to the Queen. I begged permission to return afterwards for my unfinished narrative, and then proceeded to the White Closet.

The Queen was alone, seated at a table, and working. Miss Planta opened the door and retired without entering. I felt a good deal affected by the sight of Her Majesty again, so graciously accorded to my request; but my first and instinctive feeling was nothing to what I experienced when, after my profoundly respectful reverence, I raised my eyes, and saw in hers a look of sensibility so expressive of regard, and so examining, so penetrating into mine, as to seem to convey, involuntarily, a regret I had quitted her. This, at least, was the idea that struck me, from the species of look which met me; and it touched me to the

heart, and brought instantly, in defiance of all struggle, a flood of tears into my eyes. I was some minutes recovering; and when I then entreated her forgiveness, and cleared up, the voice with which she spoke, in hoping I was well, told me she had caught a little of my sensation, for it was by no means steady. Indeed, at that moment, I longed to kneel and beseech her pardon for the displeasure I had felt in her long resistance of my resignation; for I think, now, it was from a real and truly honourable wish to attach me to her for ever. But I then suffered too much from a situation so ill adapted to my choice and disposition, to do justice to her opposition, or to enjoy its honour to myself. Now that I am so singularly, alas! nearly singularly happy, though wholly from my perseverance in that resignation, I feel all I owe her, and I feel more and more grateful for every mark of her condescension, either recollected or renewed.

She looked ill, pale, and harassed. The King was but just returned from his abortive visit to the Nore,<sup>1</sup> and the inquietude she had sustained during that short separation, circumstanced many ways alarmingly, had evidently shaken her: I saw with much, with deep concern, her sunk eyes and spirits; I believe the sight of me raised not the latter. Mrs. Schwellenberg had not long been dead,<sup>2</sup> and I have some reason to think she would not have been sorry to have had me supply the vacancy; for I had immediate notice sent me of her death by Miss Planta, so written as to persuade me it was a letter by command. But not all my

<sup>1</sup> "[Oct.] 30th.—His Majesty set out from town with intention of reviewing the North Sea fleet, and the Dutch prizes at the Nore; but owing to the tempestuousness of the weather, was, after having gone some way, obliged to return without having effected his purpose" (*Annual Register*, 1797, 2nd ed. 53, *Chronicle*).

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Schwellenberg died suddenly at Buckingham House, March 7, 1797, while preparing to attempt "to divert herself at cards." Her age is given as sixty-nine. She was buried on March 16 in the vault of the German Chapel in the Savoy (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1797, 261, 348).

duty, all my gratitude, could urge me, even one short fleeting moment, to weigh any interest against the soothing serenity, the unfading felicity, of a Hermitage such as mine.

We spoke of poor Mrs. Schwelly,—and of her successor, Mlle. Backmeister,—and of mine, Mrs. Bremyere; and I could not but express my concern that Her Majesty had again been so unfortunate, for Mlle. Jacobi had just retired to Germany, ill and dissatisfied with everything in England. The Princess Augusta had recounted to me the whole narrative of her retirement, and its circumstances. The Queen told me that the King had very handsomely taken care of her. But such frequent retirements are heavy weights upon the royal bounty. I felt almost guilty when the subject was started; but not from any reproach, any allusion,—not a word was dropped that had not kindness and goodness for its basis and its superstructure at once.

“How is your little boy?” was one of the earliest questions. “Is he here?” she added.

“Oh yes,” I answered, misunderstanding her, “he is my shadow; I go nowhere without him.”

“But *here*, I mean?”

“Oh no! ma'am, I did not dare presume——”

I stopped, for her look said it would be no presumption. And Miss Planta had already desired me to bring him to her next time; which I suspect was by higher order than her own suggestion.

She then inquired after my dear father, and so graciously, that I told her not only of his good health, but his occupations, his new work, a *Poetical History of Astronomy*, and his consultations with Herschel.

She permitted me to speak a good deal of the Princess of Wirtemberg, whom they still all call

Princess Royal. She told me she had worked her wedding garment, and entirely, and the real labour it had proved, from her steadiness to have no help, well knowing that three stitches done by any other would make it immediately said it was none of it by herself. "As the bride of a widower," she continued, "I know she ought to be in white and gold; but as the King's eldest daughter she had a right to white and silver, which she preferred."

A little then we talked of the late great naval victory, and she said it was singularly encouraging to us that the three great victories at sea had been "against our three great enemies, successively: Lord Howe against the French,<sup>1</sup> Lord St. Vincent against the Spaniards,<sup>2</sup> and Lord Duncan against the Dutch."<sup>3</sup>

She spoke very feelingly of the difficult situation of the Orange family,<sup>4</sup> now in England, upon this battle; and she repeated me the contents of a letter from the Princess of Orange, whose character she much extolled, upon the occasion, to the Princess Elizabeth, saying she could not bear to be the only person in England to withhold her congratulations to the King upon such an occasion, when no one owed him such obligations; but all she had to regret was that the Dutch had not fought with, not against, the English, and that the defeat had not fallen upon those who ought to be their joint enemies. She admired and pitied, inexpressibly, this poor fugitive Princess.

I told her of a note my father had received from Lady Mary Duncan, in answer to his wishing her joy of her relation's prowess and success, in which

<sup>1</sup> Off Ushant, June 1, 1794.

<sup>2</sup> Off Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797.

<sup>3</sup> Off Camperdown, October 11, 1797.

<sup>4</sup> The Hereditary Statholder, William V., *d.* 1806, had fled from Holland early in 1795 on the invasion of the French, reaching Harwich in an open boat.

he says, "Lady Mary has been, for some days past, like the rest of the nation, drunk for joy." This led to more talk of this singular lady, and reciprocal stories of her oddities.

She then deigned to inquire very particularly about our new cottage,—its size, its number of rooms, and its grounds. I told her, honestly, it was excessively comfortable, though unfinished and unfitted up, for that it had innumerable little contrivances and conveniencies, just adapted to our particular use and taste, as M. d'Arblay had been its sole architect and surveyor. "Then I dare-say," she answered, "it is very commodious, for there are no people understand enjoyable accommodations more than French gentlemen, when they have the arranging them themselves."

This was very kind, and encouraged me to talk a good deal of my partner, in his various works and employments; and her manner of attention was even touchingly condescending, all circumstances considered. And she then related to me the works of two French priests, to whom she has herself been so good as to commit the fitting up of one of her apartments at Frogmore. And afterwards she gave me a description of what another French gentleman—elegantly and feelingly avoiding to say emigrant—had done in a room belonging to Mrs. Harcourt, at Sophia Farm, where he had the sole superintendence of it, and has made it beautiful.

When she asked about our field, I told her we hoped in time to buy it, as Mr. Lock had the extreme kindness to consent to part with it to us, when it should suit our convenience to purchase instead of renting it. I thought I saw a look of peculiar satisfaction at this, that seemed to convey pleasure in the implication thence to be drawn, that England was our decided, not forced or eventual

residence. And she led me on to many minute particulars of our situation and way of living, with a sweetness of interest I can never forget.

Nor even here stopped the sensations of gratitude and pleasure she thus awoke. She spoke then of my beloved Susan; asked if she were still in Ireland, and how the "pretty Norbury" did. She then a little embarrassed me by an inquiry "why Major Phillips went to Ireland?" for my answer, that he was persuaded he should improve his estate by superintending the agriculture of it himself, seemed dissatisfactory; however, she pressed it no further. But I cannot judge by what passed whether she concludes he is employed in a military way there, or whether she has heard that he has retired. She seemed kindly pleased at all I had to relate of my dear Norbury, and I delighted to call him back to her remembrance.

She talked a good deal of the Duchess of York, who continues the first favourite of the whole Royal Family. She told me of her beautiful works, lamented her indifferent health, and expatiated upon her admirable distribution of her time and plan of life, and charming qualities and character.

She asked me about Mr. Lock and his family, and honoured me with an ear of uninterrupted attention while I made an harangue of no small length upon the chief in particular, and the rest in general. She seems always to take pleasure in the quick gratification this subject affords me.

Of her own Royal daughters she permitted me also to talk, especially of my two peculiar idols. And she gave me a copious description of the new improvements still going on at Frogmore, with a detail of some surprises the King had given her, by orders and buildings erected in the gardens during her absence.

But what chiefly dwells upon me with pleasure is, that she spoke to me upon some subjects and persons that I know she would not for the world should be repeated, with just the same confidence, the same reliance upon my grateful discretion for her openness, that she honoured me with while she thought me established in her service for life. I need not tell my Susan how this binds me more than ever to her.

Very short to me seemed the time, though the whole conversation was serious, and her air thoughtful almost to sadness, when a page touched the door, and said something in German. The Queen, who was then standing by the window, turned round to answer him, and then, with a sort of congratulatory smile to me, said, "Now you will see what you don't expect—the King!"

I could indeed not expect it, for he was at Blackheath at a review, and he was returned only to dress for the levee.

The King related very pleasantly a little anecdote of Lady ——. "She brought the little Princess Charlotte,"<sup>1</sup> he said, "to me just before the review. 'She hoped,' she said, 'I should not take it ill, for, having mentioned it to the child, she built so upon it that she had thought of nothing else!' Now this," cried he, laughing heartily, "was pretty strong! How can she know what a child is thinking of before it can speak?"

I was very happy at the fondness they both expressed for the little Princess. "A sweet little creature," the King called her; "A most lovely child," the Queen turned to me to add; and the King said he had taken her upon his horse, and

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Augusta, 1796-1817, only daughter of George, Prince of Wales, and Caroline of Brunswick. She was brought up at Carlton House by Lady Elgin until 1804.



given her a little ride, before the regiment rode up to him. "Tis very odd," he added, "but she always knows me on horseback, and never else." "Yes," said the Queen, "when His Majesty comes to her on horseback she claps her little hands, and endeavours to say 'Gan-pa!' immediately." I was much pleased that she is brought up to such simple and affectionate acknowledgment of relationship.

The King then inquired about my father, and with a look of interest and kindness that regularly accompanies his mention of that most dear person. He asked after his health, his spirits, and his occupations, waiting for long answers to each inquiry. The Queen anticipated my relation of his astronomic work, and he seemed much pleased with the design, as well as at hearing that his *protégé*, Dr. Herschel, had been consulted.

I was then a little surprised by finding he had heard of *Clarentine*.<sup>1</sup> He asked me, smilingly, some questions about it, and if it were true, what he suspected, that my youngest sister had a mind to do as I had done, and bring out a work in secret? I was very much pleased then when the Queen said, "I have seen it, sir, and it is very pretty."

There was time but for little more, as he was to change his dress for the levee; and I left their presence more attached to them, I really think, than ever.

I then, by her kind appointment, returned to my lovely and loved Princess Augusta. Her hair-dresser was just gone, and she was proceeding in equipping herself. "If you can bear to see all this work," cried she, "pray come and sit with me, my dear Madame d'Arblay."

Nothing could be more expeditious than her attiring herself,—nothing more careless than her

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 307.

examination how it succeeded. But judge my confusion and embarrassment, when, upon my saying I came to petition for the rest of the story she had just begun, and her answering by inquiring what it was about, I could not tell! It had entirely escaped my memory; and though I sought every way I could suggest to recall it, I so entirely failed, that, after her repeated demands, I was compelled honestly to own that the commotion I had been put in by my interview with their Majesties had really driven it from my mind.

She bore this with the true good humour of good sense; but I was most excessively ashamed.

She then resumed the reigning subject of the day, Admiral Duncan's victory; and this led to speak again of the Orange family; but she checked what seemed occurring to her about them, till her wardrobe-woman had done and was dismissed; then, hurrying her away, while she sat down by me, putting on her long and superb diamond earrings herself, and without even turning towards a glass, she said, "I don't like much to talk of that family before the servants, for I am told they already think the King too good to them."

The Princess of Orange<sup>1</sup> is, I find, a great favourite with them all; the Prince Frederick also,<sup>2</sup> I believe, they like very much; but the Prince<sup>3</sup> himself, she said, "has never, in fact, had his education finished. He was married quite a boy; but, being married, concluded himself a man, and not only turned off all his instructors, but thought it unnecessary to ask, or hear, counsel or advice of any one. He is like a fallow field,—that

<sup>1</sup> Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina, daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia, married to the Prince of Orange in 1791, when he was nineteen.

<sup>2</sup> Brother of the Prince of Orange, *d.* 1799, afterwards a general in the Austrian service.

<sup>3</sup> William Frederick, Prince of Orange, 1772-1843, afterwards King of the Netherlands.

is, not of a soil that can't be improved, but one that has been left quite to itself, and therefore has no materials put in it for improvement."

She then told me that she had hindered him, with great difficulty, from going to a great dinner, given at the Mansion House, upon the victory of Admiral Duncan. It was not, she said, that he did not feel for his country in that defeat, but that he never weighed the impropriety of his public appearance upon an occasion of rejoicing at it, nor the ill effect the history of his so doing would produce in Holland. She had the kindness of heart to take upon herself preventing him; "for no one," says she, "that is about him dares ever speak to him, to give him any hint of advice; which is a great misfortune to him, poor man, for it makes him never know what is said or thought of him." She related with a great deal of humour her arguments to dissuade him, and his *naïve* manner of combating them. But though she conquered at last, she did not convince.

The Princess of Orange, she told me, had a most superior understanding, and might guide him sensibly and honourably; but he was so jealous of being thought led by her counsel, that he never listened to it at all. She gave me to understand that this unhappy Princess had had a life of uninterrupted indulgence and prosperity till the late revolution; and that the suddenness of such adversity had rather soured her mind, which, had it met sorrow and evil by any gradations, would have been equal to bearing them even nobly; but so quick a transition from affluence, and power, and wealth, and grandeur, to a fugitive and dependent state, had almost overpowered her.

A door was now opened from an inner apartment, where, I believe, was the grand collation for the Princess Sophia's birthday, and a tall thin

young man appeared at it, peeping and staring, but not entering.

"How do you do, Ernest?"<sup>1</sup> cried the Princess; "I hope you are well; only pray do shut the door."

He did not obey, nor move, either forwards or backwards, but kept peering and peeping. She called to him again, beseeching him to shut the door; but he was determined to first gratify his curiosity, and, when he had looked as long as he thought pleasant, he entered the apartment; but Princess Augusta, instead of receiving and welcoming him, only said, "Good-bye, my dear Ernest; I shall see you again at the play."

He then marched on, finding himself so little desired, and only saying, "No, you won't; I hate the play."

I had risen when I found it one of the Princes, and with a motion of readiness to depart; but my dear Princess would not let me.

When we were alone again, "Ernest," she said, "has a very good heart; only he speaks without taking time to think."

She then gave me an instance. The Orange family by some chance were all assembled with our Royal Family when the news of the great victory at sea arrived; or at least upon the same day. "We were all," said she, "distressed for them upon so trying an occasion: and at supper we talked, of course, of every other subject; but Ernest, quite uneasy at the forbearance, said to me, 'You don't think I won't drink Admiral Duncan's health to-night?' 'Hush!' cried I. 'That's very hard indeed!' said he, quite loud. I saw the Princess of Orange looking at him, and was sure she had heard him; I trod upon his foot, and made him turn to her. She looked so disturbed, that he saw she had understood him, and

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland (see *ante*, p. 280).

he coloured very high. The Princess of Orange then said, 'I hope my being here will be no restraint upon anybody : I know what must be the subject of everybody's thoughts, and I beg I may not prevent its being so of their discourse.' Poor Ernest now was so sorry, he was ready to die, and the tears started into his eyes ; and he would not have given his toast after this for all the world."

The play they were going to was *The Merchant of Venice*, to see a new actress, just now much talked of—Miss Betterton;<sup>1</sup> and the indulgent King, hearing she was extremely frightened at the thoughts of appearing before him, desired she might choose her own part for the first exhibition in his presence. She fixed upon Portia.

In speaking of Miss Farren's marriage with the Earl of Derby,<sup>2</sup> she displayed that sweet mind which her state and station has so wholly escaped sullyng ; for, far from expressing either horror, or resentment, or derision at an actress being elevated to the rank of second countess of England, she told me, with an air of satisfaction, that she was informed she had behaved extremely well since her marriage, and done many generous and charitable actions.

She spoke with pleasure, too, of the high marriage made by another actress, Miss Wallis,<sup>3</sup> who has preserved a spotless character, and is now the wife of a man of fortune and family, Mr. Campbell.

In mentioning Mrs. Siddons, and her great and affecting powers, she much surprised me by intelligence that she had bought the proprietorship

<sup>1</sup> From Bath. She appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, October 13, as Elwina in Hannah More's *Percy* ; for the second (October 21) as Charlotte Rusport in Cumberland's *West Indian* ; and for the third (November 3) as Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*, here referred to.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 239. The marriage took place on May 1, 1797.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Wallis, *ft.* 1789-1814. She left the stage on her marriage ; but returned to it later—without success.

of Sadler's Wells. I could not hear it without some amusement; it seemed, I said, so extraordinary a combination—so degrading a one, indeed,—that of the first tragic actress, the living Melpomene, and something so burlesque as Sadler's Wells. She laughed, and said it offered her a very ludicrous image, for "Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells," said she, "seems to me as ill fitted as the dish they call a toad in a hole; which I never saw, but always think of with anger,—putting a noble sirloin of beef into a poor, paltry batter-pudding!"

The door now again opened, and another Royal personage put in his head; and upon the Princess saying, "How d'ye do, William?" I recollected the Duke of Clarence.

I rose, of course, and he made a civil bow to my courtesy. The Princess asked him about the House of Lords the preceding evening, where I found he had spoken very handsomely and generously in eulogium of Admiral Duncan.

Finding he was inclined to stay, the Princess said to me, "Madame d'Arblay, I beg you will sit down."

"Pray, madam," said the Duke, with a formal motion of his hand, "let me beg you to be seated."

"You know—you recollect Madame d'Arblay, don't you, William?" said the Princess.

He bowed civilly an affirmative, and then began talking to me of Chesington. How I grieved poor dear Kitty was gone! How great would have been her gratification to have heard that he mentioned her, and with an air of kindness, as if he had really entered into the solid goodness of her character. I was much surprised and much pleased, yet not without some perplexity and some embarrassment, as his knowledge of the excellent Kitty was from her being the dupe of the mistress of his aide-de-camp.

The Princess, however, saved me any confusion beyond apprehension, for she asked not one question. He moved on towards the next apartment, and we were again alone.

She then talked to me a great deal of him, and gave me, admirably, his character. She is very partial to him, but by no means blindly. He had very good parts, she said, but seldom did them justice. "If he has something of high importance to do," she continued, "he will exert himself to the utmost, and do it really well; but otherwise, he is so fond of his ease, he lets everything take its course. He must do a great deal, or nothing. However, I really think, if he takes pains, he may make something of a speaker by and by in the House."

She related a visit he had made at Lady Mary Duncan's, at Hampton Court, upon hearing Admiral Duncan was there; and told me the whole and most minute particulars of the battle, as they were repeated by his Royal Highness from the Admiral's own account. But you will dispense with the martial detail from me. "Lady Mary," cried she, "is quite enchanted with her gallant nephew. 'I used to look,' says she, 'for honour and glory from my other side, the T——s; but I receive it only from the Duncans! As to the T——s, what good do they do their country?—why, they play all day at tennis, and learn with vast skill to notch and scotch and go one! And that's what their country gets from them!'"

I thought now I should certainly be dismissed, for a page came to the door to announce that the Duke of York was arrived: but she only said, "Very well; pray shut the door"; which seemed her gentle manner of having it understood she would not be disturbed, as she used the same words when messages were brought her from the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary.

She spoke again of the Duchess of York with the same fondness as at Windsor. "I told you before," she said, "I loved her like one of my own sisters, and I can tell you no more: and she knows it; for one day she was taken ill, and fainted, and we put her upon one of our beds, and got her everything we could think of ourselves, and let nobody else wait upon her; and when she revived she said to my brother, 'These are my sisters—I am sure they are! they must be my own!'"

Our next and last interruption, I think, was from a very gentle tap at the door, and a "May I come in?" from a soft voice, while the lock was turned, and a youthful and very lovely female put in her head.

The Princess immediately rose, and said, "Oh yes," and held out her two hands to her; turning at the same time to me, and saying, "Princess Sophia."<sup>1</sup>

I found it was the Duke of Gloucester's daughter. She is very fat, with very fine eyes, a bright, even dazzling bloom, fine teeth, a beautiful skin, and a look of extreme modesty and sweetness.

She courtesied to me so distinguishingly, that I was almost confused by her condescension, fearing she might imagine, from finding me seated with the Princess Augusta, and in such close conference, I was somebody.

"You look so fine and so grand," cried she, examining the Princess's attire, which was very superb in silver and diamonds, "that I am almost afraid to come near you!"

Her own dress was perfectly simple, though remarkably elegant.

"Oh!—I hate myself when so fine!" cried Princess Augusta; "I cannot bear it; but there

<sup>1</sup> Sophia Matilda, 1773-1844, elder daughter of William Henry, first Duke of Gloucester. She became Ranger of Greenwich Park.



is no help—the people at the play always expect it.”

They then conversed a little while, both standing; and then Princess Augusta said, “Give my love to the Duke” (meaning of Gloucester), “and I hope I shall see him by and bye; and to William”<sup>1</sup> (meaning the Duke’s son).

And this, which was not a positive request that she would prolong her visit, was understood; and the lovely cousin made her courtesy and retired.

To me, again, she made another, so gravely low and civil, that I really blushed to receive it, from added fear of being mistaken. I accompanied her to the door, and shut it for her; and the moment she was out of the room, and out of sight of the Princess Augusta, she turned round to me, and with a smile of extreme civility, and a voice very soft, said, “I am so happy to see you!—I have longed for it a great, great while—for I have read you with such delight and instruction, so often!”

I was very much surprised indeed: I expressed my sense of her goodness as well as I could; and she courtesied again, and glided away.

“How infinitely gracious is all your Royal Highness’s House to me!” cried I, as I returned to my charming Princess; who again made me take my seat next her own, and again renewed her discourse.

I stayed on with this delightful Princess till near four o’clock, when she descended to dinner. I then accompanied her to the head of the stairs, saying, “I feel quite low that this is over! How I wish it might be repeated in half a year instead of a year!”

“I’m sure, and so do I!” were the last kind words she condescendingly uttered.

I then made a little visit to Miss Planta, who

<sup>1</sup> William Frederick, afterwards second Duke of Gloucester, 1776-1834.

was extremely friendly, and asked me why I should wait another year before I came. I told her I had leave for an annual visit, and could not presume to encroach beyond such a permission. However, as she proposed my calling upon her, at least when I happened to be in town or at Chelsea, I begged her to take some opportunity to hint my wish of admission, if possible, more frequently.

In the evening I went to the play with James and Marianne. It was a new comedy called *Cheap Living*,<sup>1</sup> by Reynolds or Morton, and full of absurdities, but at times irresistibly comic.

Very soon afterwards I had a letter from Miss Planta, saying she had mentioned to Her Majesty my regret of the long intervals of annual admissions; and that Her Majesty had most graciously answered, "She should be very glad to see me whenever I came to town."

<sup>1</sup> *Cheap Living*, acted at Drury Lane in 1797, was by Frederic Reynolds, 1764-1841. Its leading character is a "cheap liver," or *pique-assiette*, called Sponge.

## PART LII

1798

Talleyrand—Madame d'Arblay's interview with the Queen in behalf of her father—The Princesses—The Duke of Norfolk and the majesty of the people—Queen Charlotte's benevolence—Royal contributions in support of the war—Madame Schwellenberg's successor—The Royal party at the theatre—*Secrets Worth Knowing*—Mrs. Chapone—Lady Strange—Mysterious donation—Sheridan seconding Dundas—Last moments of Louis XVI.—Professor Young—Rogers the poet—French emigrants—Sir Lucas Pepys and Lady Rothes—Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld—Mr. Strachan the printer—Carnot's pamphlet—Madame d'Arblay visits the Princess Amelia—Her Royal Highness's condescension—Herschel—Lord Macartney.

### *Diary resumed*

ADDRESSED TO MRS. PHILLIPS

WESTHAMBLE.

*January* 18.—I am very impatient to know if the invasion threat affects your part of Ireland. Our "Oracle" is of opinion the French soldiers will not go to Ireland, though there flattered with much help, because they can expect but little advantage, after all the accounts spread by the Opposition of its starving condition; but that they will come to England, though sure of contest, at least, because there they expect the very road to be paved with gold.

Nevertheless, how I wish my heart's beloved

here! to share with us at least the same fears, instead of the division of apprehension we must now mutually be tormented with. I own I am sometimes affrighted enough. These sanguine and sanguinary wretches will risk all for the smallest hope of plunder; and Barras<sup>1</sup> assures them they have only to enter England to be lords of wealth unbounded.

But Talleyrand!—how like myself must you have felt at his conduct! indignant—amazed—ashamed! Our first prepossession against him was instinct—he conquered it by pains indefatigable to win us, and he succeeded astonishingly, for we became partial to him almost to fondness. The part he now acts against England may be justified, perhaps, by the spirit of revenge; but the part he submits to perform of coadjutor with the worst of villains—with Barras—Rewbel—Merlin<sup>2</sup>—marks some internal atrocity of character that disgusts as much as disappoints me. And now, a last stroke, which appears in yesterday's paper, gives the finishing hand to his portrait in my eyes. He has sent (and written) the letter which exhorts the King of Prussia to order the Duke of Brunswick to banish and drive from his dominions all the emigrants there in asylum; and among these are the Archbishop of Rennes (his uncle) and—his own mother!

Poor M. de Narbonne! how will he be shocked and let down! where he now is we cannot conjecture: all emigrants are exiled from the Canton of Berne, where he resided; I feel extremely disturbed about him. If that wretch Talleyrand has not given him some private intimation to escape, and where to be safe, he must be a monster.

<sup>1</sup> Paul-François-Jean-Nicolas, Vicomte de Barras, 1755-1829. He was practically dictator in 1797-99.

<sup>2</sup> Jean-François Rewbell, 1747-1807, became a member of the Directory, November 1, 1795; Philippe-Antoine, Comte Merlin (de Douai), 1754-1828, succeeded to Barthélemy, September 5, 1797.

We have no further news from France of any sort.

This very day, I thank God! we paid the last of our workmen. Our house now is our own fairly; that it is our own madly too you will all think, when I tell you the small remnant of our income that has outlived this payment. However, if the Carmagnols do not seize our walls, we despair not of enjoying, in defiance of all straitness and strictness, our dear dwelling to our hearts' content. But we are reducing our expenses and way of life, in order to go on, in a manner you would laugh to see, though almost cry to hear.

But I never forget Dr. Johnson's words. When somebody said that a certain person "had no turn for economy," he answered, "Sir, you might as well say that he has no turn for honesty."<sup>1</sup>

We know nothing yet of our taxes—nothing of our assessments; but we are of good courage, and so pleased with our *maisonnette*, we think nothing too dear for it, provided we can but exist in it.

I should like much to know how you stand affected about the assessment, and about the invasion.

Oh that all these public troubles would accelerate your return! private blessings they would then, at least, prove. Ah, my Susan, how do I yearn for some little ray upon this subject!

Charles and his family are at Bath, and Charlotte is gone to them for a fortnight. All accounts that reach me of all the house and race are well. Mr. Lock gives us very frequent peeps indeed, and looks with such benevolent pleasure at our dear cottage and its environs! and seems to say, "I brought all this to bear!" and to feel happy in the noble trust he placed in our self-belief that he might venture to show that kind courage without

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Langton (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 68).

which we could never have been united. All this retrospection is expressed by his penetrating eyes at every visit. He rarely alights; but I frequently enter the phaeton, and take a conversation in an airing. And when he comes without his precious Amelia,<sup>1</sup> he indulges my Alex in being our third.

And now I have to prepare another Court relation for my dearest Susanna.

I received on Wednesday morn a letter from our dearest father, telling me he feared he should be forced to quit his Chelsea apartments, from a new arrangement among the officers, and wishing me to represent his difficulties, his books, health, time of life, and other circumstances, through Miss Planta, to the Queen. M. d'Arblay and I both thought that, if I had any chance of being of the smallest use, it would be by endeavouring to obtain an audience—not by letter; and as the most remote hope of success was sufficient to urge every exertion, we settled that I should set out instantly for Chelsea; and a chaise, therefore, we sent for from Dorking, and I set off at noon. M. d'A. would not go, as we knew not what accommodation I might find; and I could not, uninvited and unexpected, take my little darling boy; so I went not merrily, though never more willingly.

My dear father was at home, and, I could see, by no means surprised by my appearance, though he had not hinted at desiring it. Of course he was not very angry nor sorry, and we communed together upon his apprehensions, and settled our plan. I was to endeavour to represent his case to the Queen, in hopes it might reach His Majesty, and procure some order in his favour.

I wrote to Miss Planta, merely to say I was come to pass three days at Chelsea, and, presuming

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Locke's second daughter (see *ante*, pp. 333. and 360).

upon the gracious permission of Her Majesty, I ventured to make known my arrival, in the hope it might possibly procure me the honour of admittance.

The next morning, Thursday, I had a note from Miss Planta, to say that she had the pleasure to acquaint me Her Majesty desired I would be at the Queen's house next day at ten o'clock.

Miss Planta conducted me immediately, by order, to the Princess Elizabeth, who received me alone, and kept me *tête-à-tête* till I was summoned to the Queen, which was near an hour. She was all condescension and openness, and inquired into my way of life and plans, with a sort of kindness that I am sure belonged to a real wish to find them happy and prosperous. When I mentioned how much of our time was mutually given to books and writing, M. d'Arblay being as great a scribbler as myself, she good-naturedly exclaimed, "How fortunate he should have so much the same taste!"

"It was that, in fact," I answered, "which united us; for our acquaintance began, in intimacy, by reading French together, and writing themes, both French and English, for each other's correction."<sup>1</sup>

"Pray," cried she, "if it is not impertinent, may I ask to what religion you shall bring up your son?"

"The Protestant," I replied; telling her it was M. d'Arblay's own wish, since he was an Englishman born, he should be an Englishman bred,—with much more upon the subject that my Susan knows untold.

She then inquired why M. d'Arblay was not naturalised.

<sup>1</sup> If it were not for the evidence of this *Diary*, one might fancy that these exercises had something to do with the degradation of Mme. D'Arblay's style.

This was truly kind, for it looked like wishing our permanently fixing in this his adopted country. I answered that he found he could not be naturalised as a Catholic, which had made him relinquish the plan ; for though he was firmly persuaded the real difference between the two religions was trifling, and such as even appeared to him, in the little he had had opportunity to examine, to be in favour of Protestantism, he could not bring himself to study the matter with a view of changing that seemed actuated by interest ; nor could I wish it, earnest as I was for his naturalisation. But he hoped, ere long, to be able to be naturalised as an Irishman, that clause of religion not being there insisted upon ; or else to become a denizen, which was next best, and which did not meddle with religion at all. She made me talk to her a great deal of my little boy, and my father, and M. d'Arblay ; and when Miss Planta came to fetch me to Her Majesty, she desired to see me again before my departure.

The Queen was in her White Closet,<sup>1</sup> working at a round table, with the four remaining Princesses, Augusta, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. She received me most sweetly, and with a look of far better spirits than upon my last admission. She permitted me, in the most gracious manner, to inquire about the Princess Royal, now Duchess of Wirtemberg, and gave me an account of her that I hope is not flattered ; for it seemed happy, and such as reconciled them all to the separation. When she deigned to inquire, herself, after my dear father, you may be sure of the eagerness with which I seized the moment for relating his embarrassment and difficulties. She heard me with a benevolence that assured me, though she made no speech, my history would not be forgotten, nor remembered

<sup>1</sup> In Buckingham House.



vainly. I was highly satisfied with her look and manner.

The Princesses Mary and Amelia had a little opening between them; and when the Queen was conversing with some lady who was teaching the Princess Sophia some work, they began a whispering conversation with me about my little boy. How tall is he?—how old is he?—is he fat or thin?—is he like you or M. d'Arblay? etc. etc.—with sweet vivacity of interest,—the lovely Princess Amelia finishing her listening to my every answer with a “dear little thing!” that made me long to embrace her as I have done in her childhood. She is now full as tall as Princess Royal, and as much formed; she looks seventeen, though only fourteen, but has an innocence, an Hebe blush, an air of modest candour, and a gentleness so caressingly inviting, of voice and eye, that I have seldom seen a more captivating young creature.

Then they talked of my new house, and inquired about every room it contained; and then of our grounds, and they were mightily diverted with the mixtures of roses and cabbages, sweet briars and potatoes, etc.

The Queen, catching the domestic theme, presently made inquiries herself, both as to the building and the child, asking, with respect to the latter, “Is he here?” as if she meant in the palace. I told her I had come so unexpectedly myself upon my father's difficulties, that I had not this time brought my little shadow. I believed, however, I should fetch him, as, if I lengthened my stay, M. d'Arblay would come also. “To be sure!” she said, as if feeling the trio's full objections to separating.

She asked if I had seen a play just come out, called *He's Much to Blame*; <sup>1</sup> and, on my negative,

<sup>1</sup> A comedy acted at Covent Garden in 1798. The *Biographica Dramatica* is inclined to attribute it to Holcroft.

began to relate to me its plot and characters, and the representation and its effect; and, warming herself by her own account and my attention, she presently entered into a very minute history of each act, and a criticism upon some incidents, with a spirit and judiciousness that were charming. She is delightful in discourse when animated by her subject, and speaking to auditors with whom, neither from circumstance nor suspicion, she has restraint. But when, as occasionally she deigned to ask my opinion of the several actors she brought in review, I answered I had never seen them,—neither Mrs. Pope,<sup>1</sup> Miss Betterton,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Murray,<sup>3</sup> etc.,—she really looked almost concerned. She knows my fondness for the theatre, and I did not fear to say my inability to indulge it was almost my only regret in my hermit life. “I, too,” she graciously said, “prefer plays to all other amusements.”

By degrees all the Princesses retired, except the Princess Augusta. She then spoke more openly upon less public matters,—in particular upon the affair, then just recent, of the Duke of Norfolk, who, you may have heard, had drunk, at the Whig Club, “To the majesty of the people”;<sup>4</sup> in consequence of which the King had erased his name from the Privy Council. His Grace had been caricatured drinking from a silver tankard, with the burnt bread still in flames touching his mouth, and exclaiming, “Pshaw! my *toast* has burnt my mouth.”

This led me to speak of his great brick house, which is our immediate *vis-à-vis*. And much then

<sup>1</sup> Maria Ann Pope, 1775-1803.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 372.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Murray, 1754-1821. He first appeared at Covent Garden (from Bath), September 30, 1796. He also wrote one or more plays.

<sup>4</sup> This was at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand (corner of Arundel Street) on January 24, 1798, to celebrate the birthday of Fox. The Duke of Norfolk presided.

ensued upon Lady —, concerning whom she opened to me very completely, allowing all I said of her uncommon excellence as a mother, but adding, "Though she is certainly very clever, she thinks herself so a little too much, and instructs others at every word. I was so tired with her beginning everything with 'I think,' that, at last, just as she said so, I stopped her, and cried, 'Oh, I know what you think, Lady —!' Really, one is obliged to be quite sharp with her to keep her in her place."

. . . . .

Lady C——, she had been informed, had a considerable sum in the French funds, which she endeavoured from time to time to recover; but upon her last effort, she had the following query put to her agent by order of the Directory: how much she would have deducted from the principal, as a contribution towards the loan raising for the army of England?

If Lady C—— were not mother-in-law to a minister who sees the King almost daily, I should think this a made story.

When, after about an hour and a half's audience, she dismissed me, she most graciously asked my stay at Chelsea, and desired I would inform Miss Planta before I returned home.

This gave me the most gratifying feeling, and much hope for my dearest father.

Returning then, according to my permission, to Princess Elizabeth, she again took up her netting, and made me sit by her. We talked a good deal of the new-married daughter of Lady Templetown,<sup>1</sup> and she was happy, she said, to hear from me that the ceremony was performed by her own favourite Bishop of Durham, for she was sure a blessing would attend his joining their hands. She asked

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 329.

me much of my little man, and told me several things of the Princess Charlotte, her niece, and our future Queen; she seems very fond of her, and says 'tis a lovely child, and extremely like the Prince of Wales. "She is just two years old," said she, "and speaks very prettily, though not plainly. I flatter myself Aunt Libby, as she calls me, is a great favourite with her."

My dearest Princess Augusta soon after came in, and, after staying a few minutes, and giving some message to her sister, said, "And when you leave Elizabeth, my dear Madame d'Arblay, I hope you'll come to me."

This happened almost immediately, and I found her hurrying over the duty of her toilette, which she presently despatched, though she was going to a public concert of Ancient Music,<sup>1</sup> and without scarcely once looking in the glass, from haste to have done, and from a freedom from vanity I never saw quite equalled in any young woman of any class. She then dismissed her hairdresser and wardrobe-woman, and made me sit by her.

Almost immediately we began upon the voluntary contributions to the support of the war; and when I mentioned the Queen's munificent donation of five thousand pounds a year for its support, and my admiration of it, from my peculiar knowledge, through my long residence under the Royal roof, of the many claims which Her Majesty's benevolence, as well as state, had raised upon her powers, she seemed much gratified by the justice I did her Royal mother, and exclaimed eagerly, "I do assure you, my dear Madame d'Arblay, people ought to know more how good the Queen is, for they don't know it half." And then she told me that she only by accident had learnt almost all that she

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 216. In 1795 (see *ante*, p. 277), these concerts had been transferred to the concert-room of the Opera House, Haymarket.

knew of the Queen's bounties. "And the most I gathered," she continued, laughing, "was, to tell you the real truth, by my own impertinence; for when we were at Cheltenham, Lady Courtown (the Queen's lady-in-waiting for the country) put her pocket-book down on the table, when I was alone with her, by some chance open at a page where mamma's name was written: so, not guessing at any secret commission, I took it up, and read—Given by Her Majesty's commands—so much, and so much, and so much. And I was quite surprised. However, Lady Courtown made me promise never to mention it to the Queen; so I never have. But I long it should be known, for all that; though I would not take such a liberty as to spread it of my own judgment."

I then mentioned my own difficulties formerly, when Her Majesty, upon my ill state of health's urging my resigning the honour of belonging to the Royal household, so graciously settled upon me my pension, that I had been forbidden to name it. I had been quite distressed in not avowing what I so gratefully felt, and hearing questions and surmises and remarks I had no power to answer. She seemed instantly to comprehend that my silence might do wrong, on such an occasion, to the Queen, for she smiled, and with great quickness cried, "Oh, I daresay you felt quite guilty in holding your tongue." And she was quite pleased with the permission afterwards granted me to be explicit.

When I spoke of her own and her Royal sisters' contributions, £100 per annum, she blushed, but seemed ready to enter upon the subject, even confidentially, and related its whole history. No one ever advised or named it to them, as they have none of them any separate establishment, but all hang upon the Queen, from whose pin-money they are provided for till they marry, or have an household

of their own granted by Parliament. "Yet we all longed to subscribe," cried she, "and thought it quite right, if other young ladies did, not to be left out. But the difficulty was, how to do what would not be improper for us, and yet not to be generous at mamma's expense, for that would only have been unjust. So we consulted some of our friends, and then fixed upon £100 a-piece; and when we asked the Queen's leave, she was so good as to approve it. So then we spoke to the King; and he said it was but little, but he wished particularly nobody should subscribe what would really distress them; and that, if that was all we could conveniently do, and regularly continue, he approved it more than to have us make a greater exertion, and either bring ourselves into difficulties or not go on. But he was not at all angry."

She then gave me the history of the contribution of her brothers. The Prince of Wales could not give in his name without the leave of his creditors. "But Ernest," cried she, "gives £300 a year, and that's a tenth of his income, for the King allows him £3000."

All this leading to discourse upon loyalty, and then its contrast, democracy, she narrated to me at full length a lecture of Thelwall's,<sup>1</sup> which had been repeated to her by M. de Guiffardière. It was very curious from her mouth. But she is candour in its whitest purity, wherever it is possible to display it, in discriminating between good and bad, and abstracting rays of light even from the darkest shades. So she did even from Thelwall.

She made me, as usual, talk of my little boy, and was much amused by hearing that, imitating what he heard from me, he called his father "*mon ami*," and *tutoye'd* him, drinking his health at dinner, as his father does to me—"à ta santé."

<sup>1</sup> John Thelwall, reformer and political lecturer, 1764-1834.

When at length the Princess Augusta gave me the bow of *congé*, she spoke of seeing me again soon: I said I should therefore lengthen my stay in town, and induce M. d'Arblay to come and bring my boy.

"We shall see you then certainly," said she, smiling; "and do pray, my dear Madame d'Arblay, bring your little boy with you."

"And don't say anything to him," cried she, as I was departing; "let us see him quite natural."

I understood her gracious, and let me say rational, desire, that the child should not be impressed with any awe of the Royal presence. I assured her I must obey, for he was so young, so wild, and so unused to present himself, except as a plaything, that it would not be even in my power to make him orderly.

My dear father was extremely pleased with what I had to tell him, and hurried me back to West-hamble, to provide myself with baggage for sojourning with him. My two Alexanders, you will believe, were now warmly invited to Chelsea, and we all returned thither together, accompanied by Betty Nurse.

I shall complete my next Court visit before I enter upon aught else.

I received, very soon, a note from Madame Bremyere, who is my successor. (I have told you poor Mlle. Jacobi is returned to Germany, I think;<sup>1</sup> and that her niece, La Bettina, is to marry a rich English merchant and settle in London.) This note says: "Mrs. Bremyere has received the Queen's commands to invite Madame d'Arblay to the play to-morrow night"—with her own desire I would drink coffee in her apartment before we went to the theatre.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 363.

Could anything more sweetly mark the real kindness of the Queen than this remembrance of my fondness for plays?

My dear father lent me his carriage, and I was now introduced to the successor of Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mlle. Bachmeister, a German, brought over by M. de Luc, who travelled into Germany to accompany her hither. I found she was the lady I had seen with the Queen and Princesses, teaching some work. Not having been to the so-long-known apartments since the death of Mrs. Schwellenberg, I knew not how they were arranged, and had concluded Madame Bremyere possessed those of Mrs. Schwellenberg. Thither, therefore, I went, and was received, to my great surprise, by this lady, who was equally surprised by my entrance, though without any doubt who I might be, from having seen me with the Queen, and from knowing I was to join the play-party to my *ci-devant* box. I inquired if I had made any mistake; but though she could not say no, she would not suffer me to rectify it, but sent to ask Madame Bremyere to meet me in her room.

Mlle. Bachmeister is extremely genteel in her figure, though extremely plain in her face; her voice is gentle and penetrating; her manners are soft, yet dignified, and she appears to be both a feeling and a cultivated character. I could not but lament such had not been the former possessor of an apartment I had so often entered with the most cruel antipathy. I liked her exceedingly; she is a marked gentlewoman in her whole deportment, though whether so from birth, education, or only mind, I am ignorant.

Since she gave me so pleasant a prejudice in her favour, you will be sure our acquaintance began with some spirit. We talked much of the situation she filled; and I thought it my duty to cast the



whole of my resignation of one so similar upon ill health. Mrs. Bremyere soon joined us, and we took up Miss Barbara Planta in our way to the theatre.

When the King entered, followed by the Queen and his lovely daughters, and the orchestra struck up "God save the King," and the people all called for the singers, who filled the stage to sing it, the emotion I was suddenly filled with so powerfully possessed me, that I wished I could, for a minute or two, have flown from the box, to have sobbed ; I was so gratefully delighted at the sight before me, and so enraptured at the continued enthusiasm of the no longer volatile people for their worthy, revered sovereign, that I really suffered from the restraint I felt of being forced to behave decorously.

The play was the *Heir at Law*, by Colman the younger.<sup>1</sup> I liked it extremely. It has a good deal of character, a happy plot, much interest in the under parts, and is combined, I think, by real genius, though open to innumerable partial criticisms.

I heard a gentleman's voice from the next box call softly to Miss Barbara Planta, "Who is that lady?" and heard her answer my name, and him rejoin "I thought so." I found it was Lord Aylesbury, who also has resigned,<sup>2</sup> and was at the play only for the pleasure of sitting opposite his late Royal Mistress.

About a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the Royal Family had set out for Windsor ; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended

<sup>1</sup> First acted at the Haymarket in 1797. It contains the prig-pedant, Dr. Peter Pangloss.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Ailesbury had been Lord Chamberlain.

her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the Queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, and loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet:—

March 8, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND—The Queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come upstairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and Her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,  
M. PLANTA.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her Royal Highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humoured pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to her Royal notice.

She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, into which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hardhearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D——had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming Princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the Queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house, in the neighbourhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the Princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta.

She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I

had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Locks, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me about her,—is she very good to you?—do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologised, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colours than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful!—what eyes!—do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither"; and, catching him to her for a moment, and, holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "Oh! horrid eyes!—shocking eyes!—take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new faces,—to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's right, my dear!" cried Princess

Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet beautiful face to kiss!—an honour I had thought now for ever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no,—you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta; "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young Princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world I could have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture—I fancy to send to the

Duchess of Württemberg. She gave me leave to attend her, with my bantling. The other Princesses retired to dress for court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting-room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the Queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

I was not a little anxious, you will believe, in this presentation of my unconsciously honoured rogue, who entered the White Closet totally unimpressed with any awe, and only with a sensation of disappointment in not meeting again the gay young party, and variety of playthings, he had left above. The Queen, nevertheless, was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready displayed upon the table for him.

But her look was serious and full of care, and, though perfectly gracious, none of her winning smiles brightened her countenance, and her voice was never cheerful. I have since known that the Irish conspiracy with France was just then discovered, and O'Connor<sup>1</sup> that very morning taken. No wonder she should have felt a shock that pervaded her whole mind and manners! If we all are struck with horror at such developments of treason, danger, and guilt, what must they prove to the Royal Family, at whom they are regularly aimed? How my heart has ached for them in that horrible business!

"And how does your papa do?" said the Queen.

"He's at Telsea," answered the child.

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He's in the toach," he replied.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur O'Connor, 1763-1852, the Irish rebel.

“And what a pretty frock you’ve got on! who made it you, mamma, or little aunty?”

The little boy now grew restless, and pulled me about, with a desire to change his situation. I was a good deal embarrassed, as I saw the Queen meant to enter into conversation as usual; which I knew to be impossible, unless he had some entertainment to occupy him. She perceived this soon, and had the goodness immediately to open Noah’s ark herself, which she had meant he should take away with him to examine and possess at once. But he was now soon in raptures; and, as the various animals were produced, looked with a delight that danced in all his features; and when any appeared of which he knew the name, he capered with joy; such as, “Oh! a tow [cow]!” But, at the dog, he clapped his little hands, and running close to Her Majesty, leant upon her lap, exclaiming, “Oh; it’s bow wow!”

“And do you know this, little man?” said the Queen, showing him a cat.

“Yes,” cried he, again jumping as he leant upon her, “its name is talled pussey!”

And, at the appearance of Noah, in a green mantle, and leaning on a stick, he said, “At’s [that’s] the shepherd’s boy!”

The Queen now inquired about my dear father, and heard all I had to say relative to his apartments, with an air of interest, yet not as if it was new to her. I have great reason to believe the accommodation then arranging, and since settled, as to his continuance in the College, has been deeply influenced by some Royal hint.<sup>1</sup> I know they are extremely kind to my dear father, and, though they will not openly command anything not immediately under their control, I have no doubt they have made known they

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 381.

wished such an accommodation might be brought about.

I imagine she had just heard of the marriage of Charlotte, for she inquired after my sister Francis, whom she never had mentioned before since I quitted my post. I was obliged briefly to relate the transaction, seeking to adorn it, by stating Mr. Broome's being the author of *Simkin's Letters*.<sup>1</sup> She agreed in their uncommon wit and humour.

My little rebel, meanwhile, finding his animals were not given into his own hands, but removed from their mischief, was struggling all this time to get at the Tunbridge-ware of the Queen's work-box, and, in defiance of all my efforts to prevent him, he seized one piece, which he called a hammer, and began violently knocking the table with it. I would fain have taken it away silently; but he resisted such grave authority, and so continually took it back, that the Queen, to my great confusion, now gave it him. Soon, however, tired also of this, he ran away from me into the next room, which was their Majesties' bedroom, and in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James's, for the court attire.

I was excessively ashamed, and obliged to fetch him back in my arms, and there to keep him. "Get down, little man," said the Queen; "you are too heavy for your mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition.

The Queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him.

The Queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, "What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, p. 412.



He now lifted up his head, and, before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, "Mamma, mamma!"

"Oh!" said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean!"

His restlessness still interrupting all attention, in defiance of my earnest whispers for quietness, she now said, "Perhaps he is hungry?" and rang her bell, and ordered a page to bring some cakes.

He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down to eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it; he nodded his little head, and composedly answered, "Sanky, Queen!"

This could not help amusing her, nor me, neither, for I had no expectation of quite so succinct an answer.

The carriages were now come for St. James's, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth came into the apartment. The little monkey, in a fit of renewed lassitude after his cake, had flung himself on the floor, to repose at his ease. He rose, however, upon their appearance, and the sweet Princess Augusta said to the Queen, "He has been so good, upstairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." I could have kissed her for this instinctive kindness, excited by a momentary view of my embarrassment at his little airs and liberties.

The Queen heard her with an air of approving, as well as understanding, her motive, and spoke to me with the utmost condescension of him, though I cannot recollect how, for I was a good deal fidgeted lest he should come to some disgrace, by any actual mischief or positive rebellion. I escaped pretty well, however, and they all left us with smiles and graciousness.

You will not be much surprised to hear that papa came to help us out of the coach, at our

return to Chelsea, eager to know how our little rebel had conducted himself, and how he had been received. The sight of his playthings, you will believe, was not very disagreeable. The ark, watchman, and cobbler I shall keep for him till he may himself judge their worth beyond their price.

I returned to the Queen's house in the afternoon to drink coffee with Mlle. Bachmeister, whom I found alone, and spent a half-hour with very pleasantly, though very seriously, for her character is grave and feeling, and I fear she is not happy. Afterwards we were joined by Madame Bremyere, who is far more cheerful.

The play was called *Secrets Worth Knowing*;<sup>1</sup> a new piece. In the next box to ours sat Mrs. Ariana Egerton, the bedchamber-woman to Her Majesty, who used so frequently to visit me at Windsor. She soon recollected me, though she protested I looked so considerably in better health, she took me for my own younger sister; and we had a great deal of chat together, very amicable and cordial. I so much respect her warm exertions for the emigrant ladies, that I addressed her with real pleasure, in pouring forth my praises for her kindness and benevolence.

When we returned to the Queen's house my father's carriage was not arrived, and I was obliged to detain Mlle. Bachmeister in conversation for full half an hour, while I waited; but it served to increase my good disposition to her. She is really an interesting woman. Had she been in that place while I belonged to the Queen, Heaven knows if I had so struggled for deliverance; for poor Mrs. Schwellenberg so wore, wasted, and tortured all my little leisure, that my time for repose was, in fact, my time of greatest labour. So all is for the

<sup>1</sup> By Thomas Morton, and acted at Covent Garden in 1798.

best! I have escaped offending lastingly the Royal Mistress I love and honour, and—I live at Westhamble with my two precious Alexanders.

I have not told you of my renewed intercourse with Mrs. Chapone, who had repeatedly sent me kind wishes and messages, of her desire to see me again. She was unfortunately ill, and I was sent from her door without being named; but she sent me a kind note to Chelsea, which gave me very great pleasure. Indeed, she had always behaved towards me with affection as well as kindness, and I owe to her the blessing of my first acquaintance with my dear Mrs. Delany.<sup>1</sup> It was Mrs. Chapone who took me to her first, whose kind account had made her desire to know me, and who always expressed the most generous pleasure in the intimacy she had brought about, though it soon took place of all that had preceded it with herself. I wrote a very long answer, with a little history of our way of life, and traits of M. d'Arblay, by which her quick discernment might judge both of that and my state of mind.

When we came again to Chelsea at this period, our Esther desired, or was desired by Mrs. Chapone, to arrange a meeting.

I was really sorry I could not call upon her with my urchin; but I could only get conveyed to her one evening, when I went with our Esther, but was disappointed of M. d'Arblay, who had been obliged to go to Westhamble. This really mortified me, and vexed Mrs. Chapone.

We found her alone, and she received me with the most open affection.

Mrs. Chapone knew the day I could be with her too late to make any party, and would have been profuse in apologies if I had not truly declared

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 193.

I rejoiced in seeing her alone. Indeed, it would have been better if we had been so completely, for our dearest Esther knew but few of the old connections concerning whom I wished to inquire and to talk, and she knew too much of all about myself and my situation of which Mrs. Chapone wished to ask and to hear. I fear, therefore, she was tired, though she would not say so, and though she looked and conducted herself with great sweetness.

Mrs. Chapone spoke warmly of *Camilla*, especially of Sir Hugh, but told me she had detected me in some Gallicisms,<sup>1</sup> and pointed some out. She pressed me in a very flattering manner to write again; and dear Hetty, forgetting our relationship's decency, seconded her so heartily you must have laughed to hear her hoping we could never furnish our house till I went again to the press. When Mrs. Chapone heard of my father's difficulties about Chelsea, and fears of removal, on account of his twenty thousand volumes,—“Twenty thousand volumes!” she repeated; “bless me! why, how can he so encumber himself? Why does he not burn half? for how much must be to spare that never can be worth his looking at from such a store! And can he want to keep them all? I should not have suspected Dr. Burney, of all men, of being such a Dr. Orkborne!”<sup>2</sup>

The few other visits which opportunity and inclination united for my making during our short and full fortnight were—

To Mrs. Boscawen, whither we went all three, for I knew she wished to see our little one, whom I had in the coach with Betty, ready for a summons. Mrs. Boscawen was all herself,—that is,

<sup>1</sup> The Monthly Reviewer professed to have done the same.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Orkborne is a pedantic character in *Camilla*.

all elegance and good-breeding. Do you remember the verses on the blues which we attributed to Mr. Pepys?—

Each art of conversation knowing,  
High-bred, elegant Boscawen.<sup>1</sup>

To Miss Thrales, where I also carried my little Alex.

To Lady Strange, whom I had not seen for more years than I know how to count. She was at home, and alone, except for her young grandchild, another Bell Strange, daughter of James, who is lately returned from India with a large fortune, is become Member of Parliament, and has married, for his second wife, a niece of Secretary Dundas's. Lady Strange received me with great kindness, and, to my great surprise, knew me instantly. I found her more serious and grave than formerly; I had not seen her since Sir Robert's death,<sup>2</sup> and many events of no enlivening nature; but I found, with great pleasure, that all her native fire and wit and intelligence were still within, though less voluntary and quick in flashing out, for every instant I stayed she grew brighter and nearer her true self.

Her little grandchild is a delightful little creature, the very reverse of the other Bell in appearance and disposition, for she is handsome and open and gay; but I hope, at the same time, her resemblance in character, as Bell is strictly principled and upright.

Lady Strange inquired if I had any family, and, when she gathered I had a little one downstairs in the carriage, she desired to see it, for little Bell was wild in the request. "But—have *nae mair*!"

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 78.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Strange died at his house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 5, 1792.

cried she; "the times are bad and hard,—ha' nae mair! if you take my advice, you'll ha' nae mair! you've been vary discreet, and, faith, I commend you!"

Little Bell had run downstairs to hasten Betty and the child, and now, having seized him in her arms, she sprang into the room with him. His surprise, her courage, her fondling, her little form, and her prettiness, had astonished him into consenting to her seizure; but he sprang from her to me the moment they entered the drawing-room.

I begged Lady Strange to give him her blessing. She looked at him with a strong and earnest expression of examining interest and pleasure, and then, with an arch smile, turning suddenly about to me, exclaimed, "Ah! faith and troth, you mun ha' some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, you mun ha' some mair! sweet bairn! I gi' you my benediction! be a comfort to your papa and mamma! Ah, madam!" (with one of her deep sighs) "I must gi' my consent to your having some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, faith and troth I mun let you have a girl!"

I write all this without scruple to my dearest Susan, for *prattiness* like this little urchin's is not likely to spoil either him or ourselves by lasting. 'Tis a juvenile flower, yet one my Susan will again, I hope, view while still in its first bloom.

I was extremely pleased in having an interview again with my old, and I believe very faithful, friend Mr. Seward, whom I had not seen since my marriage, but whom I had heard, through the Locks, was indefatigable in inquiries and expressions of goodwill upon every occasion. He had sent me his compilation of anecdotes of distinguished characters,<sup>1</sup> and two little letters have

<sup>1</sup> *Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons*, 5 vols. 1795-97.

passed between us upon them. I was unluckily engaged the morning he was at Chelsea, and obliged to quit him before we had quite overcome a little awkwardness which our long absence and my changed name had involuntarily produced at our first meeting; and I was really sorry, as I have always retained a true esteem for him, though his singularities and affectation of affectation always struck me. But both those and his spirit of satire are mere quizziness; his mind is all solid benevolence and worth.

Good Mr. punning Townshend<sup>1</sup> called upon us twice, and showed me the telegraph that is fixed up at Chelsea, and was as simple, and sensible, and gentle, and odd, as ever.

And now I must finish this Chelsea narrative, with its most singular, though brief, adventure. One morning, at breakfast, my father received a letter, which he opened, and found to be only a blank cover, with a letter enclosed, directed "A Madame, Madame d'Arblay."

This, upon opening, produced a little bank-note of five pounds, and these words:—

"Madame d'Arblay need not have any scruple in accepting the enclosed trifle, as it is considered only as a small tribute of gratitude and kindness, so small, indeed, that every precaution has been taken to prevent the least chance of discovery; and the person who sends it even will never know whether it was received or not. Dr. Burney is quite ignorant of it."

This is written evidently in a feigned hand, and I have not the most remote idea whence it can come. But for the word gratitude I might have suggested many; but, upon the whole, I am utterly unable to suggest any one creature upon earth

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 315.

likely to do such a thing. I might have thought of my adorable Princess, but that it is so little a sum. Be it as it may, it is certainly done in great kindness, by some one who knows £5 is not so small a matter to us as to most others; and after vainly striving to find out or conjecture whence it came, we determined to devote it to our country. There's patriotism! we gave it in voluntary subscription for the war; and it was very seasonable to us for this purpose.

This magnificent patriotic donation was presented to the Bank of England by Mr. Angerstein,<sup>1</sup> through Mr. Lock, and we have had thanks from the Committee which made us blush. Many reasons have prevented my naming this anecdote, the principal of which were fears that, if it should be known such a thing was made use of, and, as it chanced, when we should otherwise have really been distressed how to come forward or hold back, any other friend might adopt the same method, which, gratefully as I feel the kindness that alone could have instigated it, has yet a depressing effect, and I would not have it become current. Could I, or should I, ever trace it, I must, in some mode or other, attempt retaliation.

Behold us now back again at our dear West-hamble.

#### DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

*April 24, '98.*

I have terminated the twelfth book of my poem, and transcribed it fair for your hearing or perusal. Mrs. and Miss Crewe, and Miss Hayman (now Privy-purse to the Princess of Wales), have been attending Walker's astronomical lectures, and wanted much to hear some at least of my "*Shtoff*"

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 333.



read to Windham and Canning. An evening was fixed, when after dinner Windham was to read us his Balloon-journal, Canning a MS. poem, and I a book of my Astronomy.

The lot fell on me to begin. When I had finished the first book, "*Tocca lei*," quo' I to Mr. Windham. "No, no, not yet; another of your books first." Well, when that was read, "*Tocca lei*," said I to Mr. Canning. "No, no," they all cried out, "let us go on,—another book." Well, though hoarse, I read on; Mrs. Crewe relieved me, and then Miss Hayman, and then supper was announced; and so I was taken in: the rest, and the "Balloon" and MS. poem, are to be read comfortably at Mrs. Crewe's villa at Hampstead, as soon as finished. C. B.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WESTHAMBLE, DORKING, April 25, '98.

"*Bouder*," my dearest Father?—But I am sure you do not think it, therefore I will not disgrace myself with a defence. But I have intended writing every day, and the constant glimmering hope that to-morrow I should hear, with the idea that you were always packing up and removing, have made another to-morrow and to-morrow always keep off to-day. Indeed, that is the cruel trick of to-morrow, which does more mischief to one's fair resolves than any philosophy of to-day ever rectifies.

I delight in the account of your conviviality; nobody was ever so formed for society, in its best state, as my dearest father.

How interesting is your account of M. Cléry!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Author of *A Journal of Occurrences at the Temple, during the Confinement of Louis XVI., King of France*. By M. Cléry, the King's valet-de-chambre. Translated from the original manuscript by R. C. Dallas, Esq., London, 1798. There was also a French edition.

I should like extremely to meet with him. If your list is not closed of scrip, my chevalier begs you will have the goodness to trust him with the 6s. and enter his name.<sup>1</sup> Your description of him is just what his conduct had made my mind describe him.

I am very glad to hear of your sweethearts, old and new, but of Mrs. Garrick chiefly. I rejoice Mrs. Carter is so well again. Does Lady Rothes tell you how nearly we are neighbours? We see her house whenever we see our own; it is a constant object.<sup>2</sup> But we have not yet been very sociable, for the weather would not do for my carriage, though hers, before she went to town, kindly found its way to us three times.

Pray, when next you can indulge me, tell me how the dinner went off at Lady Inchiquin's, and if she seems happy. All you find time to name of those my old connections is peculiarly interesting to me.

I have some hope the public affairs may now wear a better aspect, from the tremendous danger so narrowly escaped of utter destruction, and so notorious as to defy the plausibility and sophistry of contest.

We have had papers, through dear Charles, up to Monday, and the King's message<sup>3</sup> made me thrill through every vein; but the sign of Mr. Sheridan seconding Dundas struck me as a good to undo many an evil. M. d'A. thinks it will show the Carmagnols the species of friends who were

<sup>1</sup> M. D'Arblay (see *post*, p. 411) does not figure in the "List of Subscribers," which occupies sixteen double-column pages, headed by the names of the King and Queen.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Rothes' house was Juniper Hill, which is shown on the map at p. 116. It was built by the David Jenkinson who owned Juniper Hall (*ib.*), and it had recently been purchased by Lady Rothes' husband, Sir Lucas Pepys.

<sup>3</sup> This was the message of King George to Parliament on April 20 with respect to the effectual defence of the nation in the event of French invasion. Dundas moved the thanks of the House of Commons, and Sheridan seconded him in a speech pointing out the necessity of supporting the Government, and taking vigorous measures.

to abet them, beyond all the speeches of all the ministers; for if even the opposition, even the supporters of the war being our aggression, and the Republic so glorious, etc., point out the real aim of our enemies,—that our money and credit is all they want, that their pretences of giving us liberty, etc., are incapable of duping even their admirers,—surely they must see that their chance of reception here, through our own means, is shallow and unfounded. No very late news from our Susan.

I am so little generous or noble that I feel almost vexed, instead of glad, that the twelfth book is finished<sup>1</sup>; for I had made a sort of regale to myself that something should have been written of it in our *chaumière*. Don't forget what we build upon this summer: we shall dare you with our fare and tackle, our Alex, and our prospects—with our true joy in your sight; and your own view of my virtuous companion at the daily cultivation of his garden will supply to your kind paternal heart all deficiencies, and make you partake of our pleasure. Adieu, most dear Sir! My mate embraces you with cordial respect.

F. D'A.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WESTHAMBLE, June 7, '98.

Indeed, my dearest Father, M. Clery's book has half killed us; we have read it together, and the deepest tragedy we have yet met with is slight to it. The extreme plainness and simplicity of the style, the clearness of the detail, the unparading yet evident worth and feeling of the writer, make it a thousand times more affecting than if it had been drawn out with the most striking eloquence. What an angel—what a saint, yet breathing, was Louis XVI.!—the last meeting with the venerable

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 407.

M. de Malesherbes, and the information which, prostrate at his feet, he gives of the King's condemnation, makes the most soul-piercing scene, and stopped us from all reading a considerable time; frequently, indeed, we have been obliged to take many minutes' respite before we could command ourselves to go on. But the last scene with the Royal Family, the final parting, is the most heartbreaking picture that ever was exhibited.

How much we are obliged to you for it, dearest Sir, infinitely as it has pained and agitated us! It arrived by the very same messenger that took my last letter to you, with an account of our sweet Susanna. How interested it leaves one for the good writer, the faithful, excellent, modest M. Cléry! I want a second part; I want to know if he was able to deliver the ring and seal<sup>1</sup>—if he saw any more the unhappy Queen, the pious Princess Elizabeth, the poor Madame Royale whom he left painting, and that fair lovely blossom the sweet Dauphin. I feel extremely dissatisfied to be left in the dark about all this.

I am shocked not to see your name in the subscription, after an interest such as you have both felt and shown for this worthy man; it is infinitely provoking you knew not in time of the publication.<sup>2</sup> M. d'Arblay is vexed, too, not to have his own name there, in testimony of respect to this faithful creature, who will be revered to his last hour by whoever has any heart for fidelity, gratitude, and duty.

Have you Mr. Twining still? Oh that he would

<sup>1</sup> The seal was intended by Louis XVI. for the Dauphin; the ring, for the Queen (Cléry, p. 249). Both were delivered,—as Mme. D'Arblay might have learned from the "Note" appended to the French and English versions of the *Journal*. Marie Antoinette subsequently sent the seal to the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), and the ring to the Comte D'Artois (afterwards Charles X.). Cléry gives facsimiles of the covering messages.

<sup>2</sup> A note to the Subscription List is dated May 25, 1798. Cléry later sent Dr. Burney a copy.

come and mortify upon our bread and cheese, while he would gladify upon our pleasure in his sight! The weather now is such as to make bare walls rather agreeable, and without he would see what he loves in fair views, and what he so strikingly denominates "God's gallery of pictures"; and our one little live piece would not, I think, excite in him much black bile. If he is still with you, do speak for us.

F. D'A.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. PHILLIPS

After sundry abortive proposals of our new brother-in-law, Mr. Broome, for our meeting, he and Charlotte finally came, with little Charlotte, to breakfast and spend a day with us. He has by no means the wit and humour and hilarity his *Simkin's Letters*<sup>1</sup> prepare for; but the pen and the tongue are often unequally gifted. He is said to be very learned, deeply skilled in languages, and general erudition, and he is full of information upon most subjects that can be mentioned. We talked of India, and he permitted me to ask what questions I pleased upon points and things of which I was glad to gather accounts from so able a traveller.

Another family visit which took place this summer gave us pleasure of a far more easy nature, because unmingled with watchful anxiety; this was from Charles and his son, who, by an appointment for which he begged our consent, brought with him also Mr. Professor Young, of Glasgow,<sup>2</sup> a man whose learning sits upon him far lighter than Mr. Broome's! Mr. Young has the *bonhomie* of M. de Lally, with as much native humour as he has acquired erudition: he has a face that looks all

<sup>1</sup> This was the satire in verse entitled *The Letters of Simkin the Second, Poetic Recorder, of all the Proceedings upon the Trial of Warren Hastings*, 1789, second ed., 1792.

<sup>2</sup> John Young, 1750-1820, Professor of Greek at Glasgow.

honesty and kindness, and manners gentle and humble; an enthusiasm for whatever he thinks excellent, whether in talents or character, in art or in nature; and is altogether a man it seems impossible to know, even for a day, and not to love and wish well. This latter is probably the effect of his own cordial disposition to amity. He took to us, all three, so evidently and so warmly, and was so smitten with our little dwelling, its situation and simplicity, and so much struck with what he learned and saw of M. d'Arblay's cultivating literally his own grounds, and literally being his own gardener, after finding, by conversation, what a use he had made of his earlier days in literary attainments, that he seemed as if he thought himself brought to a vision of the golden age,—such was the appearance of his own sincere and upright mind in rejoicing to see happiness where there was palpably no luxury, no wealth.

It was a most agreeable surprise to me to find such a man in Mr. Professor Young, as I had expected a sharp though amusing satirist, from his very comic but sarcastic imitation of Dr. Johnson's *Lives*, in a criticism upon Gray's *Elegy*.<sup>1</sup>

Charles was all kind affection, and delighted at our approbation of his friend, for the Professor has been such many years, and very essentially formerly,—a circumstance Charles is now gratefully and warmly returning. It is an excellent part of Charles's character that he never forgets any kind office he has received.

I learned from them that Mr. Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, that most sweet poem,<sup>2</sup> had ridden round the lanes about our domain to view it, and stood—or made his horse stand,—at

<sup>1</sup> *A Criticism on the Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard, being a continuation of Dr. J——n's Criticism on the Poems of Gray*, Glasgow, 1783, 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 98.

our gate a considerable time, to examine our Camilla Cottage,—a name I am sorry to find Charles, or some one, had spread to him; and he honoured all with his good word. I should like to meet with him.<sup>1</sup>

Our beloved father came to us in August for five days, to our inexpressible delight. He brought his present work, a poetical history of Astronomy, with him, and read it throughout to us. It seems to me a work to do him great honour, as well as to be highly useful to the young in astronomical knowledge.

He brought Alex six little golden-covered books, to begin his library, but he is grown now so extremely studious, that, when not engaged with company, or in discourse upon literary matters, it is evident he is impatient of lost time. Alex, therefore, had not the chance of occupying or amusing him he would have had some time since; this is easily accounted for by his way of life.

M. la Jard<sup>2</sup> spent nearly a week with M. d'Arblay. He was Minister-of-War at the unhappy 10th of August; and his account of his endeavours to save the unhappy oppressed King on that fatal day, by dissuading him from going to the cruel Assembly, and to defend himself in his palace, is truly afflictive. His own escape after his failures was wonderful: he was concealed a fortnight in Paris. He is now tolerably easy, with regular economy, in his circumstances, receiving help privately through Hamburg from his mother and brother. He is a steady, upright, respectable character, and wins and wears esteem. He had a principal command, before he was raised to the ministry, in the National Guard under Lafayette, and with M. d'Arblay.

<sup>1</sup> She afterwards knew him well. It was Rogers who first took Scott to see her in 1826.

<sup>2</sup> Pierre-Auguste Lajard, 1757-1837.

M. Bourdois,<sup>1</sup> also, spent a week here twice. He was born and bred at Joigny, and therefore is dear to M. d'Arblay by earliest juvenile intimacy, though the gradations of opinions in the Revolution had separated them: for he remained in France when M. d'A. would serve there no longer. He became aide-de-camp to Dumourier, and is celebrated for his bravery at the battle of Jemappe. He is a very pleasant and obliging character, and dotingly fond of little Alex, from knowing and loving and honouring all his family from his birth; and this you will a little guess is something of an *avenue* to a certain urchin's *madre*. Besides, I like to see anybody who has seen Joigny.

I was really quite sorry when he came again to take leave, upon voyaging to the Continent; but before that time he brought hither M. le Comte de Ricce, the officer whom M. d'Arblay immediately succeeded at Metz, and a gentleman in manners, deportment, and speech, such as rarely is to be met with; elegantly polite and well bred; serious even to sadness, and silent and reserved; yet seizing all attention by the peculiar interest of his manner.

As soon as he entered our book-room, he exclaimed "Ah, de Narbonne!" looking at our drawing; and this led me to speak of that valued person, with whom I found he had always been much connected. He corresponds with him still, and made me happy in talking of his hard fate and difficulties, when he told me he had some money of his still in his hands, which he could call for at pleasure, but never demanded, though frequently reminded of the little deposit. But when I mentioned this to M. d'Arblay, he said he fancied it was only money that M. de Ricce insisted upon appropriating as a loan for him; for that De Ricce

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 351.



who, by a very rich marriage, and entering into a commercial business with his wife's relations (Dutch people), is himself as rich as if not an emigrant, is the most benevolent of human beings, and lives parsimoniously in every respect, to devote all beyond common comforts to suffering emigrants ! His rich wife is dead, and he has married a cousin of hers, who was poor. M. d'Arblay says he knows of great and incredible actions he has done in assisting his particular friends. I never saw a man who looked more like a chevalier of old times. He accompanied M. Bourdois here again when he came to take leave, and indeed they left us quite sad. He was going to Hambro'.

Lady Rothes, constant in every manifestation of regard, came hither the first week of our establishment, and came three times to denials, when my gratitude forced open my doors. Her daughter, Lady Harriet,<sup>1</sup> was with her : she is a pretty and pleasing young woman. Sir Lucas came another morning, bringing my old friend Mr. Pepys.<sup>2</sup>

Alex was in high spirits and amused them singularly. He had just taken to spelling ; and every word he heard, of which he either knew or could guess the orthography, he instantly, in a little concise and steady manner, pronounced all the letters of, with a look of great but very grave satisfaction at his own performances, and a familiar nod at every word so conquered, as thus :—

*Mr. Pepys.* You are a fine boy, indeed !

*Alex.* B, O, Y, boy. (Every letter articulated with strong, almost heroic emphasis.)

*Mr. P.* And do you run about here in this pleasant place all day long ?

*Alex.* D, A, Y, day.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Harriet Leslie, *d.* 1839. She was married, November 29, 1804, to William, eleventh Earl of Devon.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. i. p. 159.

*Mr. P.* And can you read your book, you sweet little fellow?

*Alex.* R, E, A, D, read, etc. etc.

He was in such good looks that all this nonsense won nothing but admiration, and Mr. Pepys could attend to nothing else, and only charged me to let him alone. "For mercy's sake, don't make him study," cried Sir Lucas also; "he is so well disposed that you must rather repress than advance him, or his health may pay the forfeit of his application."

"Oh, leave him alone!" cried Mr. Pepys: "take care only of his health and strength; never fear such a boy as that wanting learning."

I forget if I have mentioned that Lady Rothes and Sir Lucas (the wife will come first here) have bought Juniper Hall<sup>1</sup>—not Hole; as, from its being lower, the residence M. de Narbonne had was called;<sup>2</sup>—nor am I sure if they had not made the purchase before you left us. When we returned our many visits, we were let in by Lady Rothes, who was with only her daughter, Lady Harriet, and who told us the Princess Amelia had just passed by with her suite, in her way to Worthing. I was so much vexed not to have been a little earlier that I might have had a glance of her lovely countenance, that it quite spoiled my visit, by occupying me with regret.

Fatigue, joined to a kind reception, led us to make a long visit at Lady Templetown's; and while we were there, Lady Henry Fitzgerald arrived. You know, I daresay, she was my old acquaintance Miss Boyle, daughter to my friend Mrs. Walsingham.<sup>3</sup> I had never seen her since she was a mere girl; but she recollected me the moment she looked at me. She had purposed

<sup>1</sup> Juniper Hill (see *ante*, p. 409).

<sup>2</sup> Juniper Hall (see *ante*, p. 116).

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 144.

repeatedly coming to our cottage, but Mrs. Lock, fearing it might be inconvenient to us, had deterred her. I was very glad to see the happiness and hilarity that beamed in her eyes and spoke in her voice and manner.

The younger Lady Templetown seemed enchanted<sup>1</sup> with the view of our simple dwelling, and all the more in the romance of early youth, unhackneyed and unspoiled; for seeing it unfinished and unfurnished, and conceiving that we could be happy and gay in such a state, she ran upstairs, uninvited, and seemed longing to visit the kitchen, the bed-chambers, and the tool-house. The name of a *cottage* had interested her, and to know people who inhabited one appeared to give her a romantic pleasure, that, in her rank and situation, seemed very amiable.

Amongst the Norbury visitors of this summer were the V——s, now emigrated from Holland; and reduced from their splendid establishment to so small a little dwelling, at Islington, that they call ours a great estate in its comparison! What lamentable changes has that eventful and dreadful revolution brought to bear! I never hear but of one good change it has caused, which is that of name in a certain sister of yours.

I was extremely surprised to be told by the maid a gentleman and lady had called at the door, who sent in a card and begged to know if I could admit them; and to see the names on the card were Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld.<sup>2</sup> I had never seen them more than twice; the first time by their own desire, Mrs. Chapone carried me to meet them at Mr. Burrows's: the other time, I think, was at

<sup>1</sup> *Née* Lady Mary Montagu, only daughter of John, fifth Earl of Sandwich. She married the second Baron Templetown, October 7, 1796.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 239.

Mrs. Chapone's. You must be sure I could not hesitate to receive, and receive with thankfulness, this civility from the authoress of the most useful books, next to Mrs. Trimmer's, that have been yet written for dear little children; though this with the world is probably her very secondary merit, her many pretty poems, and particularly songs, being generally esteemed. But many more have written those as well, and not a few better; for children's books she began the new walk, which has since been so well cultivated, to the great information as well as utility of parents.

Mr. Barbauld is a dissenting minister—an author also, but I am unacquainted with his works. They were in our little dining-parlour—the only one that has any chairs in it—and began apologies for their visit; but I interrupted and finished them with my thanks. She is much altered, but not for the worse to me, though she is for herself, since the flight of her youth, which is evident, has taken also with it a great portion of an almost set smile, which had an air of determined complacency and prepared acquiescence that seemed to result from a sweetness which never risked being off guard. I remember Mrs. Chapone's saying to me, after our interview, "She is a very good young woman, as well as replete with talents; but why must one always smile so? It makes my poor jaws ache to look at her."

We talked, of course, of that excellent lady; and you will believe I did not quote her notions of smiling. The Burrows family, she told me, was quite broken up; old Mrs. Amy alone remaining alive. Her brother, Dr. Aiken,<sup>1</sup> with his family, were passing the summer at Dorking, on account of his ill health, the air of that town having been recommended for his complaints. The Barbaulds

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 333.

were come to spend some time with him, and would not be so near without renewing their acquaintance. They had been walking in Norbury Park, which they admired very much; and Mrs. Barbauld very elegantly said, "If there was such a public officer as a legislator of taste, Mr. Lock ought to be chosen for it."

They inquired much about M. d'Arblay, who was working in his garden, and would not be at the trouble of dressing to appear. They desired to see Alex, and I produced him; and his orthographical feats were very well timed here, for as soon as Mrs. Barbauld said, "What is your name, you pretty creature?" he sturdily answered, "B, O, Y, boy."

Almost all our discourse was upon the Irish rebellion. Mr. Barbauld is a very little, diminutive figure, but well bred and sensible.

I borrowed her poems, afterwards, of Mr. Daniel,<sup>1</sup> who chanced to have them, and have read them with much esteem of the piety and worth they exhibit, and real admiration of the last amongst them, which is an epistle to Mr. Wilberforce in favour of the demolition of the slave-trade, in which her energy seems to spring from the real spirit of virtue, suffering at the luxurious depravity which can tolerate, in a free land, so unjust, cruel, and abominable a traffic.

We returned their visit together in a few days, at Dr. Aiken's lodgings, at Dorking, where, as she permitted M. d'Arblay to speak French, they had a very animated discourse upon buildings, French and English, each supporting those of their own country with great spirit, but my monsieur, to own the truth, having greatly the advantage both in manner and argument. He was in spirits, and came forth with his best exertions. Dr. Aiken

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, p. 421.

looks very sickly, but is said to be better : he has a good countenance.

The poor Mr. Daniel, whom you may remember, as a very good and melancholy French priest, visiting us at Bookham, ventured over to France before the barbarous 4th of September, believing he might be restored to his friends ; but he was seized, imprisoned many months, and then turned adrift into fresh exile, penniless and hopeless. He returned so mournful, so depressed, that we have, perforce, made much more intimacy with him from compassion for his undeserved sufferings. He lives at Mr. Swaine's, the apothecary, at Dorking, upon the little pittance he obtains from Government and a few scholars to whom he teaches French. He is now much revived and cheered with the hope of a new turn in affairs.

One new acquaintance we have found it impossible to avoid. The only house in Westhamble village which is not occupied by farmers or poor people is now inhabited by a large family from the City, of the name of Dickenson. They called here immediately upon our establishing ourselves in our cottage. It was indispensable to return a first visit. You have been at the house, my dearest Susan, to see Madame de Broglie ;<sup>1</sup> it is now, they say, greatly improved. Mr. Dickenson,<sup>2</sup> or Captain Dickenson, as his name-card says, is a very shy, but seems a sensible man, and his lady is open, chatty, fond of her children, and anxious to accomplish them. She seems between thirty and forty, and very lively. She is of French origin, though born here, and of parents immediately English ; but her grandfather was a M. de Brissac.

A gentleman, who seemed to belong to them

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 116.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Dickinson, 1756-1828, was a Captain in the Royal Navy. He married Frances de Brissac in June 1781.

but whom we knew not, meanwhile, was yet more assiduous than themselves to make acquaintance here. He visited M. d'Arblay while working in his garden, brought him newspapers, gazettes extraordinary, political letters with recent intelligence, and exerted himself to be acceptable by intelligence as well as obligingness. M. d'Arblay, at length, one very bitterly cold morning, thought it incumbent upon him to invite his anonymous acquaintance into the house. He knew not how to name him, but, opening the door where I was waiting breakfast for him with Alex, he only pronounced my name. The gentleman, smilingly entering, said, "I must announce mine myself, I believe—Mr. Strachan":<sup>1</sup> and we then found it was the printer to the King, who is Member of Parliament, son of the Andrew Strachan who was the friend of Johnson and the principal printer of *Camilla*.

Much recollection of the many messages of business which had passed between us, while unknown, during the printing of that long work, made me smile also at his name, and we easily made acquaintance. He has all the appearance of a very worthy, sensible, unpretending man, well-bred and good-natured. Long connected with the Dickensons, he seems to have an apartment at pleasure in their house, and to love their children as if they were his own. He told us he had known Mrs. Dickenson from the time she was seven years old.

I have been eagerly, though with great disgust, wading through Carnot's pamphlet.<sup>2</sup> I think Mr. Pitt might pay in letters of gold for such authentic

<sup>1</sup> This was Andrew Strahan, 1749-1831, youngest son and successor of William (not Andrew) Strahan, Johnson's friend, who died in 1785. Andrew Strahan was in Parliament from 1796 to 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Lazare-Nicolas-Marguerite Carnot, 1753-1823, "organiser of victory," and Member of the Directory during the French Revolution. His defence brought about the overthrow of his colleagues in 1799.

intelligence of the frequent pecuniary distresses of the Directory, as well as for the many dissensions and evil propensities which must be excited between the civil and military powers, by the anecdotes he has related and disclosures he has made. He seems but few degrees less wicked than Barras, Rewbel, etc.; and those few, perhaps, only because a few degrees less powerful. Certainly there is nothing to impress his readers with any respect for his superiority of virtue upon more solid grounds.

F. D'A.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. PHILLIPS

WESTHAMBLE, *August 28, '98.*

If I could find words,—but the language does not afford any,—my dearest, dearest Susan, to tell what this final blow has been to me, I am sure I should be a brute to make use of them; but after so much of hope, of fear, of doubt, of terror, to be lifted up at length to real expectation, and only to be hurled down to disappointment! And you—sweetest soul!—that can think of anybody else in such a situation!—for though your neighbours are so good, Ireland is so unsettled, in our estimation, that I believe there is hardly one amongst us would not at least have parted with a little finger by the hatchet to have possessed you for a few months in England.

I write because I must write, but I am not yet fit for it; I can offer no fortitude to my Susan, and it is wrong to offer anything else: but I must write, because I must let her see my hand, to tempt a quicker sight again of her own to eyes which yearn after it incessantly. Why did the Major<sup>1</sup> desire me to look after our old cottage at Bookham? and so obligingly, so pleasantly, so truly say he was certain

<sup>1</sup> Ma'or Phillips.



of the pleasure he gave me by the commission?—  
Can you tell?

M. d'Arblay is at this time spending two days chez M. la Jard,<sup>1</sup> the last Minister of War to poor Louis XVI. If he should return before Mrs. Lock sends off the packet, I am sure he will add a line.

I have many things to say and talk of, but they all get behind the present overbearing, engrossing disappointment, which will take no consolation or occupation, except my dear boy, who fortunately was out of the way when I first received it; for else he would have used the letter very ill: when I got that which announced that you were coming, the one before the last, in which the Major himself wrote to James, and which James most kindly forwarded to me instantly, saying, "We may now expect to see dear Susan in a few days"; those words from him, less easily elated than most of us, so transported me, that I appeared to my poor Alex in deep grief from a powerful emotion of surprise and joy, which forced its way down my cheeks.

The little creature, who was playing on the sofa, set up a loud cry, and instantly, with a desperate impulse, ran to me, darted up his little hands, before I could imagine his design, and seized the letter with such violence, that I must have torn it to have prevented him: and then he flew with it to the sofa, and, rumpling it up in his little hands, poked it under the cushions, and then resolutely sat down upon it. I was too happy at that moment to oppose his little enterprise, and he sat still till my caresses and evident re-establishment brought him to my lap. However, when I put him down and made up to the sofa for my letter, he began crying again, and flying to his booty, put himself

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 414.

into such an agony that I was fain to quiet him by waiting till I could take it unobserved; yet he could not express himself better in words than by merely saying, "I don't like you to read a letter, mamma!"—He had never happened to see me in tears before: happy boy!—and, oh, happy mother!

The little soul has a thousand traits of character that remind me of Norbury, both in what is desirable and what is fearful; for he is not only as sweet, but as impetuous, and already he has the same desire to hear me recount to him his own good and bad conduct at the end of the day that dear Norbury had when I visited Mickleham. Just now, when he took leave for the night, he said, "And what was I to-day, mamma?" "Good, my dear." "But what was I to dinner?" "A little rude." He then looks down very conscious, but raises his brightened eyes, to say, "And what are I now, mamma?" "Quite good, my love."

And now, my beloved Susan, I will sketch my last Court history of this year.

The Princess Amelia, who had been extremely ill since my last Royal admittance, of some complaint in her knee which caused spasms the most dreadfully painful, was now returning from her sea-bathing at Worthing, and I heard from all around the neighbourhood that her Royal Highness was to rest and stop one night at Juniper Hall,<sup>1</sup> whither she was to be attended by Mr. Keate the surgeon, and by Sir Lucas Pepys, who was her physician at Worthing.

I could not hear of her approaching so near our habitation, and sleeping within sight of us, and be contented without an effort to see her; yet I would

<sup>1</sup> An obvious misprint or mistake for Juniper Hill, the Surrey home of Sir Lucas Pepys. See the subsequent references to Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas's wife, and *ante*, p. 409.

not distress Lady Rothes by an application she would not know how either to refuse or grant, from the established etiquette of bringing no one into the presence of their Royal Highnesses but by the Queen's permission. So infinitely sweet, however, that young love of a Princess always is to me, that I gathered courage to address a petition to Her Majesty herself, through the medium of Miss Planta, for leave to pay my homage.—I will copy my answer, sent by return of post.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have infinite pleasure in acquainting you that the Queen has ordered me to say that you have her leave to see dear Princess Amelia, provided Sir Lucas Pepys and Mr. Keate permit it. Etc. etc. etc.

With so complete and honourable a credential, I now scrupled not to address a few lines to Lady Rothes, telling her my authority, to prevent any embarrassment, for entreating her leave to pay my devoirs to the young Princess on Saturday morning,—the Friday I imagined she would arrive too fatigued to be seen. I intimated also my wish to bring my boy, not to be presented unless demanded, but to be put into some closet where he might be at hand in case of that honour. The sweet Princess's excessive graciousness to him gave me courage for this request. Lady Rothes sent me a kind note which made me perfectly comfortable.

It was the 1st of December, but a beautifully clear and fine day. I borrowed Mr. Lock's carriage.

Sir Lucas came to us immediately, and ushered us to the breakfast-parlour, giving me the most cheering accounts of the recovery of the Princess. Here I was received by Lady Rothes, who pre-

sented me to Lady Albinia Cumberland,<sup>1</sup> widow of Cumberland the author's only son, and one of the ladies of the Princesses. I found her a peculiarly pleasing woman, in voice, manner, look, and behaviour.

This introduction over, I had the pleasure to shake hands with Miss Goldsworthy, whom I was very glad to see, and who was very cordial and kind; but who is become, alas! so dreadfully deaf, there is no conversing with her, but by talking for a whole house to hear every word! With this infirmity, however, she is still in her first youth and brightness, compared with her brother; who, though I knew him of the party, is so dreadfully altered, that I with difficulty could venture to speak to him by the name of General Goldsworthy.<sup>2</sup> He has had three or four more strokes of apoplexy since I saw him.

I fancy he had a strong consciousness of his alteration, for he seemed embarrassed and shy, and only bowed to me, at first, without speaking. But I wore that off afterwards, by chatting over old stories with him.

The Princess breakfasted alone, attended by Mrs. Cheveley.<sup>3</sup> When this general breakfast was over, Lady Albinia retired. But in a very few minutes she returned, and said, "Her Royal Highness desires to see Madame d'Arblay and her little boy."

The Princess was seated on a sofa, in a French gray riding-dress, with pink lapels, her beautiful and richly flowing and shining fair locks unornamented. Her breakfast was still before her, and Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Albinia Cumberland was the widow of Richard Cumberland's eldest son, who died at Tobago. She herself was the eldest daughter of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess, some verses to whom by the dramatist at this date are printed in vol. ii. of his *Memoirs*, 1807, ii. 296-98.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 47.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 49.

Cheveley in waiting. Lady Albinia announced me, and she received me with the brightest smile, calling me up to her, and stopping my profound reverence, by pouting out her sweet ruby lips for me to kiss.

She desired me to come and sit by her; but, ashamed of so much indulgence, I seemed not to hear her, and drew a chair at a little distance. "No, no," she cried, nodding, "come here; come and sit by me here, my dear Madame d'Arblay." I had then only to say 'twas my duty to obey her, and I seated myself on her sofa. Lady Albinia, whom she motioned to sit, took an opposite chair, and Mrs. Cheveley, after we had spoken a few words together, retired.

Her attention now was bestowed upon my Alex, who required not quite so much solicitation to take his part of the sofa. He came jumping and skipping up to her Royal Highness, with such gay and merry antics, that it was impossible not to be diverted with so sudden a change from his composed and quiet behaviour in the other room. He seemed enchanted to see her again, and I was only alarmed lest he should skip upon her poor knee in his caressing agility.

I bid him, in vain, however, repeat Ariel's "Come unto these Yellow Sands," which he can say very prettily; he began, and the Princess, who knew it, prompted him to go on; but a fit of shame came suddenly across him—or of capriciousness—and he would not continue.

Lady Albinia soon after left the room; and the Princess, then, turning hastily and eagerly to me, said, "Now we are alone, do let me ask you one question, Madame d'Arblay—Are you—are you—[looking with strong expression to discover her answer] writing anything?"

I could not help laughing, but replied in the negative.

"Upon your honour?" she cried earnestly, and looking disappointed. This was too hard an interrogatory for evasion; and I was forced to say—the truth—that I was about nothing I had yet fixed if or not I should ever finish, but that I was rarely without some project. This seemed to satisfy and please her.

I told her of my having seen the Duke of Clarence at Leatherhead fair. "What, William?" she cried, surprised. This unaffected, natural way of naming her brothers and sisters is infinitely pleasing. She took a miniature from her pocket, and said, "I must show you Meney's picture," meaning Princess Mary, whom she still calls Meney, because it was the name she gave her when unable to pronounce Mary—a time she knew I well remembered. It was a very sweet miniature, and extremely like. "Ah! what happiness," I cried, "your Royal Highness will feel, and give, upon returning to their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses, after such an absence, and such sufferings!" "Oh yes!—I shall be so glad!" she cried, and then Lady Albinia came in and whispered her it was time to admit Lady Rothes, who then entered with Lady Harriet<sup>1</sup> and the Miss Leslies.

When she was removing, painfully lifted from her seat between Sir Lucas and Mr. Keate, she stopped to pay her compliments and thanks to Lady Rothes with a dignity and self-command extremely striking.

F. D'A.

#### DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

December 10, 1798.

Herschel has been in town for short spurts, and back again, two or three times, leaving Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> Her daughter (see *ante*, p. 416).

Herschel behind (in town) to transact law business. I have had him here during two whole days. I read to him the first five books without any one objection, except a little hesitation at my saying, upon Bailly's authority, that, if the sun was to move round the earth, according to Ptolemy, instead of the earth round the sun, as in the Copernican system, the nearest fixed star in every second must constantly run at the rate of "near a hundred thousand miles."—"Stop a little," said he; "I fancy you have greatly underrated the velocity required—but I will calculate it at home." And at his second visit he brought me a slip of paper, written by his sister, as I suppose he had dictated—"Hence we see that Sirius, if it revolved round the earth, would move at the rate of 1426 millions of miles per second. Hence the required velocity of Sirius in its orbit would be above 7305 times greater than that of light." This was all that I had to correct of doctrine in the first five books: and he was so humble as to confess that I knew more of the history of astronomy than he did, and had surprised him with the mass of information I had got together.

He thanked me for the entertainment and instruction I had given him—"Can anything be grander?"—and all this before he knows a word of what I have said of himself—all his discoveries, as you may remember, being kept back for the twelfth and last book. Adad! I begin to be a little conceited.

Mrs. M. Montagu<sup>1</sup> has been singing our ditty at home and abroad. I have been at one bit of blue there. Mrs. M.<sup>2</sup> so broke down as not to go out—almost wholly blind, and very feeble.

Did you know of Princess Amelia being at Sir

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Matthew Montagu.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Montagu died August 25, 1800, aged eighty.

Lucas Pepys's, in your neighbourhood, time enough to pay your respects to her Royal Highness? I hear a good account of her going on, which gratifies me much.

You will probably see in last week's papers that Lord Macartney is dead at the Cape of Good Hope.<sup>1</sup> But I called myself at his house in town on Saturday, to inquire if any news had lately been received from his Lordship; and Lady M., who happened to be at home, sent her compliments and thanks for inquiring; and, supposing it occasioned by the report, said that what had appeared in the newspaper was not true; there had been no such account come to the India House as had been said—nor to any one else.

God bless you, and the dear gardener, and the Alexandretto!

C. B.

<sup>1</sup> He did not die until 1806.



## PART LIII

1799

Mrs. Chapone on a recent domestic affliction—Madame d'Arblay's consolation—Death of Mr. Seward—Wesley—Visit to Dr. Herschel—The Royal Family on Windsor terrace—The King's recognition of Dr. Burney—His Majesty's music-room—Conversation of the King—The Queen's kindness to Madame d'Arblay—The Princess of W——s—News from France—State of Ireland—Letter from the Comte de Narbonne to the Chevalier d'Arblay—The Emperor's Hymn and Suwarrow's march—Dancing legislators.

### MRS. CHAPONE TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

MY DEAR MADAM—If you have heard of the most recent of all my afflictions,—the death of my darling niece in childbirth (which happened not quite a month after the loss of my dearest brother),<sup>1</sup>—you will not wonder that I have not been able to thank you for your last kind favour. It grieves me to think of the anxiety you have suffered for your lovely boy, nor shall I ever forget the tenderness you showed for me before you knew how completely all hopes of comfort respecting this world for my latter days were taken from me: but the hopes of another, I thank God, draw every day into a nearer view, and I trust will supply me with “patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill.”<sup>2</sup>

I had, with the folly and ignorance of human schemes, thought of seeking an asylum from the

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Mulso, who died February 7, 1799.

<sup>2</sup> Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 362.

aching void I must every hour feel in London, by changing my abode to Winchester, where I expected my two kind nieces would soothe my heart and close my eyes; but this unexpected and most afflicting stroke, by taking away the next dearest object of my affection, has shown me where only I can look for support, and where I have hitherto found it in as great a degree as I could have expected.

Though I have still a niece, for whom I have great love and esteem, I know not yet what her own plans may be, nor whether Winchester will not now be the most melancholy scene for us both that we could fix on:<sup>1</sup> so that I am inclined to no other exertion but waiting where I am, with humble submission and acquiescence, for

Kind Nature's signal of retreat.

In the meantime I should be ungrateful for your kind solicitude if I did not mention the comfort I receive from that excellent man Mr. Pepys, whom you esteem, but whose worthy heart you do not half know, and whom compassion has improved, from a delightful companion and intimate old acquaintance, to the most tender, attentive, and affectionate son to me. All my other friends, too, have exceeded all my expectations in their attentions to me.

I hope soon to hear that your heart is quite at rest about M. d'Arblay and your son. Writing is at present so difficult and painful to me that I must bid you adieu, with the most grateful sense of your compassion for me, and every kind wish for yourself and M. d'Arblay.

Ever, dear Madam,

Your sincerely affectionate and obliged,

H. CHAPONE.

<sup>1</sup> She eventually retired to Hadley, near Barnet, where she died and is buried.

Have you yet read Mrs. H. More's new work ?<sup>1</sup>  
Don't *you* be idle.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. CHAPONE

WESTHAMBLE, *April 4*, '99.

It was from your own affecting account, my dear Madam, that I learned your irreparable loss, though a letter by the same post from my sister Burney confirmed the melancholy intelligence. I will not attempt to say with what extreme concern I have felt it. Your "darling niece," though I must now be glad I had never seen, I had always fancied I had known, from the lively idea you had enabled me, in common with all others, to form of what she ought to be. If this second terrible trial, and the manner in which you have supported it, had not shown me my mistake, I should have feared, from the agonised expression of your countenance—which I cannot forget—in our last mournful interview, that the cup was already full ! But it is not for nothing you have been gifted,—or that so early you were led to pray "the ill you might not shun, to bear." Misfortunes of this accumulated—I had nearly said desolating—nature, always of late years sharpen to me the horrors of that part of the French Revolution which, to lessen the dread of guilt, gives death to eternal sleep. What alleviation can there be for sufferers who have imbibed such doctrine ? I want to disperse among them an animated translation of the false principles, beautiful conviction, and final consolations of *Fidelia*.<sup>2</sup> For since, in this nether sphere, with all our best hopes alive of times to come,

<sup>1</sup> *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 1799, 2 vols. It appeared early in 1799.

<sup>2</sup> The *Story of Fidelia* was the title of three papers contributed by Mrs. Chapone in 1753 (when Miss Mulso) to the *Adventurer* of Hawkesworth. It recounts the experiences of the daughter of a deist, who is eventually converted.

Ev'n Virtue sighs, while poor Affection mourns  
The blasted comforts of the desert heart,

what must sorrow be where calamity sees no opening to future light? and where friends, when separated, can mark no haven for a future reunion, but where all terminates for ever in the poor visible grave?—against which all our conceptions and perceptions so entirely revolt, that I, for one, can never divest the idea of annihilation from despair.

I read with much more pleasure than surprise what you say of Mr. Pepys: I should have been disappointed indeed had he proved a “summer friend.” Yet I have found many more such, I confess, than I had dreamed of in my poor philosophy, since my retirement from the broad circle of life has drawn aside a veil which, till then, had made profession wear the same semblance as friendship. But few, I believe, escape some of these lessons, which are not, however, more mortifying in the expectations they destroy than gratifying in those they confirm. You will be sure, dear Madam, but I hope not angrily, of *one* honour I am here venturing to give myself.

Yours, etc.,  
F. d'A.

M. d'A. entreats you to accept his sincerest respects.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. LOCK

WESTHAMBLE, May 2, 1799.

Poor Mr. Seward! I am indeed exceedingly concerned—nay, grieved—for his loss to us:<sup>1</sup> to us I trust I may say; for I believe he was so substantially good a creature, that he has left no

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Seward died April 24, 1799 (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 55).

fear or regret merely for himself. He fully expected his end was quickly approaching. I saw him at my father's at Chelsea, and he spent almost a whole morning with me in chatting of other times, as he called it; for we travelled back to Streatham, Dr. Johnson, and the Thrales. But he told me he knew his disease incurable. Indeed, he had passed a quarter of an hour in recovering breath, in a room with the servants, before he let me know he had mounted the College stairs. My father was not at home. He had thought himself immediately dying, he said, four days before, by certain sensations that he believed to be fatal, but he mentioned it with cheerfulness; and though active in trying all means to lengthen life, declared himself perfectly calm in suspecting they would fail. To give me a proof, he said he had been anxious to serve Mr. Wesley, the Methodist musician,<sup>1</sup> and he had recommended him to the patronage of the Hammersleys, and begged my father to meet him there to dinner; but as this was arranged, he was seized himself with a dangerous attack, which he believed to be mortal. And during this belief, "willing to have the business go on," said he, laughing, "and not miss me, I wrote a letter to a young lady, to tell her all I wished to be done upon the occasion, to serve Wesley, and to show him to advantage. I gave every direction I should have given in person, in a complete persuasion at the moment I should never hold a pen in my hand again."

This letter, I found, was to Miss Hammersley.

I had afterwards the pleasure of introducing M. d'Arblay to him, and it seemed a gratification to him to make the acquaintance. I knew he had been "curious" to see him, and he wrote my father word afterwards he had been much pleased.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps a son of Charles Wesley, John Wesley's younger brother.

My father says he sat with him an hour the Saturday before he died; and though he thought him very ill, he was so little aware his end was so rapidly approaching, that, like my dearest friend, he laments his loss as if by sudden death.

I was sorry, too, to see in the newspapers the expulsion of Mr. Barry from the Royal Academy.<sup>1</sup> I suppose it is from some furious harangue. His passions have no restraint, though I think extremely well of his heart, as well as of his understanding.

Your affectionate

F. D'A.

#### DR. BURNEY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

Slough, Monday morning, July 22, 1799,  
in bed at Dr. Herschel's, half-past five,  
where I can neither sleep nor lie idle.

MY DEAR FANNY—I believe I told you on Friday that I was going to finish the perusal of my astronomical *varses* to the great astronomer on Saturday. Here I arrived at three o'clock,—neither Dr. nor Mrs. H. at home; went to London on Thursday on particular business. This was rather discouraging, as poor Mrs. Arne used to say when she was hissed;<sup>2</sup> but all was set to rights by the appearance of Miss Baldwin, a sweet, timid, amiable girl, Mrs. Herschel's niece, who told me that if I was Dr. B. she was to entreat me to come in, as her uncle and aunt expected me, and would be back at dinner, half-past three.

When we had conversed about ten minutes, in came two other sweet girls, about the same age

<sup>1</sup> His personalities as Professor of Painting had made him extremely unpopular. He was at last removed from his professorship, and expelled the Academy.

<sup>2</sup> Cecilia Arne, 1711-89, wife of Burney's old master Dr. Arne, and a famous Vauxhall singer.

(from fifteen to seventeen), the daughters of Dr. Parry of Bath,<sup>1</sup> on a visit here. More natural, obliging, charming girls I have seldom seen; and, moreover, very pretty. We soon got acquainted. I found they were musical, and in other respects very well educated. It being a quarter past four, and the lord and lady of the mansion not returned, Miss Baldwin would have dinner served, according to order, and an excellent dinner it was, and our chattering no disagreeable sauce.

After an admirable dessert, I made the Misses Parry sing and play, and sang and played with them so delightfully, "you can't think!" Mr. and Mrs. H. did not return till between seven and eight; but when they came, apologies for being out on pressing business, cordiality and kindness, could not be more liberally bestowed.

After tea Dr. H. proposed that we two should retire into a quiet room, in order to resume the perusal of my work, in which no progress had been made since last December. The evening was finished very cheerfully; and we went to our bowers not much out of humour with each other, or with the world.

We had settled a plan to go to the chapel at Windsor in the morning, the King and Royal Family being there, and the town very full. Dr. H. and Mrs. H. stayed at home, and I was accompanied by the three Graces. Dr. Goodenough,<sup>2</sup> the successor of Dr. Shepherd, as canon, preached. I had dined with him at Dr. Duval's. He is a very agreeable man, and passionately fond of music, with whom, as a professor, a critic, and an historian of the art, I seem to stand very high; but I could not hear a single sentence of his sermon, on account

<sup>1</sup> Probably Dr. Caleb Hillier Parry, 1755-1822, a well-known Bath physician and notability, and father of Parry, the Arctic explorer.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Goodenough, 1743-1827, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. He was Canon of Windsor in 1798.

of the distance. After the service I got a glimpse of the good King, in his light-grey farmer-like morning Windsor uniform, in a great crowd, but could not even obtain that glance of the Queen and Princesses. The day was charming. The chapel is admirably repaired, beautified, and a new west window painted on glass. All was cheerfulness, gaiety, and good humour, such as the subjects of no other monarch, I believe, on earth enjoy at present; and except return of creepings now and then, and a cough, I was as happy as the best.

At dinner we all agreed to go to the Terrace,—Mr., Mrs., and Miss H., with their nice little boy, and the three young ladies. This plan we put in execution, and arrived on the Terrace a little after seven. I never saw it more crowded or gay. The Park was almost full of happy people—farmers, servants, and tradespeople,—all in Elysium. Deer in the distance, and *dears* unnumbered near. Here I met with almost everybody I wished and expected to see previous to the King's arrival in the part of the Terrace where I and my party were planted. Lord Harrington;<sup>1</sup> Sir Joseph, Lady, and Miss Banks; the Bishop of Salisbury;<sup>2</sup> Dr. Goodenough, who invited me to his house (the Bishop of S. pressed me to take a bed at his palace in Salisbury, where I visited my friend Mr. Cox); Miss Egerton, sweet Lady Augusta Lowther, and Sir William, my great favourite, with a long list of *et cæteras*—all seemed glad to see the old Doctor, even before he was noticed by Royalty.

But now here comes Will, and I must get up, and make myself up to go down to the perusal of my last book, entitled **HERSCHEL**. So good morrow.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington, 1753-1829, afterwards (1812) Constable and Governor of Windsor Castle.

<sup>2</sup> John Douglas, 1721-1807—Goldsmith's "terror of quacks,"—Bishop of Salisbury from 1791 to his death.



CHelsea, Tuesday, three o'clock.

Not a moment could I get to write till now ; and I am afraid of forgetting some part of my history, but I ought not, for the events of this visit are very memorable.

When the King and Queen, arm in arm, were approaching the place where the Herschel family and I had planted ourselves, one of the Misses Parry heard the Queen say to His Majesty, "There's Dr. Burney," when they instantly came to me, so smiling and gracious that I longed to throw myself at their feet. "How do you, Dr. Burney?" said the King. "Why, you are grown fat and young." "Yes, indeed," said the Queen ; "I was very glad to hear from Madame d'Arblay how well you looked." "Why, you used to be as thin as Dr. Lind,"<sup>1</sup> says the King. Lind was then in sight—a mere lath ; but these few words were accompanied with such very gracious smiles, and seemingly affectionate good-humour—the whole Royal Family, except the Prince of Wales, standing by—in the midst of a crowd of the first people in the kingdom for rank and office—that I was afterwards looked at as a sight. After this the King and Queen hardly ever passed by me without a smile and a nod. The weather was charming ; the Park as full as the Terrace, the King having given permission to the farmers, tradesmen, and even livery servants, to be there during the time of his walking.

Now I must tell you that Herschel proposed to me to go with him to the King's concert at night, he having permission to go when he chooses, his five nephews (Griesbachs) making a principal part of the band. "And," says he, "I know you will be welcome." But I should not have presumed to

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 304.

believe this if His Majesty had not formerly taken me into his concert-room himself from your apartments. This circumstance, and the gracious notice with which I had been just honoured, emboldened me. A fine music-room in the castle, next the Terrace, is now fitted up for His Majesty's evening concerts, and an organ erected. Part of the first act had been performed previous to our arrival. There were none but the performers in the room, except the Duchesses of Kent and Cumberland, with two or three general officers backwards. The King seldom goes into the music-room after the first act; and the second and part of the third were over before we saw anything of him, though we heard His Majesty, the Queen, and Princesses talking in the next room. At length he came directly up to me and Herschel, and the first question His Majesty asked me was,—“How does Astronomy go on?” I, pretending to suppose he knew nothing of my poem, said, “Dr. Herschel will better inform your Majesty than I can.” “Ay, ay,” says the King, “but you are going to tell us something with your pen”; and moved his hand in a writing manner. “What—what—progress have you made?” “Sir, it is all finished, and all but the last of twelve books have been read to my friend Dr. Herschel.” The King, then looking at Herschel, as who would say, “How is it?” “It is a very capital work, Sir,” says H. “I wonder how you find time?” said the King. “I make time, Sir.” “How, how?” “I take it out of my sleep, Sir.” When the considerate good King, “But you'll hurt your health. How long,” he adds, “have you been at it?” “Two or three years, at odd and stolen moments, Sir.” “Well,” said the King (as he had said to you before), “whatever you write, I am sure will be entertaining.” I bowed most humbly, as ashamed of not deserving

so flattering a speech. "I don't say it to flatter you," says the King; "if I did not think it, I would not say it."

After this he talked of his concert, and the arrangement of the pieces performed that evening from the oratorio of *Joseph*.<sup>1</sup> His Majesty always makes the list himself, and had made a very judicious change in the order of pieces, which I told His Majesty, as there were no words in question which, as a drama, might require the original arrangement. He gave me his opinion very openly upon every musical subject started, and talked with me full half an hour. He began a conversation with General Harcourt and two other general officers, which lasted a full hour, and we durst not stir till it was over, past eleven. All this Windsor and Slough visit has turned out delightfully. I have not room to say anything more, only God bless you all!

C. B.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

Fore George, a more excellent song than t'other!<sup>2</sup>

WESTHAMBLE, July 25, '99.

Why, my dearest Padre, your subjects rise and rise,—till subjects, in fact, are no longer in question. I do not wonder you felt melted by the King's goodness. I am sure I did in its perusal. And the Queen!—her naming me so immediately went to my heart. Her speeches about me to Mrs. Lock in the drawing-room, her interest in my welfare, her deigning to say *she had never been amongst those who had blamed my marriage*, though

<sup>1</sup> *Joseph and his Brethren*—the eighth of Handel's Oratorios, words by Miller. It was composed in August 1743; and produced at Covent Garden, March 2, 1744.

<sup>2</sup> This is a recollection of Cassio's comments on Iago's songs in Act II. Sc. iii. of *Othello* (see *ante*, p. 263).

she lost by it my occasional attendances, and her remarking "*I looked the picture of happiness*," had warmed me to the most fervent gratitude, and the more because her saying she had never been *amongst those* who had blamed me shows there were people who had not failed to do me ill offices in her hearing; though probably, and I firmly believe, without any personal enmity, as I am unconscious of having any owed me; but merely from a cruel malice with which many seize every opportunity, almost involuntarily, to do mischief, and most especially to undermine at Court any one presumed to be in any favour. And, still further, I thought her words conveyed a confirmation of what her conduct towards me *in my new capacity* always led me to conjecture; namely, that my guardian star had ordained it so that the real character and principles of my honoured and honourable mate had, by some happy chance, reached the Royal ear before the news of our union. The dear King's graciousness to M. d'Arblay upon the Terrace, when the Commander-in-Chief, just then returned from the Continent, was by his side, made it impossible not to suggest this: and now, the Queen's again naming me so *in public* puts it, in my conception, beyond doubt. My kindest father will be glad, I am sure, to have added to the great delight of his recital a strength to a notion I so much love to cherish.

The account of the Terrace is quite enlivening. I am very glad the weather was so good. It was particularly kind of it, for I am sure it has been very *un-Julyish* since.

How sweet what the King said of my dearest father's writing! You see how consistent and constant is his opinion: but still more I love his benevolent solicitude lest your method of *making time* should injure your health. Think of that, dear

Master Brooke! your *creepings* are surely the effect of over-labour of the brain and intense application.

I want excessively to hear how the Herschel book went off; whether there was much to change, as I think it impossible there should not be certain modes peculiar to every man's own conceptions of his own studies that no other can hit without consulting him; and whether the sum total seemed to give the last and living hero of the poem the satisfaction it ought to do. Pray let me hear about this as soon as you can, dearest Sir; but pray only make notes of any alterations; and let the alterations themselves wait to be accomplished in our quiet retreat, at the given period of our indulgence, which I presume to continue fixed for the end of August, as you do not again touch the subject.

I am very anxious, meanwhile, for your trying the hot well—and that before you go to Dover; for I think it impossible—unnatural—you should resist Mrs. Crewe, who, next to your immediate family, seems most truly and affectionately to know how to value possessing you.

The visit to the P——ss of W. is charming. I am charmed she now lives so cheerfully and pleasantly.<sup>1</sup> She seemed confined, not merely as a recluse, but a culprit, till quite lately; and now . . . . your visit has just been succeeded by Mr. Pitt's! How can the Premier be so much his own enemy in politics as well as happiness! for all the world, nearly, take her part; and all the world *wholly* agree she has been the injured person, though some few think she has wanted *retenue* and discretion in her resentment, the public nature of her connection considered, which does not warrant the expectance of the same pure fidelity a chosen wife might look for.

F. D'A.

<sup>1</sup> In 1799 the Princess of Wales was apparently residing at Shrewsbury House near Shooter's Hill.

## MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. PHILLIPS

August 14, '99.

I know that my beloved Susan did not mean I should see her true account of her precious health ; but it arrived at Westhamble while Esther was there, and it has been engraven on my heart in saddest characters ever since. The degree in which it makes me—I had almost said—wretched, would be cruel to dwell upon ; but had the letter finished as it began, I must have surely applied for a passport, without which there is now no visiting Ireland. In case, my sweet soul, you are relapsed, or do not continue improving, tell me if there is any way I can manage to make a surprise give no shock of horror where I have no expectation of giving pleasure ? I would not offend, nor add to my beloved's hard tasks, God knows ! Should I write *there*, in that case, for leave ? or what do ? At all events, and if the recovery continues, give me a hint or two, I entreat. I consult no one here ; I must do such a deed by storm ; I am sure of consent to everything that my happiness and peace demand, from the only one who can lawfully control me,—and that is enough.

Where poor M. de Narbonne has been driven we know not. One of the French Princesses is dead, but not Princess Adelaide. We have just heard that M. de N. is now in actual correspondence with Louis XVIII. : I am very glad, though excessively astonished how it has been brought about. When we hear particulars, you shall have them.

People here are very sanguine that Ireland is quiet, and will remain so ; and that the combined fleets can never reach it. How are your own politics upon that point ? Mine will take *their* colour, be it what it may. Our dear father is visiting about, from Mr. Cox's to Mrs. Crewe,

with whom he is now at Dover, where Mr. Crewe has some command. We are all in extreme disturbance here about the secret expeditions.<sup>1</sup> Nothing authentic is arrived from the first armament; and the second is all prepared for sailing. Two of Lady Templetown's sons are gone, Greville and Arthur: Lady Rothes' younger son is going, John Leslie:<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boncheritte has a brother-in-law gone, Captain Barnes. Both officers and men are gathered from all quarters. Heaven grant them speedy safety, and ultimate peace! God bless my own dearest Susan, and strengthen and restore her. Amen! Amen. F. D'A.

FROM THE COMTE DE NARBONNE TO THE  
CHEVALIER D'ARBLAY

TUBINGEN, *ce 1er 7bre*, 1799.

Vous voyez, mon ami, par la date de ma lettre, que j'ai le besoin de m'assurer au moins un instant de bonheur pour cette année, en m'associant aujourd'hui à vous, et à tous les anges qui vous entourent. Depuis celle que j'ai reçue de vous, et qui m'a fait autant de bien que vous pouvez m'en désirer, il n'est pas un jour où je n'aie voulu vous écrire, et où je n'aie été arrêté par l'idée qu'il fallait au moins savoir où vous demander de me répondre. Plus de trois semaines avant la déclaration de guerre de Naples, à tous les momens nous nous attendions à une rupture entre la France et l'Empereur, qui ne permettait pas de rester ici, et qui m'envoyait je ne sais pas où. Les événemens ont beau se succéder; il règne toujours la même incertitude; et je me lasse d'un silence dont j'espère que vous me boudez tous un peu. Ils sont

<sup>1</sup> This was the expedition to Holland under the Duke of York, which started August 13, 1799. It ended in October in a convention with the French, and suspension of hostilities.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 112.

donc finis bien heureusement ces troubles d'Irlande, si cruels et si effrayants ; et comme il est en vérité presque permis à un Français de s'occuper, avant tout, du salut de ses amis, par toutes les espèces de dangers auxquels ils sont exposés depuis si longtems, je vois d'abord dans cet heureux événement que je n'ai plus à trembler, ni vous non plus, sur votre adorable belle-sœur, et que je n'ai plus à craindre pour elle que *the boisterous weather*. Mon ami, donnez-moi en détail des nouvelles de sa position. Que je voudrais la savoir réunie à vous ! dût-elle prendre mon chambre dans un petit palais enchanté que je vois avec peine, cependant qui n'a pas été fait d'un coup de baguette. A quoi vous sert donc la douce magicienne qui vous a donné sa vie ? Comment elle ne s'entend pas seulement en maçonnerie ? Quelle éducation va-t-elle donner à mon petit Louis ? Heureusement que je repaierai tout cela ! Savez-vous bien qu'il n'est pas impossible que ce soit bientôt. Vos gazettes (qui, par parenthèse, n'arrivent pas depuis un mois) parlent positivement d'un traité de commerce entre l'Angleterre et St-Domingue, qui me rendrait du moins le terrain de mon habitation. Mandez-moi, je vous prie, tout ce qui est sûr, et ce que l'on espère, de cela : si les négociants tournent leurs spéculations de ce côté, et y sont encouragés par le gouvernement ;—si les colons ont déjà trouvé les moyens de faire quelque arrangement. Je voudrais bien en faire un qui fît vivre mes filles pendant que vous me donneriez à manger. Mais m'est-il permis seulement de rêver au bonheur ? Depuis un mois je suis bourré par l'idée de ce qui peut arriver à Naples à Mesdames, à ma mère, à ma fille. Je tremble que les premiers succès de Mack<sup>1</sup> ne leur aient inspiré une sécurité mal-

<sup>1</sup> Karl, Freiherr von Mack, 1752-1828, who had occupied Rome for the King of Naples.



heureusement absurde, puisqu'il paraît décidé que l'Empereur, s'il s'en mêle, ne s'en mêlera que trop tard.

Je ne connais plus sur la terre de bonheur que dans le point que vous habitez ; mais qui dans le monde a ses droits au bonheur comme les habitans de Norbury ? D'après le tableau que vous m'en faites, il n'y a donc rien de changé dans ce délicieux Norbury. Transportez-vous donc, mon ami, à gauche de la cheminée ; embrassez pour moi bien tendrement le premier des hommes et le plus sensible des sages ; vous trouverez à sa droite son fils, que vous embrasserez presque comme son père, et que vous prierez de ma part de vouloir bien épouser une de ses sœurs, parceque je voudrais bien qu'il eût bien vite une femme digne de lui. S'il aime mieux, cependant, épouser Madame Lock, je ne m'y oppose pas du tout. Vous voyez que me voilà de l'autre côté de la cheminée ; vous y baiserez la poussière des pieds de l'ange que vous y trouverez, et vous lui direz que jusqu'au tombeau je prendrai la liberté de l'adorer.

Je ne conçois pas, mon ami, comment tout cela à pu me détourner du principal objet de ma lettre, de *l'art de faire de la choucroute* ; et m'y voilà. Augustin, qui me l'a fait depuis quatre ans, dit que vos choux sont excellents pour cela. Les plus tendres sont les meilleurs. On les coupe en tranches les plus minces possibles, au moyen d'un couteau ressemblant en grand à celui pour les concombres, et dont le dit Augustin est sûr d'avoir vu dans la cité. On les entasse, et on les foule dans un petit tonneau ; pardessus on met une planche qui couvre à peu près toute la superficie, et sur laquelle doit peser une grosse pierre. De l'eau sur tout cela, de manière que la planche, et par conséquent les choux, soient toujours dans l'eau. Cette eau doit être renouvelée tous les quinze jours, et l'on ne doit pas

se laisser effrayer de l'horrible puanteur. Au bout de deux mois la choucroute est mangeable, et voilà *tout l'art* de la faire.—Pour la manger, la faire d'abord cuire et recuire dans de l'eau simple; cela fait, bien exprimer l'eau, et y substituer soit du beurre, du saindoux, de la graisse d'oie, etc., et laisser bien mitonner.

Adieu, adieu! Je t'embrasse du fond de mon cœur, et ta femme, et ton fils. Pour éviter que mon nom ne traverse peut-être des armées, mettez celui de Frédéric sous le couvert de M. Cotta, libraire, à Tubingen.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WESTHAMBLE, October 1, '99.

What a sumptuous feast have you given me, my kindest father! It was our whole morning's regale, so slowly we could bear to read, for fear of too soon ending it. I wish some kind friend or other would always be giving you a letter to enclose for me, and that you would always forget so to do, that always you might be stimulated to make amends by preparing a parcel for the coach. I must, however, mention that my mate and I can ill brook this shabby hint of shirking; that he still rears young peas, and houses beautiful carnations, for you; and that I had determined to wait only for the first fair day to put in my rightful claim. This very one upon which I write is the first in which we have escaped rain for a fortnight; and now, therefore, we may surely hope for a fine autumn.

What, then, says my dearest father? Will he not think of us? Who can he think of to quite so much delight with his sight? In England no one. In Ireland I own there is one to whom it must be yet more precious, because so cruelly long with-

held. Ireland, my dearest padre, leads to the immediate subject of this letter.

Whether gaily or sadly to usher what I have to say I know not, but your sensations, like mine, will I am sure be mixed. The Major has now written to Mrs. Lock that he is anxious to have Susan return to England. She is "in an ill state of health," he says, and he wishes her to try her native air; but the revival of coming to you and among us all, and the tender care that will be taken of her, is likely to do much for her; therefore, if we get her but to this side the Channel, the blessing is comparatively so great, that I shall feel truly thankful to Heaven.

How you have made me fall in love with your ladies, Susan Ryder, and Jane Dundas, and the whole family of Greys! I was enchanted with your reception and intimacy amongst such sweet mannered and minded people as you describe. But Mr. Pitt! I am really in *alt* when I see you presenting him your letter from Dr. Herschel.

Solemn, yet heart-warming, is your account of the embarkation. God send us more good news of its result! Like you, we are sadly alarmed by the second affair, after being so elated by the first. Yet the taking the Dutch fleet must always remain a national amends for almost any loss.

Mrs. Milner, of Mickleham, who has a son by a former husband, now Colonel Fitzgerald, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of York (and probably of the staff you met at Walmer Castle), has sent me lately a message to desire we should make acquaintance. It came through Lady Rothés, and consequently I expressed proper acknowledgments. Two days ago she came to make her first visit. Her present husband, who is also a colonel, called at the same time on M. d'Arblay, with whom he had made a speaking acquaintance while we were building our

cottage. We found them very agreeable people, well bred, well cultivated, and pleasing. The Colonel is serious, she is lively; but they seem happy in each other. I am the more disposed to think well of them, because not only the Duke but the Duchess of York twice breakfasted with them, in journeying from Brighthelmstone. This has put them in high fashion in this neighbourhood. She tells me she is the worst of visitors; and I assured her that having heard that character of her was one of my first inducements to venture at her acquaintance, not only from the flattery of her selection, but from the sympathy I felt in that defect.

They walked all round our grounds—the wood, copse, meadow; ate one of our apples just gathered from our virgin orchard; and found all M. d'Arblay's flowers of the first fragrance. Could they fail being pleasant people? Pray wish well to Colonel Fitzgerald for their sake.

I was happy not to see his name amongst the killed and wounded; nor that of the Hon. John Leslie, Lady Rothes' son; nor those of Greville nor Arthur Upton, Lady Templetown's sons;<sup>1</sup> nor Mr. Nixon, late of Bookham; nor General Burrard, now of Dorking. What an anxious period, through relations or connections, independent of general humanity, does this expedition make! Heaven prosper it! What is Mr. J. Crewe called?—Captain? I hope it is not he who is named amongst the wounded.

You make me wild to hear the Emperor's hymn and Suwarrow's march. Their popularity at Dover and Walmer Castle was most seasonable and delightful; they quite set my heart a-beating with pleasure and exultation for my dearest father, only in hearing of them. But you, forsooth, to preside over the bottle! Ha! ha! Mr. Pitt, however,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 446.

could not risk his intellects, so he chose well for preserving them.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. PHILLIPS

WESTHAMBLE, *December 10, '99.*

Oh my Susan, my heart's dear sister! with what bitter sorrow have I read this last account! With us, with yourself, your children,—all,—you have trifled in respect to health, though in all things else you are honour and veracity personified; but nothing had prepared me to think you in such a state as I now find you. Would to God I could get to you! If Mr. Keirnan thinks you had best pass the winter in Dublin, stay, and let me come to you. Venture nothing against his opinion, for mercy's sake! Fears for your health take place of all impatience to expedite your return; only go not back to Belcotton, where you cannot be under his direction, and are away from the physician he thinks of so highly.

I shall write immediately to Charles about the carriage. I am sure of his answer beforehand,—so must you be. Act, therefore, with regard to the carriage, as if already it were arranged.<sup>1</sup> But I am well aware it must not set out till you are well enough to nearly fix your day of sailing. I say nearly, for we must always allow for accidents. I shall write to our dear father, and Etty, and James, and send to Norbury Park; but I shall wait till to-morrow, not to infect them with what I am infected.

How I love that charming Augusta!—tell her so; I am almost tempted to write to her, and to Mrs. Disney, and to Mr. Keirnan. I expect every-

<sup>1</sup> From Mme. D'Arblay's *Memoirs* of her father it seems to have been intended that Charles Burney should accompany Mrs. Phillips from Park Gate to Chelsea College (iii. 391).

body to love and be kind to my Susan ; yet I love and cherish them for it as if it were my wonder.

Oh my Susan ! that I could come to you ! But all must depend on Mr. Keirnan's decision. If you can come to us with perfect safety, however slowly, I shall not dare add to your embarrassment of persons and package. Else, Charles's carriage—Oh, what a temptation to air it for you all the way ! Take no more large paper, that you may write with less fatigue, and, if possible, oftener ;—to any one will suffice for all.

Yours affectionately,  
F. D'A.

## PART LIV

1800-1

Death of Mrs. Phillips—Letter of Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock on the recent loss of her sister—Interview with the Royal Family—Extreme amiability of the Princess Augusta—Marauders in the garden—Madame d'Arblay's comedy of *Love and Fashion*, in rehearsal at Covent Garden—Withdrawn by the author—Her remarks on the subject—M. d'Arblay leaves England to look after his property in France—News of M. d'Arblay—Love offerings—Visit to Norbury Park—Madame d'Arblay's projected journey to France—Perils of M. d'Arblay's voyage—His letters to Madame d'Arblay—Her thoughts on religious instruction—Her letter to her husband—The Lord Chancellor's reprimand to Mr. Sheridan.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

January 9, 1800.

MY MOST DEAR PADRE—My mate will say all say, —so I can only offer up my earnest prayers I may soon be allowed the blessing—the only one I sigh for—of embracing my dearest Susan in your arms and under your roof. Amen. F. D'A.

These were the last written lines of the last period—unsuspected as such—of my perfect happiness on earth; for they were stopped on the road by news that my heart's beloved sister, Susanna Elizabeth Phillips, had ceased to breathe.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> She died at Park Gate, Cheshire, January 6, 1800, and is buried in Neston Churchyard. Her epitaph, written by her father, is printed in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 296. There is said to be a portrait of her in the possession of the Rev. David Wauchope of Southampton.

tenderest of husbands—the most feeling of human beings—had only reached Norbury Park, on his way to a believed meeting with that angel, when the fatal blow was struck; and he came back to West Hamble—to the dreadful task of revealing the irreparable loss which his own goodness, sweetness, patience, and sympathy could alone have made supported.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. LOCK

January 9, 1800.

“*As a guardian angel!*”—Yes, my dearest Fredy, as such in every interval of despondence I have looked up to the sky to see her; but my eyes cannot pierce through the thick atmosphere, and I can only represent her to me seated on a chair of sickness, her soft hand held partly out to me as I approach her; her softer eyes so greeting me as never welcome was expressed before; and a smile of heavenly expression speaking the tender gladness of her grateful soul that God at length should grant our reunion. From our earliest moments, my Fredy, when no misfortune happened to our dear family, *we wanted nothing but each other*. Joyfully as others were received by us—loved by us—all that was necessary to our happiness was fulfilled by our simple junction. This I remember with my first remembrance; nor do I recollect a single instance of being affected beyond a minute by any outward disappointment, if its result was leaving us together.

She was the soul of my soul!—and 'tis wonderful to me, my dearest Fredy, that the first shock did not join them immediately by the flight of mine—but that over—that dreadful, harrowing, never-to-be-forgotten moment of horror that made me wish to be mad—the ties that after that first endearing



period have shared with her my heart, come to my aid. Yet I was long incredulous; and still sometimes I think it is not—and that she will come—and I paint her by my side—by my father's—in every room of these apartments, destined to have chequered the woes of her life with rays of comfort, joy, and affection.

Oh, my Fredy! not selfish is the affliction that repines her earthly course of sorrow was allowed no shade!—that at the instant soft peace and consolation awaited her she should breathe her last! You would understand all the hardship of resignation for me were you to read the joyful opening of her letter, on her landing, to my poor father, and her prayer at the end to be restored to him.

Oh, my Fredy! could you indeed think of me—be alarmed for me on that dreadful day!—I can hardly make that enter my comprehension; but I thank you from my soul; for that is beyond any love I had thought possible, even from your tender heart.

Tell me you all keep well, and forgive me my distraction. I write so fast I fear you can hardly read; but you will see I am conversing with you, and that will show you how I turn to you for the comfort of your tenderness. Yes, you have all a loss, indeed!

F. D'A.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. LOCK

GREENWICH,<sup>1</sup> *Friday, February 1800.*

Here we are, my beloved friend. We came yesterday. All places to me are now less awful than my own so dear habitation.

My royal interview took place on Wednesday. I was five hours with the Royal Family, three of them alone with the Queen, whose graciousness

<sup>1</sup> The house of her brother, Dr. Charles Burney.

and *kind* goodness I cannot express. And each of the princesses saw me with a sort of concern and interest I can never forget. I did tolerably well, though not quite as steadily as I expected; but with my own Princess Augusta I lost all command of myself. She is still wrapt up, and just recovering from a fever herself; and she spoke to me in a tone—a voice so commiserating—I could not stand it—I was forced to stop short in my approach, and hide my face with my muff. She came up to me immediately, put her arm upon my shoulder, and kissed me.—I shall never forget it.—How much more than thousands of words did a condescension so tender tell me her kind feelings!—*She* is one of the few beings in this world that can be, in the words of M. de Narbonne, “all that is *douce* and all that is *spirituelle*,”—his words upon my lost darling!

It is impossible more of comfort or gratification could be given than I received from them all.

F. d'A.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DOCTOR BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, *March 22, 1800.*

Day after day I have meant to write to my dearest father; but I have been unwell ever since our return, and that has not added to my being sprightly. I have not once crossed the threshold since I re-entered the house till to-day, when Mr. and Mrs. Lock almost insisted upon taking me an airing. I am glad of it, for it has done me good, and broken a kind of spell that made me unwilling to stir.

M. d'Arblay has worked most laboriously in his garden; but his misfortunes there, during our absence, might melt a heart of stone. The horses of our next neighbouring farmer broke through our

hedges, and have made a kind of bog of our meadow, by scampering in it during the wet; the sheep followed, who have eaten up all our greens, every sprout and cabbage and lettuce, destined for the winter; while the horses dug up our turnips and carrots; and the swine, pursuing such examples, have trod down all the young plants, besides devouring whatever the others left of vegetables. Our potatoes, left, from our abrupt departure, in the ground, are all rotten or frost-bitten, and utterly spoilt; and not a single thing has our whole ground produced us since we came home. A few dried carrots, which remain from the in-door's collection, are all we have to temper our viands.

What think you of this for people who make it a rule to owe a third of their sustenance to the garden? Poor M. d'A.'s renewal of toil, to supply future times, is exemplary to behold, after such discouragement. But he works as if nothing had failed; such is his patience as well as industry.

My Alex, I am sure you will be kindly glad to hear, is entirely well; and looks so blooming—no rose can be fresher. I am encouraging back his *spouting* propensity, to fit him for his royal interview with the sweet and gay young princess who has demanded him, who will, I know, be diverted with his speeches and gestures. We must present ourselves before Easter, as the Court then adjourns to Windsor for ten days. My gardener will not again leave his grounds to the four-footed marauders; and our stay, therefore, will be the *very* shortest we can possibly make it; for though we love retirement, we do not like solitude.

I long for some further account of you, dearest Sir, and how you bear the mixture of business and company, of *fag and frolic*, as Charlotte used to phrase it.

F. D'A.

## MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, April 27, 1800.

My Alex improves in all that I can teach, and my gardener is laboriously recovering from his winter misfortunes. He is now raising a hillock by the gate, for a view of Norbury Park from our grounds,<sup>1</sup> and he has planted potatoes upon almost every spot where they can grow. The dreadful price of provisions makes this our first attention. The poor people about us complain they are nearly starved, and the children of the journeymen of the tradesmen at Dorking come to our door to beg halfpence for a little bread. What the occasion of such universal dearth can be we can form no notion, and have no information. The price of *bread* we can conceive from the bad harvest; but meat, butter, and *shoes*!—nay, all sorts of nouriture or clothing seem to rise in the same proportion, and without any adequate cause. The imputed one of the war does not appear to me sufficient, though the drawback from all by the income-tax is severely an underminer of comfort.

What is become of the campaign? are both parties incapacitated from beginning? or is each waiting a happy moment to strike some definitive stroke? We are strangely in the dark about all that is going on, and unless you will have the compassion to write us some news, we may be kept so till Mr. Lock returns.

F. D'A.

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Towards the close of the preceding year Dr. Charles Burney had placed in the hands of Mr. Harris,<sup>2</sup> the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a comedy by Madame d'Arblay, called *Love and*

<sup>1</sup> This still exists, and is depicted in Miss Constance Hill's *Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Harris, d. 1820 (see vol. iv. p. 334).

*Fashion.* Mr. Harris highly approved the piece, and early in the spring put it into rehearsal; but Dr. Burney was seized with a panic concerning its success, and, to oblige him, his daughter and her husband withdrew it. The following letter announced their generous compliance with his wishes.

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MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

*Monday.*

I hasten to tell you, dearest Sir, Mr. H. has at length listened to our petitions, and has returned me my poor ill-fated<sup>1</sup> —, wholly relinquishing all claim to it for this season. He has promised also to do his utmost, as far as his influence extends, to keep the newspapers totally silent in future. We demand, therefore, no contradictory paragraph, as the report must needs die when the *reality* no more exists. Nobody has believed it from the beginning, on account of the premature moment when it was advertised. This release gives me present repose, which, indeed, I much wanted; for to combat your, to me, unaccountable but most afflicting displeasure, in the midst of my own panics and disturbance, would have been ample punishment to me had I been guilty of a crime, in doing what I have all my life been urged to, and all my life intended,—writing a comedy. Your goodness, your kindness, your regard for my fame, I know have caused both your trepidation, which doomed me to *certain* failure, and your displeasure that I ran, what you thought, a wanton risk. But it is *not* wanton, my dearest father. My imagination is not at my own control, or I would always have continued in the walk you approved. The combinations for another long

<sup>1</sup> *Love and Fashion.*

work did not occur to me; incidents and effects for a drama did. I thought the field more than open—inviting to me. The chance held out golden dreams.<sup>1</sup>—The risk could be only our own; for, permit me to say, appear when it will, you will find nothing in the principles, the moral, or the language that will make you blush for me. *A failure* upon those points only, can bring *disgrace*; upon mere cabal or want of dramatic powers, it can only cause *disappointment*.

I hope, therefore, my dearest father, in thinking this over you will cease to nourish such terrors and disgust at an essay so natural, and rather say to yourself, with an internal smile, “After all, ’tis but *like father like child*; for to what walk do I confine myself? She took my example in writing—she takes it in ranging. Why then, after all, should I lock her up in one paddock, well as she has fed there, if she says she finds nothing more to nibble; while *I* find all the earth unequal to my ambition, and mount the skies to content it? Come on, then, poor Fan! the world has acknowledged you my offspring, and I will *disencourage* you no more. Leap the pales of your paddock—let us pursue our career; and, while you frisk from novel to comedy, I, quitting Music and Prose, will try a race with Poetry and the Stars.”

I am sure my dear father will not infer, from this appeal, I mean to parallel our works. No one more truly measures her own inferiority, which, with respect to yours, has always been my pride. I only mean to show, that if my muse loves a little variety, she has an hereditary claim to try it.

F. D'A.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, vol. vi. at end, where Mrs. Barrett says that Harris had promised £400 for the manuscript.

## MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, November 7, 1800.

I think it very long not to hear at least of you, my dearest padre. My tranquil and happy security, alas! has been broken in upon by severe conflicts since I wrote to my dearest father last, which I would not communicate while yet pending, but must now briefly narrate.

My partner, the truest of partners, has been erased from the list of emigrants nearly a year; and in that period has been much pressed and much blamed by his remaining friends in France, by every opportunity through which they could send to him, for not immediately returning, and seeing if anything could be yet saved from the wreck of his own and family's fortune; but he held steady to his original purpose never to revisit his own country till it was at peace with this; till a letter came from his beloved uncle<sup>1</sup> himself, conveyed to him through Hambro', which shook all the firmness of his resolution, and has kept him, since its receipt, in a state of fermentation, from doubts and difficulties, and crossing wishes and interests, that has much affected his health as well as tranquillity.

All, however, now, is at least decided; for a few days since he received a letter from M. Lajard,<sup>2</sup> who is returned to Paris, with information from his uncle's eldest son, that some of his small property is yet unsold, to about the amount of £1000, and can still be saved from sequestration if he will immediately go over and claim it; or, if that is impossible, if he will send his *procuration* to his uncle, from some country *not at war with France*.

<sup>1</sup> M. Bazille (see *post*, vol. vi., under December 19, 1802).

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 414.

This ended all his internal contest ; and he is gone this very morning to town to procure a passport and a passage in some vessel bound to Holland.

So unused are we to part, never yet for a week having been separated during the eight years of our union, that our first idea was going together, and taking our Alex ; and certain I am nothing would do me such material and mental good as so complete a change of scene ; but the great expense of the voyage and journey, and the inclement season for our little boy, at length finally settled us to pray only for a speedy meeting. But I did not give it up till late last night, and am far from quite reconciled to relinquishing it even now.

He has no intention to go to France, or he would make an effort to pass by Calais, which would delightfully shorten the passage ; but he merely means to remain at the Hague while he sends over his *procurator*, and learns how soon he may hope to reap its fruits.

I can write upon nothing else just now, my dearest father ; the misfortune of this call at such a boisterous, dangerous season, will oppress and alarm me, in defiance of all I can oppose of hope ; yet the measure is so reasonable, so natural, I could no longer try to combat it. Adieu, dearest Sir. If any news of him reaches me before his return, I will not enjoy it five minutes previous to communicating it to my dear father. He hopes at all events to be able to embrace you, and beg your benediction before he departs, which nothing but the very unlikely chance of meeting a vessel just sailing for Holland immediately can prevent. He is well—and, oh, what a support to me !

F. D'A.



## MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, *December 16, 1800.*

He is returned, my dearest father, already ! My joy and surprise are so great I seem in a dream. I have just this moment a letter from him, written at Gravesend.

What he has been able to arrange as to his affairs, I know not ; and just now cannot care, so great is my thankfulness for his safety and return. He waits in the river for his passport, and will, when he obtains it, hasten, I need not say, to West Hamble.

This blessed news my dearest father will, I am sure, be glad to receive ; I am sure, too, of the joy of my dear, affectionate Fanny. He will be here, I hope, to keep his son's sixth birthday, on Thursday.<sup>1</sup> He is well, he says, but horribly fatigued. Heaven bless and preserve you, dearest Sir.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate,

F. D'A.

## MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, *September 1, 1801.*

MY DEAREST—KINDEST—CRUELLEST FATHER !—That so long and so interesting, and so dear a letter should give me so great a disappointment ! and that fish so admirable should want its best sauce ! Indeed, I cannot help a little repining, though when I think of damps and rheumatisms, I am frightened out of murmuring : for in this lone cottage I would not have you indisposed for the universe. But 'tis very *provocas*—yet I have so much to be thankful for, and so thankful I feel for

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* December 18, 1800 (see *ante*, p. 233).

## FACSIMILE

OF A LETTER FROM MME. D'ARBLAY TO CHARLOTTE  
FRANCIS (AFTERWARDS MRS. BARRETT), JULY 6, 1801

West Hamble, July 6  
1801

Joy to you, my dear Charlotte—joy to dear Marianne, &  
Clement—& to Mr. Broome—& to your dear Mama a  
thousand times joy. Tell her I am delighted with the  
truly satisfactory account you have been enabled to send  
me of her safety, & her spirits, & her fine little man:  
& tell yourself, my dear Charlotte, that your Father, &  
its Mother, are very dear to me. You could never have  
given so gratifying, & so convincing a proof of your  
warm affection for your good & deserving Mother, as by  
so kind a reception of <sup>our</sup> your new little Relation. I expected  
it from you, my dear Girl;—but I do not love you the less  
because my pleasure is without surprise. My Alexander  
is so charmed with your message, he insists on dictating  
his own answer. M. D'Arblay sends you his kind love—my kindest  
& my dear sister, & our united respects & congratulations to Mr.  
Broome. — I have frequently wished to say something

to you of that dreadful night when—though under the same  
roof with you, I fled your sight—as well as of the subsequent  
period, when I avoided you, though so near as Chelsea—  
but I will not, at this happier epoch, awaken your sympathy  
for that never—never to be forgotten calamity—you could not,  
I trust, doubt my affection, though I fear you must have  
been hurt by my avoidance; which, however, proceeded wholly  
from my unwillingness to wound your warm, youthful feelings,  
unavailingly, with a view of my terrible affliction.—

God bless you, my dear Charlotte—

ever your very affectionate

friend & friend

J. D. Arblay.

I shall write immediately to our dear Miss Cambridge.

My dear Cousin Charlotte,

You say you intend to write a little Book for me: I intend to write a little Book for you; to be called The history of little Tom, the Beggar Boy; to which will be added The Dub. Walker's merits; which will be a very pretty little Comedy. The first Scene is thus acted to you.


Scene The First.

There was a poor little Boy, who was an orphan, for he was born without a papa & mama; & he had no money of his own. So he had a Friend, & his Friend came & told him, that he would give him a little Dub, & that if he would go with his Dub, & go into the Field, & get upon his Dub, & ride round it, that he should have a Shilling a Day.

The end of this - &

Scene 2<sup>d</sup>. must be differed to another opportunity.

JUL 8  
F

  
DARKING  
28  
Miss Francis,  
at Ralph Brooke Esq,  
Brighton,  
Sussex

1801



that much, that I am ashamed of seeming discontented . . . so I don't know what *for to do*! . . .

And the carpet! how kind a thought! Goodness me! as Lady Hales<sup>1</sup> used to say, I don't know what *for to do* more and more! But a carpet we have—though not yet spread, as the chimney is unfinished, and room incomplete. Charles brought us the *tapis*—so that, in fact, we have yet bought nothing for our best room—and meant,—for our own share—to buy a table . . . and if my dearest father will be so good—and so naughty at once, as to crown our *salle d'Audience* with a gift we shall prize beyond all others, we can think only of a table. Not a dining one, but a sort of table for a little work and a few books, *en gala*—without which, a room looks always forlorn.<sup>2</sup> I need not say how we shall love it; and I must not say how we shall blush at it; and I cannot say how we feel obliged at it—for the room will then be complete in love-offerings. Mr. Lock finished glazing or polishing his impression border for the chimney on Saturday. It will be, I fear, his last work of that sort, his eyes, which are very long-sighted, now beginning to fail and weaken at near objects. But *dédommagement* for early blindness is in later years—when all the short-sighted become objects of envy to those for whom, in juvenile years, they are objects of pity or sport.

My Alex intends very soon, he says, to marry—and, not long since, with the gravest simplicity, he went up to Mr. William Lock, who was here

<sup>1</sup> Widow of Sir Thomas Pym Hales, Bart., M.P., *d.* 1773. She was a great friend of Dr. Burney, and one of the earliest readers of *Evelina* (*Early Diary*, 1889, vol. ii. p. 185).

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Burney, from an unpublished letter of Mme. D'Arblay quoted by Miss Constance Hill (*Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 258), proffered "two noble card-tables," for which the Hermits had "two exact places." The same letter—it is dated September 6, 1801—says that they have been visited at Camilla Cottage by the two Miss Berrys and their father; and it adds that Mme. D'Arblay had already met the Miss Berrys at Lady Hesketh's (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 445).

with his fair bride,<sup>1</sup> and said, "How did you get that wife, *William*? because I want to get such a one—and I don't know which is the way." And he is now actually employed in fixing sticks and stones at convenient distances, upon a spot very near our own, where he means to raise a suitable structure for his residence, after his nuptials. You will not think he has suffered much time to be wasted before he has begun deliberating upon his conjugal establishment.

We spent the greatest part of last week in visits at Norbury Park, to meet M. de Lally, whom I am very sorry you missed. He is delightful in the country; full of resources, of gaiety, of intelligence, of good humour; and mingling powers of instruction with entertainment. He has read us several fragments of works of his own, admirable in eloquence, sense, and feeling; chiefly parts of tragedies, and all referring to subjects next his heart, and clearest in his head; namely, the French Revolution and its calamities, and filial reverence and enthusiasm for injured parents. F. d'A.

### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, *October 3, 1810* [1801].

God avert mischief from this peace,<sup>2</sup> my dearest father! For in our hermitage you may imagine, more readily than I can express, the hopes and happiness it excites. M. d'Arblay now feels paid for his long forbearance, his kind patience, and compliance with my earnest wishes not to revisit his native land while we were at war with it. He

<sup>1</sup> William Locke, jun., married Miss Jennings, a beauty, and daughter of Mr. Jennings Noel.

<sup>2</sup> The preliminary articles of peace between Great Britain and France were signed in London by Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto (see *post*, p. 485) on October 1, 1801; the definitive Treaty at Amiens, March 27, 1802. But war was declared again in 1803.

can now go with honour as well as propriety ; for everybody, even the highest personages, will rather expect he should make the journey as a thing of course, than hear of it as a proposition for deliberation. He will now have his heart's desire granted, in again seeing his loved and respectable uncle,—and many relations, and more friends, and his own native town, as well as soil ; and he will have the delight of presenting to that uncle, and those friends, his little pet Alex.

With all this gratification to one whose endurance of such a length of suspense, and repetition of disappointment, I have observed with gratitude, and felt with sympathy—must not I, too, find pleasure ? Though, on my side, many are the drawbacks ; but I ought not, and must not, listen to them. We shall arrange our affairs with all the speed in our power, after the ratification is arrived, for saving the cold and windy weather ; but the approach of winter is unlucky, as it will lengthen our stay, to avoid travelling and voyaging during its severity ; unless, indeed, any internal movement, or the menace of any, should make frost and snow secondary fears, and induce us to scamper off. But the present is a season less liable in all appearance to storms, than the seasons that may follow. *Fêtes*, joy, and pleasure, will probably for some months occupy the public in France ; and it will not be till those rejoicings are past, that they will set about weighing causes of new commotion, the rights of their governors, or the means, or desirability of changing them. I would far rather go immediately, than six months hence.

I hope, too, this so long wished view of friends and country gratified, my life's partner will feel a tranquillity without which, even our little Hermitage and Great Book Room cannot make him completely happy.

F. D'A.



The projected journey of Madame d'Arblay with her husband did not take place this year; the season being already advanced, and their little boy not strong enough to bear the fatigue of such an expedition. Monsieur d'Arblay went alone to France.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, *November 11, 1801.*

I did not purpose writing to my dearest father till my suspense and inquietude were happily removed by a letter from France; but as I find he is already anxious himself, I will now relate all I yet know of my dearest traveller's history. On Wednesday the 28th of October, he set off for Gravesend. A vessel, he was told, was ready for sailing; and would set off the following day. He secured his passage, and took up his abode at an inn, whence he wrote me a very long letter, in full hope his next would be from his own country. But Thursday came, and no sailing—though the wind was fair, and the weather then calm: he amused his disappointment as well as he could by visiting divers gardeners, and taking sundry lessons for rearing and managing asparagus. Friday, also, came—and still no sailing! He was more and more vexed; but had recourse then to a chemist, with whom he revised much of his early knowledge. Saturday followed—no sailing! and he found the people waited on and on, in hopes of more passengers, though never avowing their purpose. His patience was now nearly exhausted, and he went and made such *vifs remontrances* that he almost startled the managers. They pretended the ballast was all they stayed for: he offered to aid that himself; and actually went to work, and never rested till the vessel was absolutely ready:

orders, *enfin*, were given for sailing next morning, though he fears, with all his skill, and all his eloquence, and all his aiding, they were more owing to the arrival of four passengers than to his exertions. That night, October the 31st, he went on board; and November the 1st he set sail at five o'clock in the morning.

You know how high a wind arose on Sunday the 1st, and how dreadful a storm succeeded, lasting all night, all Monday, and all night again. How thankful, how grateful am I to have heard of his safety since so terrifying a period. They got on, with infinite difficulty and danger, as far as Margate; they there took anchor, and my kind voyager got a letter for me sent on shore, "*moyennant un schelling*." To tell you my gratitude in knowing him safe after that tempest—no I cannot! Your warm affections, my dearest father, will easily paint to you my thankfulness.

Next, they got on to Deal, and here anchored again, for the winds, though they abated on shore, kept violent and dangerous near the coast. Some of the passengers went on shore, and put two letters for me in the post, assuring me all was safe. These two passengers, who merely meant to dine on shore, and see the town, were left behind. The sea rose so high, no boat could put off to bring them back; and, though the captain hoisted a flag to announce he was sailing, there was no redress. They had not proceeded a league before the sea grew yet more rough and perilous, and the captain was forced to hoist a flag of distress. Everything in the vessel was upset: my poor M. d'Arblay's provision-basket flung down, and its contents demolished; his bottle of wine broken by another toss, and violent fall, and he was nearly famished. The water now began to get into the ship, all hands were at work that could work, and

he, my poor voyager, gave his whole noble strength to the pump, till he was so exhausted, so fatigued, so weakened, that with difficulty he could hold a pen to repeat that still—I might be *tranquille*, for all danger was again over. A pilot came out to them from Dover, for seven guineas, which the higher of the passengers subscribed for [and here poor M. d'A. was reckoned of that class], and the vessel was got into the port at Dover, and the pilot, *moyennant un autre schelling*, put me again a letter, with all these particulars, into the post.

This was Thursday the 5th. The sea still so boisterous, the vessel was unable to cross the water. The magistrates at Dover permitted the poor passengers all to land; and M. d'Arblay wrote to me again, from the inn, after being regaled with an excellent dinner, of which he had been much in want. Here they met again the two passengers lost at Deal, who, in hopes of this circumstance, had travelled post from thence to Dover. Here, too, M. d'A. met the Duke de Duras,<sup>1</sup> an hereditary officer of the crown, but who told him, since peace was made, and all hope seemed chased of a proper return to his country, he was going, *incognito*, to visit a beloved old mother, whom he had not seen for eleven years. "I have no passport," he said, "for France; but I mean to avow myself to the Commissary at Calais, and tell him I know I am not *erased*, nor do I demand to be so. I only solicit an interview with a venerable parent. Send to Paris, to beg leave for it. You may put me in prison till the answer arrives; but, for mercy, for humanity's sake, suffer me to wait in France till then! guarded as you please!" This is his purposed address—which my

<sup>1</sup> Amédée-Bretagne-Malo, Duc de Durfort Duras, 1770-1836 (see *post*, vol. vi. under April 22, 1814.

M. d'A. says he heard, *avec les larmes aux yeux*. I shall long to hear the event.

On Friday, November 6, M. d'A. wrote me two lines—"Nov. 6, 1801.—*Je pars!* the wind is excellent—*au revoir*." This is dated ten o'clock in the morning.<sup>1</sup>

I have not had a word since.

F. D'A.

# MONSIEUR D'ARBLAY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

PARIS.

Il m'est impossible, ma chère Fanny, d'entrer dans beaucoup de détails, vu que je n'ai qu'un instant dont je puisse profiter pour t'envoyer ceci par une occasion sûre. La fête du 18 Brumaire<sup>2</sup> a dû surpasser tout ce qu'on pouvait s'être flatté d'y voir; et quoique je sois bien malheureusement arrivé trop tard pour en jouir, c'est avec l'intérêt le plus vif que j'ai examiné depuis tout ce qui en reste. Il est impossible de se faire une idée du goût qui a présidé à l'ensemble, et de l'agrément de tous les détails. Je ne sais point encore positivement quand il me sera possible d'aller voir mon oncle. L'affaire de mon traitement de réforme n'est rien moins qu'avancée, et il est faux que Isnard et La Colombe l'aient obtenu.

Demain matin j'ai rendez-vous avec Du Taillis,<sup>3</sup> aide-de-camp de Berthier.<sup>4</sup> En sortant de chez lui, j'espère voir Talleyrand; mais ce que je désire infiniment, c'est de ne pas partir avant d'avoir au moins entrevu le Premier Consul, cet homme si

<sup>1</sup> See APPENDIX, "M. D'Arblay in France, 1801-2."

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* November 10, 1801. This was the date of the Revolution of 1799, when the Directory had been deposed by Buonaparte, who, with Lebrun and Cambacérès, assumed the government as consuls.

<sup>3</sup> Adrien-Jean-Baptiste-Amable Ramond du Bosc, Comte Dutaillys, 1760-1851, a distinguished officer, who fought at Valmy and Jemmappes, and became eventually a general of division.

<sup>4</sup> Louis-Alexandre Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel and Wagram, 1753-1815, at this time Minister of War.

justement célèbre. La fête a donné lieu à beaucoup d'inscriptions en vers, faits à sa louange ; mais, en général, ils m'ont paru fort au-dessous du sujet. Relativement à l'obligation que nous ci-devants portés sur la liste des émigrés lui avons, Narbonne me disait aujourd'hui, "Il a mis toutes nos têtes sur ses épaules." J'aime cette expression.

M. de N. et les Lameth<sup>1</sup> sont les seuls qui aient obtenu un traitement. Les derniers, imprudens et imprévoyans, à leur ordinaire, ont excité la jalousie de l'armée, ce qui nuit beaucoup au succès de ma demande. Il semble que je sois destiné à les trouver dans mon chemin d'une manière fâcheuse, car tu sais combien, dans le cours de la révolution, nos opinions ont peu été en mesure. Après avoir obtenu leur traitement de réforme, ils ont voulu être présentés à Bonaparte, et ont cru se faire valoir en lui vantant la part qu'ils avaient prise à la révolution. Le Consul, après les avoir écoutés patiemment, leur a dit, du ton le plus glacial, "Je vous crois honnêtes ; et d'après tout ce que je viens d'entendre, vous devez être profondément malheureux" : et il les a quittés. Tu peux compter sur cette anecdote telle que je te la rapporte ; et tu vois que Bonaparte est le même en tout. N., de qui je la tiens, dit que sa capacité en tout genre est au-delà de tout ce qu'on peut se figurer dans les limites du possible.

FROM LE CHEVALIER D'ARBLAY TO MADAME  
D'ARBLAY

PARIS, *Novembre 16*, 1801.

Dernièrement, il était question de savoir au Sénat si les membres qui le composent seraient ou non armés ou parés d'un sabre. Tous les mili-

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 117.

taires pensaient que rien n'était moins en mesure avec les fonctions des sénateurs. Cette réflexion était vivement combattue par Volney.<sup>1</sup> Le Général Lefèvre, dans la chaleur de la discussion, lui dit, "*Si vous avez un sabre, il faut donc que j'en porte deux, moi.*"

Bonaparte a nommé Pusy préfet;<sup>2</sup> et lorsqu'il lui est venu faire ses remerciemens, il lui a dit, "C'est bien peu, mais il faut bien commencer par quelque chose qui vous mette à même de déployer de nouveau cet excellent esprit que vous avez montré dans l'Assemblée Constituante."

Voici un autre trait de lui plus aimable encore.

La Tour Maubourg,<sup>3</sup> l'un des compagnons du Général Lafayette, voulait marier sa fille à un Emigré non rayé. Il avait obtenu du Premier Consul un rendez-vous, dans lequel il était entré dans beaucoup de détails sans lui cacher les raisons qu'on pouvait objecter contre la radiation demandée. Bonaparte l'interrompt et lui dit, "Le jeune homme convient-il à Mademoiselle votre fille?"—"Oui, Général."—"Vous convient-il à vous, M. de Maubourg?"—"Beaucoup, Général."—"Eh bien! l'homme que vous jugez digne d'entrer dans une famille comme la vôtre, est sûrement digne aussi d'être citoyen Français."

La Garde Consulaire est en honneur tout ce que l'on peut se figurer de plus remarquablement beau; à l'exception des officiers généraux, qui sont tout chamarrés d'or, rien n'est plus simple et plus véritablement noble. Les simples gardes ont d'ailleurs des preuves bien autrement difficiles à faire que celles exigées des ci-devant Gardes du Corps, dont ils font le service. Maubourg m'a assuré que pour être admis dans ce corps, il fallait

<sup>1</sup> Constantin-François Chassebœuf, Comte de Volney, 1757-1820, traveller and savant, author of the famous *Ruines; ou, Méditations sur les Révolutions des Empires*, 1791. He was a member of the Institute.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 348.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 347.

avoir reçu trois blessures, ou prouver quelque action d'éclat. Aussi quiconque parmi ces gardes est coupable d'un duel, est sur-le-champ chassé; ordonnance par laquelle Bonaparte donnera probablement le démenti à ceux qui ont prétendu qu'il était impossible d'abolir parmi les Français cette coutume barbare. De mon tems la crainte du déshonneur était bien plus forte que la crainte de la mort, dont les loix punissaient le duel. Mais ici quel déshonneur prétendu peut atteindre de tels braves? Depuis ma conversation à ce sujet, je n'en vois pas passer un sans être tenté d'aller *shake hand* avec lui.

#### MONSIEUR D'ARBLAY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

15th Frimaire (*December 6*), 1801.

Suivant toute apparence, ma chère amie, je n'obtiendrai point le traitement que je demande. Tout le monde dit que rien n'est plus juste, mais tant de personnes qui ont fait toute la guerre se trouvent à présent réformés, que je meurs de peur qu'il n'en soit de mes services passés comme des propriétés de toute ma famille, et cela par la même raison, par l'impossibilité de faire droit aux demandes, toutes fondées qu'elles sont. Cependant, ma bonne amie, il est impossible de nous dissimuler que depuis plusieurs années nous n'avons vécu, malgré toute notre économie, que par le moyen de ressources qui sont ou épuisées ou bien prêtes à l'être. La plus grande partie de notre revenu n'est rien moins qu'assurée, et cependant que ferions-nous si elle venait à nous manquer!<sup>1</sup> La morale de ce sermon est, que tandis que je suis propre à quelque chose, il est de mon devoir, comme époux et comme père, de tâcher de tirer parti des

<sup>1</sup> Apparently this refers to Queen Charlotte's pension to Mme. D'Arblay.

circonstances pour nous ménager, s'il est possible, une vieillesse totalement indépendante ; et à notre petit un bien-être qui ne nous fasse pas renoncer au nôtre. Ne vas pas t'effrayer de ce préambule ; car tu dois savoir que rien au monde ne me fera dévier de la ligne que j'ai constamment suivie depuis que j'existe. Je n'ai pas plus d'ambition que lorsque je suis entré avec toi dans Phoenix Farm,<sup>1</sup> et certes je ne porte envie au sort de qui que ce soit. Le mien, ma bonne amie, n'est-il pas mille et mille fois au-dessus ? Mais nous serions coupables de ne pas profiter des lumières de l'expérience. L'espoir de nous partager entre ton pays et le mien, tant que nous ne serons pas plus aisés, est une chimère à laquelle il ne m'est plus permis de songer ; et comme certainement je suis loin de vouloir renoncer à un pays qui m'a donné une Fanny, et qui renferme d'autres êtres qui me sont bien chers, voici l'idée qui m'est venue pour me procurer cette aisance si nécessaire.

On n'a point encore nommé les commissaires des relations commerciales en Angleterre. Cette place à Londres sera très bonne, et peut-être, quoiqu'elle soit très demandée, ne me serait-il pas impossible de l'obtenir. Il est au moins probable que j'en pourrais avoir une dans un des ports. Mais je ne m'en soucierais pas infiniment, parceque le traitement serait beaucoup moindre, et tout au plus suffisant. D'ailleurs, quoique la place de Londres fut en chef, je crois, sans trop me flatter, que je serais fort en état de la remplir, après m'être consulté avec le chef dans cette partie, homme aimable qui a été longtems consul général en Espagne. Il y a vingt ans que nous sommes liés ensemble, et le ministre d'ailleurs appuyerait volontiers ma demande.

Répons moi sur-le-champ, je t'en conjure. Vois

<sup>1</sup> Phenice Farm (see *ante*, p. 208).



si cela ne contrarie aucun de tes goûts ; car tu sais qu'il n'est pour moi qu'un seul bonheur possible. Ai-je besoin d'en dire davantage ?

Il y a quelques jours que me trouvant dans une société, la conversation tomba sur mon ancien métier, et sur les droits que je pouvais faire valoir pour obtenir le traitement que je demandais. Le surlendemain le maître de la maison me dit : "Savez-vous devant qui vous parliez avant-hier ?" — "Non !" — "C'était le Général N——." — "En vérité !" — "Quand vous fûtes parti, il demanda votre nom, et dès qu'on vous eut nommé, 'Quoi ! dit-il, celui du comité central ?' 'Oui.' 'Eh bien ! je dois être commandant-général de ——. S'il veut s'embarquer avec moi, je me fais fort de le faire employer dans son grade d'officier général, et de le prendre pour mon second,'" etc. etc. etc.

Il est très possible qu'il se soit un peu avancé ; quoique, son état-major laissé à sa nomination, il est probable qu'il réussirait. Dans tous les cas je lui devais une réponse polie, et ce devoir je m'en suis acquitté en refusant.

Je te quitte pour aller à la fameuse revue que le Premier Consul ne fait plus que les 15 de chaque mois. J'ai la plus vive impatience de voir tout à mon aise cet être qui remplit l'univers entier de son nom. Au revoir, mon amie ; mes tendres respects à Norbury. Consulte l'ange des anges, et embrasse-le pour moi, ainsi que sa très digne *better half*.

J'embrasse de toute mon ame et de toutes mes forces Alex et sa mère. J'ai pleuré de joie en lisant la lettre de ce cher petit.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. BURNEY

WEST HAMBLE, December 1801.

With respect to the grand subject of your letter, religious instruction for dear little E——, I would

I could help you better than I can! Had my Alex been a girl, I could have had a far greater chance of hitting upon something that might serve for a hint; for then I should have turned my thoughts that way, and have been prepared with their result; but I have only weighed what might be most serviceable to a boy. And this is by no means the same thing, though religion for a *man* and a *woman* must be so precisely. Many would be my doubts as to the Old Testament for a girl, on account of the fault of the translators in not guarding it from terms and expressions impossible—at least utterly improper, to explain. With respect to Alex, as I know he must read it at school, I think it best to parry off the danger of his own conjectures, questions, or suggestions, by letting him read it completely with me, and giving such a turn to all I am sorry to let him read as may satisfy his innocent and unsuspecting mind for the present, and, perhaps—'tis my hope—deter him from future dangerous inquiries, by giving him an internal idea. He is already well informed upon the subject. So much, however, I think with you that religion should spring from the heart, that my first aim is to instil into him that general veneration for the Creator of all things, that cannot but operate, though perhaps slowly and silently, in opening his mind to pious feelings and ideas. His nightly prayers I frequently vary; whatever is constantly repeated becomes repeated mechanically: the Lord's Prayer, therefore, is by no means our daily prayer; for as it is the first and most perfect composition in the universe, I would not have it lose its effect by familiarity. When we repeat it, it is always with a commentary. In general the prayer is a recapitulation of the errors and naughtiness, or forbearance and happiness, of the day; and this I find has more success in impressing him

with delight in goodness, and shame in its reverse, than all the little or great books upon the subject.

Mrs. Trimmer I should suppose admirable for a *girl*; I have told you my motive for taking the Scripture at large for a *boy*: I would rather all risks and dangers should be run *with* than *without* me. *We* are not yet far enough advanced for such books as you talk of for E——; but I will inquire what those are, if possible, and let you know. I think, however, *conversation* and *prayer* are the great means for instruction on this subject; there is no knowing when they read on what is so serious, what they understand, or how they understand; and they should be allured, not frightened, into a religious tendency.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MONSIEUR D'ARBLAY

WEST HAMBLE, December 15, 1801.

The relief, the consolation of your frequent letters I can never express, nor my grateful sense of your finding time for them, situated as you now are; and yet that I have this moment read, of the 15 *Frimaire*,<sup>1</sup> has made my heart ache heavily. Our hermitage is so dear to me—our book-room so precious, and in its retirement, its beauty of prospect, form, convenience and comforts, so impossible to replace, that I sigh, and deeply, in thinking of relinquishing it.

Your happiness, however, is now *all* mine; if deliberately, therefore, you wish to try a new system, I will surely try it with you, be it what it may. I will try *anything* but what I try *now*—absence! Think, however, well, mon très cher ami, before you decide upon any occupation that robs

<sup>1</sup> December 6 (see *ante*, p. 474).

you of being master of your own *time, leisure, hours, gardening, scribbling, and reading.*

In the happiness you are now enjoying, while it is so new to you, you are perhaps unable to appreciate your own value of those six articles, which, except in moments of your bitter regret at the privation of your first friends and beloved country, have made your life so desirable. Weigh, weigh it well in the *detail*. I cannot write.

Should you find the sum total preponderate in favour of your new scheme, I will say no more. All schemes will to me be preferable to seeing you again here, without the same fondness for the place, and way of life, that has made it to me what it has been. With regard to the necessity or urgency of the measure, I could say much that I cannot write. You know *now*, I can live with *you*, and you know I am not without views, as well as hopes, of ameliorating our condition.

I will fully discuss the subject with our oracle.<sup>1</sup> His kindness, his affection for you! Yesterday, when I produced your letter, and the extracts from M. Neckar, and was going to read some, he said, in that voice that is so penetratingly sweet, when he speaks from his heart—"I had rather hear one line of d'Arblay's than a volume of M. Neckar's,"—yet at the same time begging to peruse the MS. when I could spare it. I wish you could have heard the *tone* in which he pronounced those words: it vibrated on my ears all day.

I have spent near two hours upon this theme

<sup>1</sup> Mme. D'Arblay could not have had many more interviews with her kind "oracle" and "founder," Mr. Locke, for she left England for several years in the following April, and he died (October 5, 1810) before her return. His son William, so often referred to in these pages, sold Norbury Park in 1819. It still exists, and still boasts the grand saloon that Barrett and Pastorini painted, and Gilpin described. Its view over the Vale of Mickleham is as magnificent as ever; and its sombre Druids' Grove of yews, which dates from Domesday Book, and where Fanny must often have walked, still shows its "high tops bald with dry antiquity." The existing proprietor is Leopold Salomons, Esq., J.P.

with our dearest oracle and his other half. He is much affected by the idea of any change that may remove us from his daily sight ; but, with his unvarying disinterestedness, says he thinks such a place would be fully acquitted by you. If it is of consul here, in London, he is sure you would fill up all its functions even admirably. I put the whole consideration into your own hands ; what, upon mature deliberation, you judge to be best, I will abide by. Heaven guide and speed your determination !

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

December 13 [?], 1800 [?].<sup>1</sup>

Your commission is arrived just as I am going to write to my dear Chevalier, I hope for the last letter upon this separation. But he is not certain yet of his return. What a dreadful fright the *True Briton* gave me one day last week of a new *mouvement* in Paris ! God keep all quiet there !—but *him*—and may he be restless till he quits it !

I was going to begin a letter to you the other day, in the fulness of my heart, to exult, with you, on a testimony of respect and veneration which are so highly honourable, paid to the wisdom and authority of our dear Dr. Johnson, by the Lord Chancellor, in his reprimand to Mr. Sheridan.<sup>2</sup> I hope you had the same words I read. I was really lifted up by them. The Chancellor gave in the Doctor's language the rebuke he could not, perhaps,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Barrett dates this letter as above. But, from the reference to the deaths of Langton and Mrs. Chapone, it either belongs to the end of 1801, where it is now placed, or the beginning of 1802.

<sup>2</sup> In the Court of Chancery, Dec. 26 (Affairs of Drury Lane Theatre). The Lord Chancellor (Lord Eldon) quoted the concluding words of Johnson's *Life of Savage* :—"That negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." He omitted the last clause, perhaps designedly.

give to an *M.P.*, and so powerful an antagonist as Mr. Sheridan, in his own. But I have been much grieved for the loss of my faithful as well as honoured friend, Mrs. Chapone,<sup>1</sup> and very sorry for good Mr. Langton.<sup>2</sup>

How is our Blue Club cut up! But Sir William Pepys told me it was dead while living; all such society as that we formerly belonged to, and enjoyed, being positively over. F. D'A.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Chapone died December 25, 1801.

<sup>2</sup> Bennet Langton died December 18, 1801.

## PART LV

1802

Disappointment to M. d'Arblay—His negotiations with the French Government—His claims disallowed—Letter from Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta, acquainting her with the particulars—Letter of M. d'Arblay, informing his wife of the determination of the French Government—Letter of M. d'Arblay, desiring that his wife and child should follow him to Paris—Reply of Madame d'Arblay—Madame d'Arblay sets out on her journey—Her companions in the coach—Monsieur Anglais—Madame Raymond—Madame Blaizeau—First impressions of France—The Commissaire—"God Save the King" in Calais—The market-place—Costume of the market-women—Demands at the custom-house—Country between Calais and Paris—Restoration of the *Dimanche*—Sunday night dance.

THE beginning of this year was attended with much anxiety to Madame d'Arblay. Her husband, disappointed in the hopes suggested by his friends, of his receiving employment as French Commercial Consul in London, directed his efforts to obtaining his half-pay on the retired list of French officers. This was promised, on condition that he should previously serve at St. Domingo, where General Leclerc<sup>1</sup> was then endeavouring to put down Toussaint's insurrection.<sup>2</sup> He accepted the appointment conditionally on his being allowed to

<sup>1</sup> Victor-Emmanuel Leclerc, 1772-1802. He was Captain-General of the Colony of St. Domingo, where he died. He was also the brother-in-law of the First Consul, having married Pauline Buonaparte, afterwards Princess Borghese.

<sup>2</sup> Toussaint l'Ouverture, 1743-1803, the black hero of St. Domingo.

retire as soon as that expedition should be ended. This, he was told, was impossible, and he therefore hastened back to his family towards the end of January.

In February, a despatch followed him from General Berthier, then Minister at War, announcing that his appointment was made out, and on his own terms. To this M. d'Arblay wrote his acceptance, but repeated a stipulation he had before made, that while he was ready to fight against the enemies of the Republic, yet, should future events disturb the peace lately established between France and England, it was his unalterable determination never to take up arms against the British Government. As this determination had already been signified by M. d'Arblay, he waited not to hear the result of its repetition, but set off again for Paris to receive orders, and proceed thence to St. Domingo.

After a short time he was informed that his stipulation of never taking up arms against England could not be accepted, and that his military appointment was, in consequence, annulled. Having been required at the Alien Office, on quitting England, to engage that he would not return for the space of one year, he now proposed that Madame d'Arblay, with her little boy, should join him in France,—and among the following letters will be found several in which she describes her first impressions on reaching that country, and the society to which she was introduced.

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY to MISS PLANTA

CAMILLA COTTAGE, WEST HAMBLE,  
*February 11, 1802.*

A most unexpected, and, to me, severe event, draws from me now an account I had hoped to have reserved for a far happier communication, but



which I must beg you to endeavour to seek some leisure moment for making known, with the utmost humility, to my royal mistress.

Upon the total failure of every effort M. d'Arblay could make to recover any part of his natural inheritance, he was advised by his friends to apply to the French Government for half-pay, upon the claims of his former military services. He drew up a memoir, openly stating his attachment and loyalty to his late King, and appealing for this justice after undeserved proscription. His right was admitted; but he was informed it could only be made good by his re-entering the army; and a proposal to that effect was sent him by Berthier, the Minister of War.

The disturbance of his mind at an offer which so many existing circumstances forbade his foreseeing, was indescribable. He had purposed faithfully retiring to his hermitage, with his fellow-hermit, for the remainder of his life; and nothing upon earth could ever induce him to bear arms against the country which had given him asylum, as well as birth to his wife and child;—and yet a military spirit of honour, born and bred in him, made it repugnant to all his feelings to demand even retribution from the Government of his own country, yet refuse to serve it. Finally, therefore, he resolved to accept the offer conditionally;—to accompany the expedition to St. Domingo, for the restoration of order in the French colonies, and then, restored thus to his rank in the army, to claim his *retraite*. This he declared to the Minister of War, annexing a further clause of receiving his instructions immediately from the Government.

The Minister's answer to this was, that these conditions were impossible.

Relieved rather than resigned—though dejected.

to find himself thus thrown out of *every* promise of prosperity, M. d'Arblay hastened back to his cottage, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the recluse he had left there. Short, however, has been its duration! A packet has just followed him, containing a letter from Berthier, to tell him that his appointment was made out according to his own demands! and enclosing another letter to the Commander-in-Chief, Leclerc, with the orders of Government for employing him, delivered in terms, the most distinguished, of his professional character.

All hesitation, therefore, now necessarily ends, and nothing remains for M. d'Arblay but acquiescence and despatch,—while his best consolation is in the assurance he has universally received, that this expedition has the good wishes and sanction of England. And, to avert any misconception or misrepresentation, he has this day delivered to M. Otto<sup>1</sup> a letter, addressed immediately to the First Consul,<sup>2</sup> acknowledging the flattering manner in which he has been called forth, but decidedly and clearly repeating what he had already declared to the War Minister, that though he would faithfully fulfil the engagement into which he was entering, it was his unalterable resolution never to take up arms against the British Government.

I presume to hope this little detail may, at some convenient moment, meet Her Majesty's eyes—with every expression of my profoundest devotion.

I am, etc.

My own plans during the absence of M. d'Arblay are yet undetermined. I am, at present, wholly consigned to aiding his preparations—to me, I

<sup>1</sup> Louis-Guillaume Otto was commissary for the exchange of French prisoners in England. Buonaparte made him a Comte, and Louis XVIII. a Peer of France.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is printed in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 313.

own, a most melancholy task—but which I have the consolation to find gives pleasure to our mutual friends, glad to have him, for a while, upon such conditions, quit his spade and his cabbages.

MONSIEUR D'ARBLAY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

PARIS, ce 17 Ventôse, an 10 (8 Mars, 1802).

Je t'écris par *triplicata* ma position actuelle : c'est-à-dire, le parti que le Gouvernement a cru devoir prendre de ne plus m'employer, et l'ordre que j'ai reçu de regarder comme non avenues les lettres que m'avait écrites le Ministre de la Guerre. La cause qu'il assigne à cette disgrâce, à laquelle je n'étais rien moins que préparé, est *ma déclaration de ne point servir contre la patrie de ma femme, qui peut encore être armée contre la République.*

Pardon, ma bonne amie, je t'avoue que j'ai été depuis huit jours d'une mélancolie à inquiéter mes amis. Tu en seras peu surprise quand tu réfléchiras à tous les sacrifices auxquels je m'étais résigné, à toutes les dépenses à présent inutiles qu'il m'a fallu faire, aux caquets qu'il m'a fallu supporter—enfin à l'espérance à jamais détruite d'un meilleur avenir, dans lequel j'aurais été pour quelque chose, mais plus que tout cela à l'impossibilité de voler près de toi, et à la nécessité de ne te faire part de ma position actuelle que lorsque j'aurais une presque certitude qu'elle ne pouvait changer. A présent, ma bonne amie, je te promets de m'occuper uniquement du bonheur que nous avons encore devant nous. Tu sais que lorsque j'ai une fois pris mon parti, je sais être ferme. Hé bien, je t'assure que ma plus grande souffrance est venue de l'incertitude où j'étais forcément plongé. Comme il ne m'en reste plus, je veux m'arrêter sur l'idée si douce de te revoir bientôt. Déjà, moi, qui lorsqu'il a été question de mon départ m'étais persuadé que je

jouirais à St-Domingue de la meilleure santé, vu mon âge, ma sobriété, et le soin que je comptais prendre de moi, sans pour cela faire moins qu'aucun autre relativement à mon service, je cherche déjà à me persuader que, vu mon tempérament bilieux, et mon désir—que dis-je ?—mon besoin de faire plus qu'un autre, j'aurais fort bien pu succomber à l'influence presque pestilentielle d'un climat que je commençais à regarder comme infiniment sain et agréable !

Dans mon accès de mélancolie, qui en honneur se dissipe depuis que j'ai cru pouvoir t'en dire la cause, j'ai été d'une telle sauvagerie que je m'étais mis dans l'esprit, et encore plus dans la tête qu'ainsi que le bouc d'Israel je portais partout la marque de la réprobation. En conséquence, je fuyais tout le monde, et n'en étais pas plus heureux, ne pouvant causer librement avec toi, et ne t'écrivant que des balivernes, je passais à faire du mauvais sang en pure perte, un tems, qu'il m'eût été si doux d'employer aux épanchemens accoutumés de ma tendresse et de ma confiance pour toi. Sans cesse j'avais devant les yeux le Sieur Lullin, de l'Alien Office, et la promesse que j'ai été contraint de faire, pour obtenir mon passeport, d'être au moins *un an* avant de retourner en Angleterre. L'insolence de ce Lullin me fait encore bouillir le sang. Quelques personnes en font cependant l'éloge. En ce cas l'exception dont il m'a honoré est flatteuse ! Comme en tout état de cause il m'est impossible de t'aller trouver, que d'ailleurs tu devais toujours venir au printems, j'espère que tu voudras bien consentir à me venir joindre avec notre cher petit. Prends donc tes arrangemens en conséquence. Tâches de louer la maison pour un an ; et si tu as un logement à Richmond,<sup>1</sup> cherches à le céder.

Adieu, ma chère amie, à revoir bientôt toi et

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, p. 491.

notre cher, bien cher Alex ! Mes tendres respects à nos excellens amis, ainsi qu'à nos bons parens.

MONSIEUR D'ARBLAY TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

*Ce 21 Ventôse, an 10 (12 Mars, 1802).*

Il me semble, ma bonne amie, qu'il y a un siècle que je n'ai eu de tes nouvelles ; et tu peux juger avec quelle impatience j'en attends. L'assassinat prétendu du moins de Toussaint, en me donnant les plus vives inquiétudes sur les alarmes que cette nouvelle n'aura pas manqué de te causer, m'a beaucoup calmé sur le contr'ordre que j'ai reçu ; et je te jure qu'actuellement je suis presque réconcilié sur mon désappointement. Comme je t'ai écrit par quatre voies différentes, je ne te répéterai point ici ce que je t'ai mandé à ce sujet.

Tu as sans doute fait part à Norbury des lettres que je t'ai envoyées.

T'ai-je mandé que j'avais envoyé copie de ces mêmes lettres à M. de Lafayette ? Je les accompagnais de quelques réflexions à peu près semblables à celles que je t'ai écrites.

M. de Lafayette vint sur-le-champ à Paris, et demanda un rendez-vous à Bonaparte, qui le lui accorda sur-le-champ. En l'abordant, M. de Lafayette lui dit, "Je viens vous parler d'un de mes amis et compagnons—de D'Arblay." "Je connais cette affaire," dit le Premier Consul, d'un ton qui marquait plus de bienveillance que je n'osais l'espérer, ou du moins qu'on ne me l'avait fait craindre.

"Je vous assure," me dit le lendemain M. de Lafayette, "que vous avez près du Premier Consul de bons amis qui lui avaient déjà parlé de votre affaire. Il m'a paru, dès le premier instant, plutôt disposé en votre faveur que fâché contre vous. Il a écouté avec attention et bonté tout ce que j'ai eu

à dire, a rendu justice à votre loyauté ; et, sur ce que je lui ai parlé de la crainte qu'on vous avait inspirée relativement à l'impression fâcheuse qui pouvait lui rester sur cette affaire, m'a répondu positivement, *que cela ne nuirait en aucune manière à vos droits acquis, et qu'il ne considérerait dans cette démarche que le mari de 'Cecilia.'*"

J'espère que tu ne seras pas très mécontente de la manière dont finit cette affaire, qui m'a donné beaucoup de chagrin. Je crois même pouvoir t'ajouter en confidence que je ne suis pas, peut-être, fort éloigné d'avoir ma retraite.

Viens donc me trouver, ma bonne amie. Comment se porte Maria ?<sup>1</sup> Pourras-tu t'arranger pour venir avec elle ? ou bien préfères-tu venir à Douvre avec Alex, sous la garde d'un de tes frères, pour t'y embarquer et arriver à Calais, où j'irais t'attendre ? Cet arrangement serait bien plus selon mon cœur ; mais outre que je voudrais bien que tu eusses un homme dans le passage, cela serait bien plus cher. Ne manque pas surtout de prendre un passeport de Monsieur Otto,<sup>2</sup> et de te munir non seulement de nos actes de mariage, mais de celui de naissance de notre cher petit, *le tout bien légalisé par la signature non seulement du juge de paix, mais d'un notaire public.*

#### MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MONSIEUR D'ARBLAY

WEST HAMBLE, March 14, 1802.

OH MY DEAREST FRIEND—Can the intelligence I have most desired come to me in a form that forbids my joy at it ? What tumultuous sensations your letter of the 8th has raised ! Alas ! that to relinquish this purpose should to you be as great unhappiness as to me was its suggestion ! I know not how to enter upon the subject—how to express

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, vol. vi. September 16, 1807.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 485.

a single feeling. I fear to seem ungrateful to Providence, or to you ungenerous. I will only, therefore, say, that as all your motives have been the most strictly honourable, it is not possible they should not, ultimately, have justice done them by all.

That *I* feel for your disappointment I need not tell you, when you find it has power to shake to its foundation what would else be the purest satisfaction of my soul. Let us—let us hope fairer days will ensue; and do not let the courage which was so prompt to support you to St. Domingo fail you in remaining at Paris.

What you say of the *year's probation* I knew not before. Would you have me make any inquiry if it be irreversible? I should think not; and am most ready and eager to *try* by every means in my power, if you will authorise me. If not, to follow you, whithersoever you will, is much less my duty than my delight! You have only to dictate *whither*, and *how*, and every doubt, every fear, every difficulty, will give way to my eager desire to bring your little boy to you. Would I not have left even *him* to have followed you and your fate even to St. Domingo? 'Tis well, however, you did not listen to me, for that poor little susceptible soul could not, as yet, lose us both at once, and be preserved himself. He has lived so singularly alone with us, and for us, that he does not dream of any possible existence in which we should be both separated from him.

But of him—our retreat—our books—our scribbling—our garden—our *unique* mode of life—I must not talk to you now, now that your mind, thoughts, views, and wishes are all distorted from themes of peace, domestic life, and literary pursuits; yet time, I hope, reflection, your natural philosophy of accommodating yourself to your

fate, and your kindness for those who are wholly devoted to you, will bring you back to the love of those scenes, modes, and sentiments, which for upwards of eight years have sufficed for our mutual happiness. I have been negotiating for apartments at Twickenham, opposite Richmond, ever since you went, and on Friday I wrote to close with the engagement. This very morning I have two letters, full of delight at our approaching neighbourhood. Miss C.<sup>1</sup> herself writes in tears, she says, of joy, that I should be so near her, and that *you* should have wished it, and blesses you for your confidence in her warm friendship. It is quite impossible to read of such affection and zeal and goodness with dry eyes. I am confounded how to disenchant her—yet so generous and disinterested she is, that, however disappointed, she will be sure to rejoice for *me* in our reunion—for *you*, my dearest friend! ah! who can rejoice? Your mind was all made up to the return of its professional pursuits, and I am frightened out of all my own satisfaction by my dread of the weight of this chagrin upon your spirits. What you *can* do to avert depression, that cruel underminer of every faculty that makes life worth sustaining, I beseech you to call forth. Think how *I* have worked for fortitude since *Feb. 15th.*<sup>2</sup> Alas! vainly I have tried what most I wished—my poor pen!—but now “*occupe-toi pour réaliser l'espérance.*” Those words will operate like magic, I trust; and I will not close my eyes this night till I have committed to paper some opening to a new essay. Be good, then, and don't let me be as unhappy this way as I have been the other. Direct always to me, Norbury Park, Dorking. Heaven bless—bless you!

<sup>1</sup> Miss Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the date of M. D'Arblay's departure.



## MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

*March 30, 1802.*

Now, indeed, my dearest father, I am in an excess of hurry not to be exceeded by even any of yours. I have a letter from M. d'Arblay, to tell me he has already taken us an apartment, and he dates from the 5th of April,<sup>1</sup> in Paris, where he has reasons for remaining some time, before we go to his good uncle, at Joigny.

I am to take the little sweet child with me you saw here one day, Mlle. de Chavagnac, whose father, le Comte de Chavagnac,<sup>2</sup> has desired her restoration. My kind Mrs. Lock is almost in affliction at parting with her, though glad of an opportunity of sending her with friends the poor thing knows and loves.

I fear, I have so very much to do here, that I shall have a very, very short enjoyment of my beloved father at Chelsea; but I shall get there as soon as possible, and stay there to my last moment. I have a thousand things, and very curious ones, to tell you; but I must defer them for *vive voix*. I am really bewildered and almost trembling with hurry, and with what I am going to undertake! Yet through all, I bless God every moment of my life that M. d'Arblay went not to that pestilential climate!

I do all—all I can to keep up my courage—or rather, to *make up*; and when I feel faltering, I think of St. Domingo! Everybody that knows St. Domingo now owns that he had hardly a chance for safety, independent of tempests in the voyage, and massacres in the mountains. May I

<sup>1</sup> Either this date, or that of the letter is wrong. But the letter seems properly placed.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps a neighbour or relative of La Fayette, who was born in the Castle of Chavagnac.

but be able to console him for all he has sacrificed to my peace and happiness! and no privation will be severe, so that at our stated period, Michaelmas twelvemonth, we return to my country, and to my dearest father, whom Heaven bless and preserve, prays his dutiful, affectionate and grateful, and devoted daughter,

F. D'A.

*P.S.*—Monsieur de Lally has put off his journey; I shall therefore not wait for him, but set out with my two children.

*Diary resumed*

(ADDRESSED TO DR. BURNEY)

I seize, at length, upon the largest paper I can procure, to begin to my beloved father some account of our journey, and if I am able, I mean to keep him a brief journal of my proceedings during this destined year or eighteen months' separation,<sup>1</sup>—secure of his kindest interest in all that I may have to relate, and certain he will be anxious to know how I go on in a strange land: 'tis my only way now of communicating with him, and I must draw from it one of my dearest worldly comforts, the hopes of seeing his loved hand with some return.

*Thursday, April 15, 1802.*

William and John conducted my little boy and me in excellent time to the inn in Piccadilly,<sup>2</sup> where we met my kind Mrs. Lock, and dear little Adrienne de Chavagnac. The parting there was brief and hurried; and I set off on my grand

<sup>1</sup> It lasted ten years.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the "White Bear," from which some of the Dover coaches started (*Gentleman's Guide in his Tour through France*, 1788, p. 17).

expedition, with my two dear young charges, exactly at five o'clock.

. . . . .

PARIS, April 15, 1802.<sup>1</sup>

The book-keeper came to me eagerly, crying "*Vite, vite, Madame, prenez votre place dans la diligence, car voici un Monsieur Anglais, qui surement va prendre la meilleure!*" *En effet*, ce Monsieur Anglais did not disappoint his expectations, or much raise mine; for he not only took the best place, but contrived to ameliorate it by the little scruple with which he made every other worse, from the unbridled expansion in which he indulged his dear person, by putting out his elbows against his next, and his knees and feet against his opposite neighbour. He seemed prepared to look upon all around him with a sort of sulky haughtiness, pompously announcing himself as a commander of distinction who had long served at Gibraltar and various places, who had travelled thence through France, and from France to Italy, who was a native of Scotland, and of proud, though unnamed genealogy; and was now going to Paris purposely to behold the First Consul, to whom he meant to claim an introduction through Mr. Jackson. His burnt complexion, Scotch accent, large bony face and figure, and high and distant demeanour, made me easily conceive and believe him a highland chief. I never heard his name, but I think him a gentleman born, though not gently bred.

The next to mention is a Madame *Raymond* or *Grammont*,<sup>2</sup> for I heard not distinctly which, who

<sup>1</sup> "Paris" must mean that the *Diary* was resumed there, for what follows (pp. 494-6) manifestly relates to the journey by stage-coach or "machine" from London to Dover, a seventy-two mile journey performed in one day (*Gentleman's Guide, ut supra*).

<sup>2</sup> The name was Raymond (see *post*, p. 502).

seemed very much a gentlewoman, and who was returning to France, too uncertain of the state of her affairs to know whether she might rest there or not. She had only one defect to prevent my taking much interest in her; this was, not merely an avoidance, but a horror of being touched by either of my children; who, poor little souls, restless and fatigued by the confinement they endured, both tried to fling themselves upon every passenger in turn; and though by every one they were sent back to their sole prop, they were by no one repulsed with such hasty displeasure as by this old lady, who seemed as fearful of having the petticoat of her gown, which was stiff, round, and bulging, as if lined with parchment, deranged, as if she had been attired in a hoop for Court.<sup>1</sup>

The third person was a Madame Blaizeau, who seemed an exceeding good sort of a woman, gay, voluble, good-humoured, and merry. All we had of amusement sprung from her sallies, which were uttered less from a desire of pleasing others, her very natural character having none of the high polish bestowed by the Graces, than from a jovial spirit of enjoyment which made them produce pleasure to herself. She soon and frankly acquainted us she had left France to be a governess to some young ladies before the Revolution, and under the patronage, as I think, of the Duke of Dorset; she had *been courted*, she told us, by an English gentleman farmer, but he would not change his religion for her, nor she for him, and so, when everything was bought for her wedding, they broke off the connection; and she afterwards married a Frenchman. She had seen a portrait, set richly in diamonds, of the King, prepared for a present to the First Consul; and described its superb ornaments and magnificence, in a way to leave no doubt

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, p. 502.

of the fact. She meant to stop at *St. Denys*, to inquire if her mother yet lived, having received no intelligence from or of her, these last ten eventful years!

At Canterbury, while the horses were changed, my little ones and I went to the cathedral; but dared merely seize sufficient time to view the outside and enter the principal aisle. I was glad even of that much, as its antique grandeur gave me a pleasure which I always love to cherish in the view of fine old cathedrals, those most permanent monuments of what our ancestors thought reverence to God, as manifested in munificence to the place dedicated to His worship.

At Dover we had a kind of dinner-supper in one, and my little boy and girl and I retired immediately after it, took some tea in our chamber, and went to rest.

*Friday, April 16.*

As we were not to sail till twelve, I had hoped to have seen the Castle and Shakspeare's Cliff, but most unfortunately it rained all the morning, and we were confined to the inn, except for the interlude of the custom-house, where, however, the examination was so slight, and made with such civility, that we had no other trouble with it than a wet walk and a few shillings.

Our passports were examined; and we then went to the port, and, the sea being perfectly smooth, were lifted from the quay to the deck of our vessel with as little difficulty as we could have descended from a common chair to the ground.

The calm which caused our slow passage and our sickness,<sup>1</sup> was now favourable, for it took us

<sup>1</sup> From the letter to Miss Planta, with which vol. vi. begins, the voyage from Dover to Calais took "a whole long, languid day," and "a whole restless, painful night." At Calais they "spent a day, and half a night to refit."

into the port of Calais so close and even with the quay, that we scarcely accepted even a hand to aid us from the vessel to the shore.

The quay was lined with crowds of people, men, women, and children, and certain amphibious females, who might have passed for either sex, or anything else in the world, except what they really were, European women! Their men's hats, men's jackets, and men's shoes; their burnt skins, and most savage-looking petticoats, hardly reaching, nay, not reaching their knees, would have made me instantly believe any account I could have heard of their being just imported from the wilds of America.

The vessel was presently filled with men, who, though dirty and mean, were so civil and gentle, that they could not displease, and who entered it so softly and quietly, that, neither hearing nor seeing their approach, it seemed as if they had availed themselves of some secret trap-doors through which they had mounted to fill the ship, without sound or bustle, in a single moment. When we were quitting it, however, this tranquillity as abruptly finished, for in an instant a part of them rushed round me, one demanding to carry Alex, another Adrienne, another seizing my *écritoire*, another my arm, and some one, I fear, my *parasol*, as I have never been able to find it since.

We were informed we must not leave the ship till Monsieur le Commissaire arrived to carry us, I think, to the municipality of Calais to show our passports. Monsieur le Commissaire, in white with some red trappings, soon arrived, civilly hastening himself quite out of breath to save us from waiting. We then mounted the quay, and I followed the rest of the passengers, who all followed the commissary, accompanied by two men carrying the two children, and two more carrying, one my *écritoire*,

and the other insisting on conducting its owner. The quantity of people that surrounded and walked with us, surprised me; and their decency, their silence, their quietness astonished me. To fear them was impossible, even in entering France with all the formed fears hanging upon its recent though past horrors.

But on coming to the municipality, I was, I own, extremely ill at ease, when upon our gouvernante's desiring me to give the commissary my passport, as the rest of the passengers had done, and my answering it was in my *écritoire*, she exclaimed, "*Vite! vite! cherchez-le, ou vous serez arrêtée!*" You may be sure I was quick enough!—or at least tried to be so, for my fingers presently trembled, and I could hardly put in the key.

In the hall to which we now repaired, our passports were taken and deposited, and we had new ones drawn up and given us in their stead. On quitting this place we were accosted by a new crowd, all however as gentle, though not as silent, as our first friends, who recommended various hotels to us, one begging we would go to Grandsire, another to Duroc,<sup>1</sup> another to Meurice—and this last prevailed with the gouvernante, whom I regularly followed, not from preference, but from the singular horror my otherwise worthy and well-bred old lady manifested, when, by being approached by the children, her full round coats risked the danger of being modernised into the flimsy, falling drapery of the present day.

At Meurice's our goods were entered, and we heard that they would be examined at the custom-house in the afternoon. We breakfasted, and the crowd of fees which were claimed by the captain, steward, sailors, carriers, and heaven knows who besides, are inconceivable. I gave whatever they

<sup>1</sup> Query, Ducrocq of the *Lion d'Argent*.

asked, from ignorance of what was due, and from fear of offending those of whose extent still less of whose use of power I could form no judgment. I was the only one in this predicament; the rest refusing or disputing every demand. They all, but us, went out to walk; but I stayed to write to my dearest father, to Mrs. Lock, and my expecting mate.

We were all three too much awake by the new scene to try for any repose, and the hotel windows sufficed for our amusement till dinner; and imagine, my dearest sir, how my repast was seasoned, when I tell you that, as soon as it began, a band of music came to the window and struck up "*God save the King.*" I can never tell you what a pleased emotion was excited in my breast by this sound on a shore so lately hostile, and on which I have so many, so heartfelt motives for wishing peace and amity perpetual!

This over, we ventured out of the hotel to look at the street. The day was fine, the street was clean, two or three people who passed us, made way for the children as they skipped out of my hands, and I saw such an unexpected appearance of quiet, order, and civility, that, almost without knowing it, we strolled from the gate, and presently found ourselves in the market-place, which was completely full of sellers, and buyers, and booths, looking like a large English fair.

The queer, gaudy jackets, always of a different colour from the petticoats of the women, and their immense wing-caps, which seemed made to double over their noses, but which all flew back so as to discover their ears, in which I regularly saw large and generally drop gold ear-rings, were quite as diverting to myself as to Alex and Adrienne. Many of them, also, had gold necklaces, chains, and crosses; but ear-rings all: even the maids



who were scrubbing or sweeping, ragged wretches carrying burdens on their heads or shoulders, old women selling fruit or other eatables, gypsy-looking creatures with children tied to their backs—all wore these long, broad, large, shining ear-rings.

Beggars we saw not—no, not one, all the time we stayed or sauntered ; and for civility and gentleness, the poorest and most ordinary persons we met or passed might be compared with the best-dressed and best-looking walkers in the streets of our metropolis, and still to the disadvantage of the latter. I cannot say how much this surprised me, as I had conceived an horrific idea of the populace of this country, imagining them all transformed into bloody monsters.

Another astonishment I experienced equally pleasing, though not equally important to my ease ; I saw innumerable pretty women and lovely children, almost all of them extremely fair. I had been taught to expect nothing but mahogany complexions and hideous features instantly on crossing the strait of Dover. When this, however, was mentioned in our party afterwards, the Highlander<sup>1</sup> exclaimed, “But Calais was in the hands of the English so many years, that the English race there is not yet extinct.”

The perfect security in which I now saw we might wander about, induced us to walk over the whole town, and even extend our excursions to the ramparts surrounding it. It is now a very clean and pretty town, and so orderly that there was no more tumult or even noise in the market-place, where the people were so close together as to form a continual crowd, than in the bye-streets leading to the country, where scarcely a passenger was to be seen. This is

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 494.

certainly a remark which, I believe, could never be made in England.

When we returned to the hotel, I found all my fellow-travellers had been to the custom-house! I had quite forgotten, or rather neglected to inquire the hour for this formality, and was beginning to alarm myself lest I was out of rule, when a young man, a commissary, I heard, of the hotel, came to me and asked if I had anything contraband to the laws of the Republic. I answered as I had done before. "Mais, Madame, avez-vous quelque chose de neuf?" "Oui, Monsieur."—"Quelques jupons?" "Beaucoup, Monsieur."—"Quelques bas de coton?" "Plusieurs, Monsieur."—"Eh bien! Madame, tout cela sera saisi."—"Mais, Monsieur! quand ce n'est pas du tout pour vendre, seulement pour porter?" "C'est égal, Madame, tout ça sera saisi."—"Eh! mais que faut-il donc faire?" "Il faut, Madame, payer généreusement; et si vous êtes bien sûre qu'il n'y a rien à vendre, alors peut-être——"

I entreated him to take charge himself as to what was *right* and *generous*, and he readily undertook to go through the ceremony for me without my appearing. I was so much frightened, and so happy not to be called upon personally, that I thought myself very cheaply off in his after-demand of a guinea and a half. I had two and a half to pay afterwards for additional luggage.

We found reigning through Calais a general joy and satisfaction at the restoration of *Dimanche* and abolition of *Décade*.<sup>1</sup> I had a good deal of conversation with the maid of the inn, a tall, fair, extremely pretty woman, and she talked much upon this subject, and the delight it occasioned, and the obligation all France was under to the Premier Consul for restoring religion and worship.

<sup>1</sup> The *Décade républicaine*, which, since September 2, 1792, had replaced the old *Semaine*.

*Sunday, April 18.*

We set off for Paris at five o'clock in the morning. The country broad, flat, or barrenly steep—without trees, without buildings, and scarcely inhabited—exhibited a change from the fertile fields, and beautiful woods and gardens, and civilisation of Kent, so sudden and unpleasant that I only lamented the fatigue of my position, which regularly impeded my making use of this chasm of pleasure and observation for repose. This part of France must certainly be the least frequented, for we rarely met a single carriage, and the villages, few and distant, seemed to have no intercourse with each other. *Dimanche*, indeed, might occasion this stiffness, for we saw, at almost all the villages, neat and clean peasants going to or coming from mass, and seeming indescribably elated and happy by the public permission of divine worship on its originally appointed day.

I was struck with the change in Madame Raymond, who joined us in the morning from another hotel. Her hoop was no more visible; her petticoats were as lank, or more so, than her neighbours'; and her distancing the children was not only at an end, but she prevented me from renewing any of my cautions to them, of not incommoding her; and when we were together a few moments, before we were joined by the rest, she told me, with a significant smile, not to tutor the children about her any more, as she only avoided them from having something of consequence to take care of, which was removed. I then saw she meant some English lace or muslin, which she had carried in a petticoat, and, since the Custom-house examination was over, had now packed in her trunk.<sup>1</sup>

Poor lady! I fear this little merchandise was

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 495.

all her hope of succour on her arrival! She is amongst the emigrants who have twice or thrice returned, but not yet been able to rest in their own country.

What most in the course of this journey struck me, was the satisfaction of all the country people, with whom I could converse, at the restoration of the *Dimanche*; and the boasts they now ventured to make of having never kept the *Décade*, except during the dreadful reign of Robespierre, when not to oppose any of his severest decrees was insufficient for safety, it was essential even to existence to observe them with every parade of the warmest approval.

The horrible stories from every one of that period of wanton as well as political cruelty, I must have judged exaggerated, either through the mist of fears or the heats of resentment, but that, though the details had innumerable modifications, there was but one voice for the excess of barbarity.

At a little hamlet near Clermont, where we rested some time, two good old women told us that this was the happiest day ('twas Sunday) of their lives; that they had lost *le bon Dieu* for these last ten years, but that Bonaparte had now found him! In another cottage we were told the villagers had kept their own Curé all this time concealed, and though privately and with fright, they had thereby saved their souls through the whole of the bad times! And in another, some poor creatures said they were now content with their destiny, be it what it might, since they should be happy, at least, in the world to come; but that while denied going to mass, they had all their sufferings aggravated by knowing that they must lose their souls hereafter, besides all that they had to endure here!

Oh my dearest father! that there can have

existed wretches of such diabolical wickedness as to have snatched, torn, from the toiling indigent every ray even of future hope! Various of these little conversations extremely touched me; nor was I unmoved, though not with such painful emotion, on the sight of the Sunday night dance, in a little village through which we passed, where there seemed two or three hundred peasants engaged in that pastime; all clean and very gaily dressed, yet all so decent and well behaved, that, but for the poor old fiddlers, we might have driven on, and not have perceived the rustic ball.

Here ends the account of my journey, and if it has amused my dearest father, it will be a true delight to me to have scribbled it. My next letter brings me to the capital, and to the only person who can console me for my always lamented absence from himself.

Witness,

F. D'ARBLAY.

## APPENDIX

### M. D'ARBLAY IN FRANCE, 1801-2

As related at pp. 468 and 471, M. D'Arblay went by himself to Paris, November 6, 1801. The following extract from the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. pp. 304-10, helps to fill some of the *lacunæ* of the *Diary* :—

At the period of the Peace of Amiens, in the preceding year [1801], the Minister Plenipotentiary who was sent over by Buonaparte, then only First Consul, to sign its preliminaries, chanced to be an artillery officer, General de Lauriston,<sup>1</sup> who had been *en garnison*, and in great personal friendship, with General d'Arblay, during their mutual youth; and with whom, as with all the *état-major* of the regiment of Toul, a connexion of warm esteem and intimacy had faithfully been kept alive, till the dreadful catastrophe of the 10th of August<sup>2</sup> dispersed every officer who survived it, into the wanderings of emigration, or the mystery of concealment.

When the name of Lauriston reached West Hamble, its obscured, but not enervated Chief, rushed eagerly from his Hermitage to the Metropolis, where he hastily wrote a few impressive lines to the new Minister Plenipotentiary, briefly demanding whether or not, in his present splendid situation, he would avow an old *Camarade*, whose life now was principally spent in cultivating cabbages in his own garden, for his own family and table?

Of this note he was fain to be his own bearer; and in some Hotel in, or near St. James's Street, he discovered the Minister's abode.

<sup>1</sup> Jacques-Alexandre-Bernard Law de Lauriston, 1768-1828, French Marshal and Diplomatist. He was created a marquis by Louis XVIII. in 1817. He did not, as above stated, sign the preliminaries of the Treaty of Amiens (see *ante*, p. 466); but on October 10, being then Buonaparte's first *aide-de-camp*, and a colonel of artillery, he brought the ratification to London. The delighted populace took the horses from his carriage and drew it to Downing Street, "expressing on the occasion the most tumultuous joy" (*Annual Register*, 1801, 33 [*Chronicle*]).

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 122.

Unaccoutred, dressed only in his common garden coat, and wearing no military appendage, or mark of military rank, he found it very difficult to gain admission into the hotel, even as a messenger; for such, only, he called himself. The street was crowded so as to be almost impassable, as it was known to the public, that the French Minister was going forth to an audience for signing the Preliminaries of Peace<sup>1</sup> with Lord Hawkesbury.<sup>2</sup>

But M. d'Arblay was not a man to be easily baffled. He resolutely forced his way to the corridor leading to the Minister's dressing apartment. There, however, he was arbitrarily stopped; but would not retire: and compelled the lacquey, who endeavoured to dismiss him, to take, and to promise the immediate delivery of his note.

With a very wry face, and an indignant shrug, the lacquey almost perforce complied; carefully, however, leaving another valet at the outside of the door, to prevent further inroad.

M. de Lauriston was under the hands of his *friseur*, and reading a newspaper. But the gazette gave place to the billet, which, probably recollecting the handwriting, he rapidly ran over, and then eagerly, and in a voice of emotion, emphatically demanded who had been its bearer?

A small ante-room alone separated him from its writer, who, hearing the question, energetically called out: "*C'est Moi!*"

Up rose the Minister, who opened one door himself, as M. d'Arblay broke through the other, and in the midst of the little ante-room, they rushed into one another's arms.

If M. d'Arblay was joyfully affected by this generous reception, M. de Lauriston was yet more moved in embracing his early friend, whom report had mingled with the slaughtered of the 10th of August.

The meeting indeed was so peculiar, from the high station of M. de Lauriston; the superb equipage waiting at his door to carry him, for the most popular of purposes, to an appointed audience with a British minister; and the glare, the parade, the cost, the attendants, and the attentions by which he was encompassed; contrasted with the worn, as well as plain habiliments of the recluse of West Hamble, that it gave a singularity to the equality of their manners to each other, and the mutuality of the joy and affection of their embraces, that from the first exciting the astonishment, next

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 505 n.

<sup>2</sup> Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

moved the admiration of the domestics of the Minister Plenipotentiary; and particularly of his *friseur*, who, probably, was his first valet-de-chambre: and who, while they were yet in each other's arms, exclaimed aloud, with that familiarity in which the French indulge their favourite servants, "*Ma foi! voilà qui est beau!*"

This characteristic freedom of approbation broke into the pathos of the interview by causing a hearty laugh; and M. de Lauriston, who then had not another instant to spare, cordially invited his recovered friend to breakfast with him the next morning.

At that breakfast, M. de Lauriston recorded the circumstances that had led to his present situation, with all the trust and openness of their early intercourse. And sacred General d'Arblay held that confidence; which should have sunk into oblivion, but for the after circumstances, and present state of things, which render all that, then, was prudentially secret, now desirably public.

No change, he said, of sentiment, no dereliction of principle, had influenced his entering into the service of the republic. Personal gratitude alone had brought about that event. Whilst fighting, under the banners of Austria, against Buonaparte, in one of the campaigns of Italy, he had been taken prisoner, with an Austrian troop. His companions in arms were immediately conveyed to captivity, there to stand the chances of confinement or exchange; but he, as a Frenchman, had been singled out by the conquerors, and stigmatized as a deserter, by a party into whose hands he had fallen, and who condemned him to be instantly shot: though, as he had never served Buonaparte, no laws of equity could brand as a traitor the man who had but constantly adhered to his first allegiance. Buonaparte himself, either struck by this idea; or with a desire to obtain a distinguished officer of artillery, of which alone his army wanted a supply; felt induced to start forward in person, to stop the execution at the very instant it was going to take place. And, to save M. de Lauriston, at the same time, from the ill will or vengeance of the soldiers, Buonaparte concealed him, till the troop by which he had been taken was elsewhere occupied; conducting himself, in the meanwhile, with so much consideration and kindness, that the gentle heart of Lauriston was gained over by grateful feelings, and he accepted the post afterwards offered to him of Aide-de-camp to the First Consul; with whom, in a short time, he rose to so much



trust and favour, as to become the colleague of Duroc<sup>1</sup> as a chosen and military,—though not, as Duroc, a confidential secretary.

Buonaparte, Lauriston said, had named him for this important embassy to England for two motives: one of which was, that he thought such a nomination might be agreeable to the English, as Lauriston, who was great-grandson or grand-nephew to the famous Law,<sup>2</sup> of South Sea notoriety, was of British extraction; and the other was from personal regard to Lauriston, that he might open a negociation, during his mission, for the recovery of some part of his Scotch inheritance.

At this, and a subsequent breakfast with M. de Lauriston, M. d'Arblay discussed the most probable means for claiming his *réforme*, or half-pay, as some remuneration for his past services and deprivations. And M. de Lauriston warmly undertook to carry a letter on this subject to Buonaparte's minister at war, Berthier; with whom, under Louis the Sixteenth, M. d'Arblay had formerly transacted military business.

It was found, however, that nothing could be effected without the presence of M. d'Arblay in France; and therefore, peace between the two nations being signed, he deemed it right to set sail for the long-lost land of his birth.

The results of M. d'Arblay's efforts are given *ante*, at pp. 471 *et seq.*, and the cancellation of his military appointment in consequence of his "determination never to take up arms against the British Government," is thus referred to in an unpublished letter in Archdeacon Burney's possession:—"It has been done, however, with civility and even regret, that his [M. d'Arblay's] talents & his good-will to his country should be chained up by his peculiar position. This is the expression of the aid-de-camp of the War Minister, in enclosing the order of non-service from Government. Buonaparte also has done justice to his letter insomuch as to say, to a friend sent to him by M. d'Arblay to clear up the affair, that he understood his motives and could allow for them without resentment or ill-will; on the contrary he saw a frank & loyal character but could not employ him" (*Mme. d'Arblay to her brother Charles, March 27, 1802*).

<sup>1</sup> Géraud-Christophe de Michel Duroc, Duc de Frioul, general officer and legislator, 1772-1813.

<sup>2</sup> John Law of Lauriston, 1671-1729. Colonel de Lauriston was his grand-nephew.

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